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HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS.

COLLECTIONS AND RESEARCHES

MADE BY THE

Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society

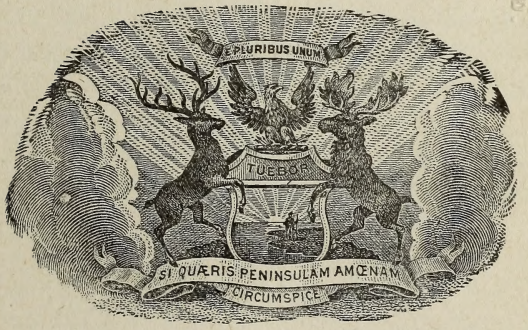
INCLUDING

REPORTS OF OFFICERS AND PAPERS READ

AT THE

ANNUAL MEETING OF 1889.

VOL. XIV.



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PREFACE.

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With each succeeding year the ranks of those who were the early settlers of Michigan, and who had a part in laying the foundations of all that our State has risen to be, are being decimated, and in proportion to the rapidity with which the pioneers are passing away does the value of anything they may contribute, relating to the early history of the State, increase, and with the lapse of time the propriety of collecting and preserving such contributions seems likewise to be enhanced.

The volume herewith submitted is the fourteenth in the series of Historical Collections made by the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society, and is presented to the public in the belief that it will prove no less interesting and valuable than any heretofore published, and in the hope that it will meet with the same favor that has been extended to previous volumes. Being composed, for the most part, of reports and papers presented at the Annual Meeting of 1889, it speaks for itself. A careful perusal thereof is bespoken in the confidence that such perusal will be amply repaid. To all who have in anyway contributed to its interest and value, grateful acknowledgement is hereby tendered.

MICHAEL SHOEMAKER, *Chairman,*
HARRIET A. TENNEY, *Secretary,*
JOHN H. FORSTER,
A. D. P. VAN BUREN,
S. D. BINGHAM,
Committee of Historians.

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OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES OF MICHIGAN PIONEER AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY, ELECTED JUNE 13, 1889.

PRESIDENT.

O. Poppleton ..... Birmingham.

RECORDING SECRETARY.

Harriet A. Tenney ..... Lansing.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

George H. Greene ..... Lansing.

TREASURER.

Merritt L. Colman ..... Lansing.

VICE PRESIDENTS.

Allegan	Don. C. Henderson	Allegan.
Barry	David G. Robinson	Hastings.
Bay	Wm. R. McCormick	Bay City.
Berrien	Thomas Mars	Berrien Center.
Branch	Harvey Haynes	Coldwater.
Calhoun	John F. Hinman	Battle Creek.
Clare	Henry Woodruff	Farwell.
Clinton	Samuel S. Walker	St. Johns.
Crawford	Dr. Oscar Palmer	Grayling.
Eaton	David B. Hale	Eaton Rapids.
Emmet	Isaac D. Toll	Petoskey.
Genesee	Josiah W. Begole	Flint.
Grand Traverse	J. G. Ramsdell	Traverse City.
Hillsdale	E. O. Grosvenor	Jonesville.
Houghton	J. A. Hubbell	Houghton.
Ingham	C. B. Stebbins	Lansing.
Ionia	Alfred Cornell	Ionia.
Iosco	Otis E. M. Cutcheon	Oscoda.
Jackson	Hiram H. Smith	Jackson.
Kalamazoo	Henry Bishop	Kalamazoo.

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Kent	Thomas D. Gilbert	Grand Rapids.
Lapeer	Joshua Manwaring	Lapeer.
Lenawee	Francis A. Dewey	Cambridge.
Livingston	Chas. M. Wood	Anderson.
Macomb	Harvey Mellen	Romeo.
Manistee	T. J. Ramsdell	Manistee.
Marquette	Peter White	Marquette.
Monroe	J. M. Sterling	Monroe.
Montcalm	J. P. Shoemaker	Amsden.
Menominee	James A. Crozier	Menominee.
Muskegon	Henry H. Holt	Muskegon.
Oakland	O. Poppleton	Birmingham.
Osceana	Oliver K. White	New Era.
Ottawa	A. S. Kedzie	Grand Haven.
Saginaw	Chas. W. Grant	East Saginaw.
Shiawassee	Alonzo H. Owens	Venice.
St. Clair	Mrs. Helen W. Farrand	Port Huron.
St. Joseph	Calvin H. Starr	Centreville.
Tuscola	Enos Goodrich	Fostoria.
Van Buren	C. J. Monroe	South Haven.
Washtenaw	Ezra D. Lay	Ypsilanti.
Wayne	J. Wilkie Moore	Detroit.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Albert Miller	Bay City.
S. D. Bingham	Lansing.
Dr. Chas. Shepard	Grand Rapids.

COMMITTTEE OF HISTORIANS.

Michael Shoemaker	Jackson.
John H. Forster	Williamston.
A. D. P. Van Buren	Galesburg.
Talcott E. Wing	Monroe.
Harriet A. Tenney	Lansing.

MICHIGAN PIONEER AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

ANNUAL MEETING, JUNE 12 AND 13, 1888.

Lansing, Tuesday, June 12, 1888.

The fourteenth annual meeting of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society convened in Representative Hall, and was called to order by the President, Hon. Talcott E. Wing, at 9:30 o'clock A. M.

The officers present were:

President—T. E. Wing. *Vice Presidents*—Henry Bishop, Francis A. Dewey, Ezra D. Lay, A. H. Owens, Mrs. Helen M. Farrand, O. Poppleton, C. B. Stebbins, Josiah M. Begole. *Recording Secretary*—Mrs. Harriet A. Tenney. *Corresponding Secretary*—George H. Greene. *Treasurer*—Ephraim Longyear. *Committee of Historians*—Col. M. Shoemaker, Mrs. Harriet A. Tenney. *Executive Committee*—Judge Albert Miller, S. D. Bingham.

Prayer was offered by the Rev. E. H. E. Jameson, D. D., after which the Society joined in singing "Old Hundred."

The Recording Secretary read the minutes of the preceding meeting, together with her annual report, which, on motion of Mr. O. Poppleton, were approved and adopted.

The Treasurer, Ephraim Longyear, then read his report for the preceding year, which, on motion of Elias Woodman, was accepted and adopted.

The Corresponding Secretary, George H. Greene, then read his annual report, which, on motion, was accepted and adopted.

A solo, "Over the Stars there is Rest," was then sung by Rev. Dr. E. H. E. Jameson, and heartily applauded by the pioneers.

The chairman of the Memorial Committee, Geo. H. Greene, made some statements in regard to the reports received from the various counties. After some remarks by members of the Society—

On motion of Rev. W. W. Johnson, the memorials were placed on file, without reading.

A solo, "I am King O'er the Land and the Sea," was sung by Mr. L. A. Baker.

Memorials on the death of Professor John C. Holmes, President of the Society, February 3, 1881, to June 7, 1882, who died December 16, 1887, were presented as follows:

The President, Mr. Wing, said: "If there are any persons now here belonging to the Society who would like to pay a word of tribute to Professor Holmes, an opportunity will now be given."

Mr. Woodman arose and said, "I call on Mr. Fralick. I know of no man better fitted to speak of Mr. Holmes, and who knew him thoroughly from a long acquaintance and connection with him; let us hear from Mr. Fralick."

Mr. Fralick spoke as follows: "I will respond, as the gentleman has called upon me. While I have been acquainted with Professor Holmes for a great many years, it has been very much in a public way. I knew him many years ago, perhaps fifty, when he was first engaged in organizing some of the societies of this State. He was the first secretary of the first State Agricultural Society organized, of which I was a member; and I have been acquainted with him ever since. We have always been able to rely upon Mr. Holmes, and we knew that if anything was to be done by him it would be well done, and done in time. These were two of his traits, to do a thing well and to do it in time. He was one of the wheel-horses of the Society. It has been his pleasure to give this Society a large part of his time and attention, as well as his ability. The older members of this Society know all this as a fact. We all know, who have had the privilege of an acquaintance with Professor Holmes, that he was a man eminently adapted for this work; for organization, for management, and for many kinds of work in many directions, and that he has spent not only his time but also much means, in putting these things in form for present good, and that they might thus be perpetuated to the generations coming after us. Mr. President, while I have known him so well publicly, there are many people who know more of the particulars of this good man's life than I do, for, as I have told you, my relations with Professor Holmes were such as to cause me to know more of him in the capacity of a public man. I also know that he has given much of his time and means to benevolent objects. I know we relied absolutely on him for many years in the State Agricultural Society, and that but for him it might not have reached the success it has attained."

Judge Albert Miller said of Mr. Holmes: "He was ever at the front, a man to rely implicitly on; he was always at his post. We that were acquainted

with him know that when we came into the presence of Professor Holmes, we always found that he was a man of whole heart, genial, pleasant, willing to spend his means, or to do anything that would be for the benefit of society, or that would be a help to others. I say, let us pray that such lives may be multiplied, and perpetuated as long as they can do good, and be of use in this world, which needs just such lives. Let their history go on our records, that those who come after may see it and take example. Professor Holmes belonged to the class of men that make good citizens, good society and good morals. And I say emphatically that I hope the Lord will help us all to make as good a record as Professor Holmes has. I wish to say a word more in regard to the value of Professor Holmes and his work in this Society. At the preliminary meeting held for the purpose of organizing this State Society, I was introduced to him. I saw that he seemed to see at once what was necessary to undertake in the organization of a pioneer society, and he seemed to take a real lively interest in everything pertaining to it. He has been the very life and soul of this Society since that time; we shall sorely miss him; and yet I hope there are others that will gladly take up the work organized by Professor Holmes, and now laid down by him forever. May we never forget all he has been to us as a Society."

Elias Woodman said: "I would ask Professor Warner Morton of Detroit, to tell us something more of the life of Professor Holmes."

Prof. Morton responded: "Unfortunately I never had the pleasure of his personal acquaintance. But I well know of his work as a public man, of his excellent character, and his value as a citizen; and I would recognize the importance of the recognition of such services, and the publication of the biography of such men. We do not want to work for the past alone, or for ourselves; there are generations to follow us, as well as those that went before us; and the biographies of such men as Professor Holmes are calculated to inspire the young who are growing up around us, when they see what has been developed in such men, and what they have been enabled to accomplish, and of what good they have been to society around them. Then they are encouraged to make men of themselves, for the good of the community in which they live, the State which they may thus honor, and the government of which they are citizens. We may well hope to see many such citizens growing up about us."

Stephen D. Bingham said: "I have known Professor John C. Holmes for many years, and I have seldom if ever known a better or a truer man. As has been said, he took an important part in the organization of the State Agricultural College, and was a professor in that college. I think I may say that there was one thing particularly attractive about him, and that was his

affection and devotion as a husband, and the chivalric attention he always showed to his wife, who was a very delicate woman; no man ever treated his wife with more devotion than he. And, in my judgment, there is no man in this Society that has ever done so much for it; no man who has been so steady in his devotion, yet always willing to give the first place to others. Steadily, from the time the Society was organized, to the very last days of his life, he showed an untiring interest, and gave his attention and time to its advancement. Much that we have been enabled to accomplish, as a Society, would not have been done but for him; and many true records from secret places would have been lost but for his efforts. As a man of wealth he was kind and considerate; I have known of young men in poor circumstances whom he helped and encouraged, and to whom he was very kind. We shall all miss his genial, sunny smile, his devotion to the State Agricultural College, and his care for our Pioneer Society."

Mr. O. Poppleton: "Allow me to say a few words in commendation of our dear, departed friend, Professor John C. Holmes. There is a point, and perhaps more, which has not been mentioned in these kind words about Mr. Holmes, that I deem essential. I have often conversed with him about his family, and his home, his old associations; the home of his ancestors; his birthplace; he had a great affection for the old homestead near Lynn, Massachusetts. As the years went by his mind seemed to center about his old homestead, his friends and relatives. And I have had the honor and satisfaction of having visited that locality, and the very house where Mr. Holmes was born.

"There is another point of great interest with regard to Professor Holmes, that of his superabundance of knowledge and information with regard to the agricultural interests of the State of Michigan. He was one of the first projectors of the State Agricultural Society, and, I believe, the first secretary of that society. I remember well his association with many of those early pioneers; the pioneers of the agricultural interests of the State, when farming here was in its infancy. At that time Oakland was a very large county, and Oakland, Washtenaw, Lenawee, Monroe and Jackson constituted the main portion of the agricultural regions of the State. I remember distinctly his intense interest in the formation of that organization. And well do I remember the articles he has written from time to time, and which have been published in the agricultural papers, and which have been a great factor in the furtherance of the agricultural interests of Michigan, and of the nation. These qualities of the man, his love and devotion to his family, his friends and his home, his good work, and his interest in our societies, have, I say, endeared him to us far beyond the measure of those

that have passed on before him. I do not wish to occupy time, yet there is very much more that I would like to say about Professor Holmes."

Memorials on the death of Hon. Witter J. Baxter, President of the Society, Feb. 7, 1877–Feb. 6, 1878, died Feb. 6, 1888, were given as follows:

Stephen D. Bingham: "Mr. President, and members of the Pioneer Society—It was a very great loss to part in one year with Professor John C. Holmes and Witter J. Baxter, the two men of all others who have done so much to build up the interests of our Society. Mr. Baxter came with his father's family to Tecumseh in 1831; his father built the first mills there; they moved from there to White Plains, where they also built mills, and moving again and building mills, his father became an important man in the State, and his interests were very large. His ancestors were soldiers, his maternal grandfather being a colonel. Witter J. Baxter received his education in the common schools, at White Pigeon, Tecumseh, etc. He became a teacher, and was president of an institute in Indiana. He afterwards studied law in Detroit, with Zephaniah Platt, attorney general of Michigan. In 1848 he became the partner of Wm. W. Murphy, at Jonesville, and they continued their partnership until 1874; they attained a great reputation as a collection firm, and did more business of that kind than any similar firm in Michigan. He was interested in the educational, industrial and moral interests of his State. He was a member of the Presbyterian church, and a Sabbath-school worker. I will only allude here to his life as a public man, as I have treated it at length in my paper. He occupied a prominent place in connection with our educational interests for many years, at the very head of those interests. He was also connected with the State Geological Board, and with other State boards. He was State senator in 1877, from the ninth district. In politics he was first a whig, and then a republican. He was in his capacity as a politician, as everywhere else, an active, untiring man, but never a partisan; you would always find him at his post, and doing his part. He was a member of the Agricultural Society, once president. He was one of the organizers of the Hillsdale Pioneer Society, and a member of it through life. He was one of the organizers of this State Pioneer Society, and drafted the constitution and by-laws by which you are governed, and he was one of the secretaries as well as president. You will bear me witness how as president his presence cheered, and how his genial laugh gave tone to the meeting; his presence was always welcome here; he had a quiet, insinuating way when we would have our five minute speeches, of getting this man out of a corner, and that man out of a corner. And if a joke was passed around, we looked as he sat in his chair, to catch his smile, and so enjoy it. No man will be more missed in this Society than Witter J. Baxter. Among

all the pioneers was no more genial member. He had always a smile and a kind word for everybody. Never bitter in social life or in politics, his presence was a delight. Few had better friends; few better deserved them. He had a love for the history of the State; and so loved to do more than his share to record that history for the benefit of the coming generations, that they might know how with infinite toil, the foundations of our State and our institutions were laid, and how we have grown to a place among the first.

"It would be useless to tell what he has done to forward the interests of this Society, as well as the Hillsdale society. It would be easier to tell you what he has not done. He always stood by it to assist in giving it aid by the required legislation, or whatever was needed."

Mr. Bingham here read the paper he had prepared on the death of Mr. Baxter. After reading the paper, he concluded: "In this Society, his place can never be filled or his memory be forgotten. It was a full, rounded life, and his work was well done. May his example incite us all to greater endeavor; and may our lives, like his, close in happiness and peace."

P. D. Warner said: "I was associated with Mr. Baxter for many years; I first made his acquaintance in the legislature of 1877. I became acquainted with the man personally. He was a man that I respected and honored. He had the entire confidence of other men. He was thoroughly acquainted with our State, and with the men of our State in his agricultural and all other relations; and he was ready at all times to communicate that knowledge for the good of individuals and for the good of the State. Of his genial character and gentlemanly bearing, as referred to, I must speak a word more. He was one of the most genial men I ever knew. He always met us with a smile, and was always able to give that which would please, and which would be gratifying and entertaining in conversation. He had the full confidence of all who knew him, and was an honor to the State of Michigan."

Mr. Fralick: "I will simply add a word. I have been well acquainted with Mr. Baxter for nearly sixty years. I think it was in 1841 or 1842 that I became acquainted with him. I have been associated with him very much since, in the different things planned for the good of the State, and I always found him at the front, and ready to do; always trying to inculcate such ideas and make plans for such work as would bring the State of Michigan to the high place which she now occupies; and without such men it would be very doubtful if we ever could have arrived at our present status. It is such men as he and Mr. Holmes, as stated by Mr. Bingham, that can always be relied upon, and who are the men that go to make a State or a nation great. Wherever I have met Mr. Baxter I have found him such a man as I would

like to live with, and die with, and I trust I shall hereafter see him in a better place."

The following was presented by Henry Fralick:

At a meeting of the Old Residents' Association of the Grand River Valley, held at the city of Grand Rapids on the 7th day of June, 1888, the following members of said association were appointed as delegates to the State Pioneer Society's annual meeting to be held at Lansing on the 12th and 13th insts., to wit: Hon. Henry Fralick as chairman, Wm. N. Cook, Geo. W. Allen, Chas. Shepard, Thos. D. Gilbert, Zenas G. Winsor, Rev. W. W. Johnson, Wm. I. Blakeley, Wm. A. Berkey, W. R. Scribner, and J. M. Stanley.

The chairman was authorized to substitute or add the names of other delegates.

CHARLES SHEPARD,
President.

Attest: REUBEN H. SMITH, *Secretary.*

Credentials were presented by F. A. Dewey, F. R. Stebbins and S. D. Moore as delegates from the Lenawee County Pioneer Society, and by J. Wilkie Moore, Elias Woodman and Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Griffin as delegates from the Wayne County Pioneer Society.

Letters of regret were received from the following members of the Society: Rev. R. C. Crawford, Seattle, Oregon; Hon. C. J. Monroe, South Haven; Hon. Enos Goodrich, Fostoria; Mrs. James W. King, Lansing.

The President appointed the following as a committee to nominate officers for the ensuing year: Henry Fralick, E. D. Lay, A. D. P. VanBuren.

A duet, "In the Hollow of His Hand," was sung by Rev. E. H. E. Jameson and Gertrude Jameson.

Opportunity was given for all who would like to join the Society to do so, and the Society took a recess until 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

There were over one hundred pioneers in attendance during the forenoon.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

The Society was called to order by the President.

The session was opened with prayer by Rev. T. H. Jacokes.

Music: Violin Solo—"Martha;" "Last Rose of Summer." Op. 63, Jul. Meiss. was rendered by Mrs. Ella W. Shank.

"Early Saginaw Constables," by Judge Albert Miller, of Saginaw, was then read. Judge Miller also read a short article concerning the pioneer life of

Mrs. A. L. Jewett. Mrs. Jewett, who is a sister of Mr. Miller and a lady eighty-three years of age, was then invited forward and introduced to the audience, which arose to respectfully greet the pleasant, bright, and sprightly old lady, who smilingly returned the greeting.

"Historical Associations connected with Wyandotte and its Vicinity," was read by Dr. E. P. Christian.

After the reading of this paper a vocal solo, "Love's Old Sweet Song," was rendered by Nora Towne.

The report of the Committee of Historians was then read by the chairman, Col. M. Shoemaker.

A biographical sketch of the late Col. Wesley Truesdell (who came to Michigan at an early day), by A. R. Avery, was read by Mrs. Helen M. Farrand, secretary of the Pioneer Society of St. Clair.

A vocal solo, "Barbara Fritchie," was sung by Mrs. Flora Rarrick.

The "History of the Michigan Asylums for the Insane," by Dr. Henry M. Hurd, was then read.

This paper was succeeded by "The Famine and the Fright, an Episode of Pioneer Life," by Dr. C. P. Parkill, from Shiawassee.

Music: Vocal Solo—"The Jovial Farm Boy," was rendered by Master Joey Rix with a very sweet voice, and a musical whistle.

A recess was then taken until 7 o'clock P. M.

TUESDAY EVENING.

The President called the Society to order. The session was opened by the Rev. W. W. Johnson, who remarked: "Now, my friends, we have had considerable choir singing all day, and now let us sing an old fashioned hymn that is known to us all; and let us thank God that we are yet alive and see each other's faces." The stanza,

> "And are we yet alive, and see each other's face?
> Glory and praise to Jesus give for His redeeming grace;
> What troubles have we seen, what conflicts have we passed!
> Fightings without and fears within, since we assembled last,"

was then sung, after which Mr. Johnson offered prayer.

Music by a quartette, "I Softly Dream," "Rustic Dance," was rendered.

The President then read his annual address, which was listened to with great interest and attention.

"Singapore, the Deserted Village of Michigan," by Prof. A. E. Haynes, was read by the Secretary. A map of the village of Singapore was presented,

and a letter read describing a bill on the bank of Singapore, dated December, 1837. A bank bill of that date was also filed with the paper.

Mr. John H. Forster read a paper on "The Finance of Mining" in the Upper Peninsula.

A vocal solo, "Last Rose of Summer," was sung by Mrs. Maggie Porter Cole.

The President called on Gov. Luce, who was present, to make some remarks. The Governor stepped forward and said: "Mr. President and ladies and gentlemen—Remembering the early habits, and early hours of the pioneers, I really think it is a kindness to them to ask to be excused from any remarks tonight. I dislike to intrude any remarks upon this audience at this late hour; but if I knew precisely what would please the audience at such an hour, it would determine my course." The Governor went to the platform as cries of "Good, good, go on!" were heard from all sides. He said: "Mr. President, and brother and sister pioneers—I received some days ago an invitation from your Secretary to be present tonight and give a short talk. The *short* was underscored heavily; I therefore took it as a sign that you expected me to talk a *short* time. I frankly confess that I am not at all good at talking unless I can talk about two hours; and when I look at that clock, I know that no pioneers, or sons of pioneers want to stop here long. If I talk fifteen minutes, it will be a scattered talk, but I will agree not to occupy more than that length of time tonight.

"I am a pioneer of over a half a century's standing. I dislike to confess this before the ladies, but I must tell the truth. I know much of the history of the pioneers, and you have given this Society a hint tonight, Mr. President, in your address, that it required more faith and hard work to become a pioneer in Michigan than in any other part of the world. The great mistake made by our surveyors and geographers of the early days led the people to believe that when they started for Michigan they were coming into the most forsaken part of the world; and so I say it required more faith, courage and fortitude to go as a pioneer to Michigan than it did, or does now, to go to any part of the country. And now the old pioneers come up here from every part of the State, from year to year, for the purpose of seeing each other and for the purpose of living over and relating the incidents of those days. The bond that binds them in fraternal relations is stronger, in my opinion, than that which binds any other organization, except the Grand Army of the Republic. The bond which binds the soldiers who fought the battles, endured the hardships, and engaged in the fearful struggle of our late war is, perhaps, the strongest of any of the fraternal bodies; but the common privations, the endurance of hardships, the fears and the hopes that

bound the fathers of the early days together, formed a bond that will last as long as the pulses beat. So you come here for the purpose of reviving the memories of the past, and for the pleasure of looking each other in the face again. And yet another idea is to impress upon the young an idea of the cost of the country, and what it meant to settle in Michigan forty and forty-five years ago.

"You come here to impress upon the minds of those that are to occupy your places, some idea of the hardships and privations which you endured in those days, and what it cost to lay the foundations of liberty in this State, and the high and Christian civilization which they are now enjoying. The fathers and mothers did not come to this new country so much to increase their own wealth, and improve their own surroundings, as they came for the sake of the children. And in the silent watches of the night, to the minds of the fathers and mothers have come dreams of the future of this country, and their children, yes, while they slept in the log house, and heard the howl of the wolf, and the hiss of the snake; then they looked forward to the time when their sons and daughters should enjoy some of the privileges now really enjoyed by this country. But the wildest dreams, and the brightest imagination never could have depicted this state of things, with the farms spread broadcast over our fair State, and thickly dotted with towns and cities; a flourishing trade and commerce, and churches and schoolhouses abounding everywhere. The wildest dreamer of the early days never thought of the realization that presents itself to our vision today.

"Now, the pioneer of forty and fifty years ago enjoyed many things. We talk of the hardships, and we know how real they were; but I have not time to dwell on them in this brief space of time; but the pioneer had good times too, after all. In the first place he was a politician (those were the days of political orators); I remember in 1848 practicing in that way, and airing my oratory. And I like to think even now, how some of my fellow citizens bowed their heads in acquiescence over some of the golden truths presented; but I must admit that the joy was not quite so keen when members of the opposite party expressed the same plaudits to the bogus sentiments of my opponents; they did not in my opinion exhibit as good taste then.

"And then we had plenty of amusement in those days; why! we had our best girl just as the young men have nowadays; but then the enjoyment was derived from different sources. We visited the home of the best girl, and we sat in one corner, and she sat by the fireplace in the other (we had no stoves in those days), where we could enjoy the loveliness of her countenance. Now in these days in which we are living, when a young man wants

to talk to his best girl, he goes to the telephone and converses with her, eighty rods or eighty miles away; what satisfaction, I should like to know, is there in that? And then, when we wanted to go riding, we got four oxen to draw us; or, when we got a little more stylish, we had the horses, and then we went for a ride, and we had a good time I tell you! You know how it was brother Miller (addressing Judge Miller of Saginaw), and we sat there and enjoyed the friendship and the society of each other; we had an absolutely good time. Now, my heart aches when I see a young fellow going to ride with his girl. He gets his best girl, and then they go out to ride in a carriage with the curtains all up, right before every one; and what enjoyment can they have by the side of what we had? I tell you there have been improvements since the early days, but they don't run through all things. Some of the good old fashioned characteristics of this nation have been destroyed in various ways, and other things not half so good have taken their places. One of the great characteristics of this nation is getting to be money loving and money getting, and there is a growing demand for colossal fortunes. This is pre-eminently, overwhelmingly, the money making age; and sometimes the proud age, in which we are proud of our lands, and our houses, and our churches. God forbid that we run to pride in these directions; but I must say, whatever may be the prevailing one, my fellow pioneers, veneration is not one of the characteristics of this day and age. We lack veneration for the grandeur of the past. We lack veneration, sometimes I think, for parents. My children deny this to me, but sometimes I think one of the chief lacks is the lack of respect and veneration. We lack veneration for the church. We lack veneration for the law. We lack veneration for everything that has gone before us, and nothing is sacred in our eyes. So I am glad that you come up here every year, and unite your hearts and voices, your influence and your power, to impress upon the young what you have done, and what those who have gone before have done; the greatness of the sacrifices that have been made; what it has cost to lay the foundations of our State, and of our institutions; that we may impress upon the young the greatness of the past, that they may have a veneration for those who have done so much to give them that which they now enjoy; that they may take your places to sustain and perpetuate it in all its grandeur.

"Now in these pioneer meetings I have an idea your programme is too long; you want to have a good deal of life and stir, so that you can go away more cheerful that you came; it will be well for you to do so. (A voice, Amen!) The amen corner is here, I see. I have only a moment more. We went to church then, in those good old days; not to these modern, magnifi-

cent, grand churches; but when our forefathers and mothers came here, they planted the church and the schoolhouse, and these institutions they have maintained through all the changes and vicissitudes of the past. This is the bed rock on which our liberty rests. I commenced going to church as well as I can remember, when I was about six weeks old, at the old log schoolhouse, made of tamarack logs; but I believe they worshiped God, those good folks; and those prayers ascended as surely as the worship ascends from these grand churches; and the prayers reached as high as now. And there was no envy on the part of the people because of their style, or of their dress, nor among the ladies because of their bonnets, for they all wore sunbonnets, and their clothes were all made at home, and were all pretty much alike, and did not make their wearers unhappy or discontented.

"I will stop by saying while we run over the glories of the past, it is well; but let us not forget these men and women dropping off one by one, these landmarks, these links that connect the past and the present; let us not forget the strength and heroism they showed in laying deep the foundations of the institutions and the privileges we enjoy."

Music—a quartette, "We're Rowing Swiftly down the Stream," was sung by The Owl Club.

Remarks were made by P. D. Warner, Mrs. Mary E. Foster and Rev. W. W. Johnson.

Music—a duet, "Gently Sighs the Breeze," was sung by Mrs. Maggie Porter Cole and Mrs. L. S. Roper.

On motion the Society then adjourned until 9 o'clock Wednesday morning.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

The President called the Society to order pursuant to adjournment. The session was opened with prayer, by Rev. Dr. M. M. Callen.

"The World is Growing Better," was sung by Mrs. L. S. Roper, with a chorus accompaniment.

"Wintering a Stock of 150 head of Cattle and 50 Horses on the Rushes," by Albert Miller, was presented and placed on file.

Portions of a "History of our Temperance Conflict," were read by A. D. P. Van Buren.

"Ode to Michigan," an original poem, written in Oregon, by the Rev. R. C. Crawford, was read by Mr. O. Poppleton of Oakland.

Music—vocal solo, "The Model Church," was sung by the Rev. Dr. M. M. Callen.

"Sketch of the life of Lucius Lyon, the Pioneer United States Senator from Michigan," by George H. White, was read by Henry Fralick.

A vocal solo, "The Trundle Bed Song," was sung by Rev. Dr. M. M. Callen.

The President then gave an opportunity for five minute speeches.

Col. M. Shoemaker here offered a resolution of thanks to Messrs. Thorp & Godfrey, printers, Lansing, etc. Resolution unanimously adopted.

Ex-Governor Felch being introduced spoke as follows:

"Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen—I am not here to make a speech, but I am here for the purpose of thanking the President and this body for the compliment they give me in asking me to say a word to them.

"I see before me many of the old citizens of the State, men and women that I saw here in Michigan, more than half a century ago. There is no occasion which can afford a man so much pleasure in his old days, as to meet those that in his young days were young and vigorous and dreamers like himself. Yes, dreamers; for allow me to say that we early pioneers spent our spare time in dreaming what Michigan should be some time; and the dreams were not idle dreams, for we have lived to see those dreams realized, and far more than realized. When we look on our State and see its magnitude; when we consider its position among the other States of the Union we feel that the honor should largely be given, and that it belongs to those that are here, and to many of those who have gone. It is a real pleasure to stand among the old men and women; and then I am obliged to recognize myself as old; and when I stand among the young, I look upon myself as young; for when I stand among the old, I say 'How much has been realized of those dreams of our early days.' And then when I stand among the young, I see their dreams, and I grow young again as I see their dreams, their desires, their labors, their ambition that they may see as much progress in Michigan as we old people have seen. We should all dread the idea that the day could ever come when the State of Michigan should be less respected than she now is, when the future should be less bright than it is at the present time.

"Gentlemen, not to detain you any further, I shall simply add that among the States of this Union, ours of fifty years' growth has a position very much in advance of those that date away back in the days of the colonies on the coast. They had a long series of experiences and conflicts and struggles. Their history is comparatively a long one, while ours is a very short one;

but, thank God! it is one of which we need not be ashamed, and may it ever remain so."

Ex-Governor Jerome was then introduced, and spoke as follows:

"Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen—I feel that a distinguished honor has been conferred upon me this morning by your inviting me to say a few words to you. I should have felt it a distinguished honor to have been invited under ordinary circumstances, to have addressed the Pioneer Society of the State of Michigan. But it is especially gratifying to me to be here in the presence of the father of the governors of Michigan today, the model gentleman of all those that have ever occupied the executive chair of Michigan.

"In speaking as a pioneer, I must not arrogate to myself anything that I have done or taken part as a pioneer, in; but as a looker on, I am a pioneer of Michigan; not because of anything that I ever did to bring about the state of things that now exists; but it was brought about without my having any personal relation with it, or having any hand in the matter, as an active participant. In making my daily prayers, for years, I have always returned thanks for that particular feature that gave direction to my after life, that I was born in the good State of Michigan.

"Now, while I have personal recollections of so many things that transpired in the early days of the history of Michigan, I was too small a boy to have ever experienced the trials and hardships that beset you older men, in doing what you had to do in making this State. And I stand here today to return thanks to these men and women; and to express the appreciation that I have of the energy, the intelligence, the force of character, and the wisdom evinced by the men who first laid the foundations of Michigan. They were not all angels by any means; but as a rule, they were men and women reared in New England and New York, and other older States; and they came here with correct principles, they having been instilled into their minds and hearts by their mothers and fathers. And when they came here, they laid broad and deep the foundations of the State, and of her institutions, morally, in an educational sense, and in a commercial sense; in a business view I think they got up a little too much steam at first, but when they found their ship going on the rocks because of their having taken on too much canvas, they did not lie down and give up their idea to build a good State; but they repaired their errors, and went on building; and we are reaping the benefit of it today. They were good men and women who came here in those days; and now because of their labors, we enjoy the privilege of living in a State that is second to no State in the American Union.

"A short time ago it was my fate to visit our sister State of Ohio, in a quasi official capacity, and they gave some of us a benefit, or a banquet, and this question of our standing among the States was up, for you know the matter of how we are regarded by others is always a live question. Well, this question was up, and I said, 'You did play smart on us once. There was once a case in which three parties were interested, the territory of Ohio, the government and the territory of Michigan; two parties together defeated one; but we forgive you for it now, though we have been a long time at it. Ohio is a good enough State, but you would be larger but for the proximity of Michigan, just north of you; you have done well, but when you want a State with all the benefits that Providence has ever given to a State, then you must come to Michigan.'

"Yes, I am glad to be with these pioneers; and while as I say, I take no credit for what has brought this state of things about, I am thankful that my lot has fallen at a time when I can enjoy the fruits of your faithful labors."

Ex-Governor Begole, being present, was also introduced, and spoke as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen of the Pioneer Association, and Mr. President—I feel very much as Governor Luce said he felt, last night, that he had not anything to say. After having listened to the very able and interesting essays delivered here since I came yesterday morning, I do not seem to have anything left to say. It seems to me that everything has been said that could be said; but I will say this, it gives me great pleasure to look at your pleasant faces; the pleasant faces of these old pioneers, whose experiences, perhaps, have been very much the same as my own, for I think our experiences were very similar. We came to this country, and most of us did not come as ex-Governor Jerome came, to enjoy the fruits of the labors of others; but we came on foot, or any way we could get here, and it is no wonder that today we are proud of this State. Many of us commenced here by living in log houses, and our children got their education in log schoolhouses. We cut the roads through the woods to our homes and to our farms; yes, we worked in those times, and what pleasant times we had, too; and we see a great many around us at this present day, those that were children then, or have been born since and are men and women today, and who have come up since I came to Michigan. We had no fine schools in our days, but our fathers saw the need of them, and I often think of it when I see these grand institutions that we have, where our children's children have been educated, that they were established and their foundations laid by the very men who are here today; this very class of men that got their education in the log

schoolhouses. We have done this for the benefit of our children, and now they are reaping the benefit.

"How many of us remember the pleasant times we used to have with our ox teams, and our sleighs; we love to get together and talk about those times, and all the hardships as well as the pleasures we used to have; I say we love to talk about them, but none of us would like to go back to those days. There is no necessity for it; there is no necessity for our children to go through what we did; we were working then for those children of ours. And I love now to hear men say that Michigan is a grand State, one of the grandest of the States.

"And when I heard them talk of the Toledo war, it all comes back perfectly fresh to my mind. While I did not go there, though a few of us started and got part way there, still I had a great interest in it. Ohio is a good State, but she comes to us more than we go to her. When I came here we had nothing but Ohio corn, and Ohio pork, etc. (Voice, 'and poor at that'); but Ohio is tributary to Michigan much more now than we have ever been to her. She comes to Michigan for her iron, her timber, and everything that she is destitute of. So I think we got a pretty good bargain, but it is not her fault; she stole that strip of land from us, but we got a good bargain for all that.

"This State, I say, I am proud of. I came here when I was twenty-one years old. I came to Flint, because I heard there was a land office there opened, and I wanted to invest a little money I had. But I found no land office; and I went to work to help to build an office for the land department; and now I have been there nearly fifty-one years. Another thing I will speak of,—I am proud of the financial record of Michigan. There is no State in the Union whose record stands better, whose record abroad is better, or whose institutions stand higher abroad. Why, there is no State educational institution in the United States that has so large and so good a record abroad, and especially in European countries, as our University of the State of Michigan; and all you long-headed men helped to found that institution that we are all so proud of, and which is worthy of all the pride we give it. But I will take up no more of your time this morning."

Short speeches were then made by Dr. C. P. Parkill, A. H. Owens, J. W. McNabb and others.

Mr. Ezra Hazen offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of the members of the State Pioneer and Historical Society are hereby tendered to the ladies and gentlemen who have furnished the vocal and instrumental music on this occasion.

A memorial on the life of Dr. J. A. B. Stone was then read by A. D. P. Van Buren. At its conclusion, D. C. Walker said:

"Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen: I want your attention for a moment, and only for a moment. I should feel that I was derelict to my duty, and to the friendship that existed so many years between Dr. Stone and myself, were I to keep silent. Fifty-four years ago we entered Middlebury College together, and I sat beside him for four years, until we graduated. Our names placed us side by side, Stone and Walker. I can testify that he was the closest of students, so careful to have every lesson prepared; he was fitting himself at that time for a teacher, and was bound to master everything that could help him in that direction. He was a man who was decided on all subjects; moral, religious, political, and in the practical affairs of life. He was exceedingly energetic and persevering in carrying out a conclusion that he had formed, and he did not come to a conclusion about a matter until he was pretty sure about it, and then he was there every time. Why, he was one of the men that, had he lived in the days of the Inquisition, would have held his hand in the fire, before he would have departed one jot or one tittle from what he believed to be just and right. When we stood on the stage at graduation, it was agreed that all of the class that were living and could, would return as often as possible on class day. In 1884, myself, Dr. Stone, and Mr. Hubbell were the only ones out of twenty-eight who put in our appearance; and should I go there on another occasion, should I be spared to do so, I should probably find but one classmate there."

President Wing here asked time for a short communication from J. Wilkie Moore, President of the Wayne County Pioneer Society, in regard to a gavel or war club as a relic from a noted historical tree. The communication and present were accepted with thanks.

An historical cannon ball was also presented the Society, by Mrs. Emeline Payne of Wyandotte, for which valuable gift the Society extended its thanks.

The committee on the nomination of officers and committees made the following report, which was accepted and adopted:

President—Talcott E. Wing, Monroe. *Recording Secretary*—Mrs. Harriet A. Tenney, Lansing. *Corresponding Secretary*—George H. Greene, Lansing. *Treasurer*—Ephraim Longyear, Lansing. *Executive Committee*—Albert Miller, Bay City; S. D. Bingham, Lansing; Dr. Chas. Shepard, Grand Rapids. *Committee of Historians*—Michael Shoemaker, Jackson; John H. Forster, Williamston; A. D. P. VanBuren, Galesburg; Dr. O. C. Comstock, Marshall; Harriet A. Tenney, Lansing. *Vice Presidents*—Allegan county, Don C. Henderson; Barry, David G. Robinson; Bay, Wm. R. McCormick;

Berrien, Thomas Mars; Branch, Harvey Haynes; Calhoun, John F. Hinman; Clare, Henry Woodruff; Clinton, Samuel S. Walker; Crawford, Melvin D. Osband; Eaton, David B. Hale; Emmet, Isaac D. Toll; Genesee, Josiah W. Begole; Grand Traverse, J. G. Ramsdell; Hillsdale, E. O. Grosvenor; Houghton, J. A. Hubbell; Ingham, C. B. Stebbins; Ionia, Alfred Cornell; Iosco, O. E. M. Cutcheon; Jackson, H. H. Smith; Kalamazoo, Henry Bishop; Kent, M. L. Coffinbury; Lapeer, Joshua Manwaring; Lenawee, F. A. Dewey; Livingston, Chas. M. Wood; Macomb, Harvey Mellon; Manistee, T. J. Ramsdell; Marquette, Peter White; Monroe, J. M. Sterling; Montcalm, J. P. Shoemaker; Menominee, J. A. Crozier; Muskegon, H. H. Holt; Oakland, O. Poppleton; Oceana, Oliver K. White; Ottawa, A. S. Kedzie; Saginaw, Chas. W. Wood; Shiawassee, A. H. Owens; St. Clair, Mrs. Helen M. Farrand; St. Joseph, Calvin H. Starr; Tuscola, Townsend North; Van Buren, C. J. Monroe; Washtenaw, E. D. Lay; Wayne, J. Wilkie Moore.

President Wing then said:

"Gentlemen of the Society, and Ladies: I cannot suffer this opportunity to pass by without giving expression to my feelings in regard to the kindness and honor you have shown me in again electing me to serve as your President for the ensuing year. I can only thank you, and say that to the best of my ability and my power I will discharge the duties of the office."

Opportunity was then given for inquiries in regard to requirements for joining the Society, and for the purchase of the Pioneer and Historical Collections.

Stephen D. Bingham said:

"Mr. President and Fellow Pioneers: I want to say one thing before we close. I think it is wrong for us to hold these meetings in this hall, for I am sure that if the architect of this building were brought before the people he would be hung without trial. Now these men and women come to hear and enjoy these things, and no man thirty feet away from these papers can hear them. I am in favor of having these meetings held in some church next year, no matter what it costs."

The audience joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne." The benediction was pronounced by Dr. Wm. H. Haze, and the President declared the meeting adjourned.

HARRIET A. TENNEY,
Recording Secretary.

NOTE.—The papers read at this meeting will be found published in Volume XIII. of the Collections.

MICHIGAN PIONEER AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

ANNUAL MEETING, JUNE 12 AND 13, 1889.

Lansing, Wednesday, June 12, 1889.

The fifteenth annual meeting of the Pioneer and Historical Society of Michigan convened in the Plymouth Congregational church at 2 o'clock P. M.

The President, Talcott E. Wing, called the meeting to order, and the session was opened with prayer by Rev. C. H. Beale.

Music—an organ voluntary, was rendered, after which the audience joined in singing "Blest be the Tie that Binds."

The following officers were present:

Ex-Presidents—A. Miller, M. Shoemaker, F. A. Dewey, T. E. Wing, M. H. Goodrich. *President*—T. E. Wing. *Recording Secretary*—Mrs. Harriet A. Tenney. *Corresponding Secretary*—Geo. H. Greene. *Executive Committee*—A. Miller, S. D. Bingham. *Committee of Historians*—M. Shoemaker, J. H. Forster, A. D. P. VanBuren, H. A. Tenney. *Vice-Presidents*—M. D. Osband, C. B. Stebbins, H. Bishop, F. A. Dewey, O. Poppleton, E. D. Lay, A. H. Owens, J. Wilkie Moore.

The annual report of the Recording Secretary was read, and, on motion of Elias Woodman, was accepted.

The President announced the death of Mr. E. Longyear, the Treasurer of the Society.

The annual report of the Treasurer had been prepared, and was read by the Recording Secretary and, on motion of M. Shoemaker, was accepted.

The annual report of the Corresponding Secretary was read, and, on motion of O. Poppleton, was accepted.

Music—solo, "The Pilgrim," was sung by Mrs. Sophie Howard-Knight, with organ accompaniment.

The report of the Committee of Historians was read by M. Shoemaker, chairman, who referred to "the interest taken in the Society by the legislature, as evinced by its grant of $3,000 for the continuance of the work of gathering the pioneer history of the State, which will be pushed with increased energy." On motion of O. Poppleton, the report was accepted.

The reports of the Memorial Committee, by counties, Mr. Geo. H. Greene, chairman, were then presented, as follows: Allegan, Don M. Henderson; Bay, Wm. B. McCormick; Branch, Harvey Haynes; Calhoun, J. F. Hinman; Crawford, M. D. Osband; Eaton, D. B. Hale; Genesee, J. W. Begole; Ingham, C. B. Stebbins; Ionia, Alfred Cornell; Kalamazoo, H. Bishop; Lenawee, F. A. Dewey; Livingston, C. M. Wood; Monroe, J. Sterling; Montcalm, J. P. Shoemaker; Muskegon, H. H. Holt; Oakland, O. Poppleton; Ottawa, Rev. A. S. Kedzie; Saginaw, C. S. Grant; Shiawassee, A. H. Owens; St. Clair, Mrs. Helen M. Farrand; St. Joseph, ———; Washtenaw, Ezra D. Lay; Wayne, J. Wilkie Moore.

On motion of Rev. R. C. Crawford, the reports were accepted.

Music—duet, "The Handwriting on the Wall," Dr. E. H. E. Jameson and Gertrude Jameson.

Mr. J. Wilkie Moore presented to the Society a chart of the city of Detroit prior to the fire of June 11, 1805.

A memorial on the death of Ephraim Longyear, Treasurer of the Society from February 5, 1878, until his death, January 17, 1889, at Passadena, California, was read by Stephen D. Bingham. This memorial was followed by short speeches from many of the pioneers present.

On motion, Hon. E. P. Allen, of Ypsilanti, was invited to make a short address, of which the following are extracts:

* * * * "While I do not want to make a speech, I should certainly feel guilty if I left town without looking at your faces. Indeed, I expected to have been here early in the afternoon, to see you and to listen to your work. But I find that when one strikes this town, and especially if he has been in the legislature, and more especially if he is looking after people to hold the postoffices, time flies, and by the time he gets around to see everyone, and talks with everyone, he is almost a pioneer himself.

* * * * * * * * * * *

I was about to say I was born in Washtenaw county. I was born there, and I hope to live there until I die, and I am in no hurry about that. My father came here to Michigan before this was a State, and reared a family of large boys (you see a sample before you). He was a pioneer, as many of you were real pioneers. And it well becomes the younger generation, who are enjoying the fruits of the well-planned labor of our fathers and mothers,

to be respectful in the presence of those who came here at an early day, toiling hard, and suffering many perils and privations, and who laid the foundations for such a magnificent State as ours. How true it is that a good beginning makes a good ending. How true it is that a false step at first brings nothing but wreck and ruin in the end, whether it be in the forming of States, or in the forming of the character of men and women. If the foundation be faulty, it will make, necessarily and unavoidably, a poor superstructure. Who can overestimate the importance of a good, sure foundation. Our fathers came here and laid the foundations of the State, not temporarily, not expecting them to be transitory, but broad and deep in the rock of equity and justice; and these were accompanied by a fundamental law providing for the education of the masses. No greater crown of glory can encircle the heads of the men and women who thus laid the foundations of this State, than that common schools and education of the masses should be the rule among the people. That is the broad stone on which they builded so strongly and so securely, and coupled with this was their reference always to moral law. A regard to the moral law, I say, characterized all their movements, and it is that which has been shown in all our legislation from that day to this. Look on the statute books of Michigan, and in them you will find that good men and women have been guarded. That their privileges have been respected. You will find that the Sabbath day has been protected by statute, and that its observance is enjoined as a duty laid by law. You will find that there are statutes in which the State tries to protect the people from evil, or from anything that would threaten or overthrow the morals of the people of the State.

"We have this magnificent commonwealth. There is no government in the world, no form of government for men where it is so absolutely essential that the masses themselves do right, and be right, as in a republican form of government, because we govern ourselves; we each are responsible to each other. If we had a king that ruled by reason of divine right, if we had a parliament made up of men of blue blood, if we had a standing army to keep order, it would not be to the State so much a matter of absolute necessity that every man and woman do as nearly right as it is possible for them to do. But where we govern ourselves, we are equal partners, and it is necessary that each one do as well as possible. And this our fathers understood well; and on this principle they laid the foundations of this great West. Think of it; a State of a population of several millions of people, which when you were boys was the home of the wolf and of the Indians. Indeed when I look and see what has been accomplished in these few years; how wars have been fought; how the country has been cleared; how the popu-

lation has increased; how churches and schools have been established everywhere; how the people have developed in every way, and how culture and education have progressed, I am ready to exclaim, 'What hath God wrought.' Now my friends, you are being fast gathered in. It will not be long before you who have formed the State will have passed to your fathers. But you may rest assured that the young men of this State understand that the great glory of this commonwealth of Michigan is due to the fact that it was built upon the foundation that you yourselves laid in the wilderness, amid untold trails and privations, so many years ago. And is not that glory enough for any generation of men and women? You have done what you could in your day and generation. And we that come after will take up the work that you have so well commenced. There will be two things for the coming generation to do: first, to conserve what you have done, and then second, to take a step in advance of what you have done. And it is not an easy task to which this generation comes. We have many dangers and perils to meet in this day and age of the world, when men are so fierce for place and power and wealth. This generation has on its shoulders very serious problems to solve, and very heavy burdens to carry. And upon whether we solve them wisely or unwisely; upon whether we carry the burdens bravely and conscientiously or not, upon this will depend the happiness and the welfare of our children, and of society to come. A severe strain on national life is yet to be met, and perhaps within a few years. We have had great prosperity as a nation and as a State, and as I have said our only safety in the future in living up to high moral standards, and in each individual doing the very best he or she can do under the circumstances.

"May God bless this Society and the people of this great State, and may each one feel that he is a vital factor in the upbuilding and in the permanency of this commonwealth, and that he can best do his part in this great work, by being as honest and intelligent and patriotic as lies in his power, and if we all do that, the life of the republic of the United States will be one of indefinite duration; and we may then indeed hope to see our nation the bravest, strongest, purest of all the nations of the world."

At the request of the President, Mrs. Mary Foster of Ann Arbor made a short address.

Music—"No Evil Shall Befall Them," was rendered by the Philomela Quartette.

Short speeches were made by Messrs. S. D. Bingham, A. D. P. VanBuren, A. H. Owens, Elias Woodman, and F. E. Fairchild.

On motion of John H. Forster, the Society took a recess until 7 o'clock in the evening.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

The President called the Society to order, and prayer was offered by Rev. S. R. Cook.

The President then delivered his annual address.

Hon. J. Wilkie Moore read a paper entitled "Michigan, under the first and second Harrisons."

Music—song, by Agricultural Glee Club.

"The History of the Settlement of Silver Islet," Lake Superior, was read by Hon. John H. Forster.

Music—solo, "Memories of Departed Days." Mrs. Genevieve Thorne.

"The Pottawattomies" was read by Hon. A. B. Copley of Decatur.

Music—solo, "Let All Obey." L. A. Baker.

As the evening was so far advanced, the President stated that the five-minute speeches would be dispensed with and the exercises of the evening would close with music: Duet, "Love Divine All Love Excelling." Mrs. Sophie Howard Knight and Mr. G. W. Bement.

On motion of Col. M. Shoemaker, the Society adjourned until the next morning, at 9:30 o'clock.

THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 13.

The session was called to order by the President, and the exercises of the morning were opened with prayer by Rev. H. S. Jordan.

Music—hymn, "The Christian Soldier," was sung by the audience.

"Sketches of the Northwest," by Rev. E. H. Day of Lawton, was read by S. D. Bingham.

The President appointed a committee to nominate officers for the ensuing year, as follows: Hon. John H. Forster, Maj. Wyllys Ransom, Hon. A. B. Copley, M. D. Osband and Elias Woodman.

Col. Shoemaker offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Society be and they are hereby presented to Darius D. Thorp, Esq., the State Printer, for the prompt and satisfactory manner in which he has published volumes 12 and 13 of the "Collections" of the Society. The resolution was adopted.

Col. Shoemaker then said: "I have here another resolution that I will offer, which I think will facilitate the printing of the 'Collections.'"

Resolved, That the executive committee be and it is hereby authorized to approve the record of the proceedings of the annual meetings of this Society. Resolution adopted.

Mr. Francis A. Dewey, of Cambridge, gave a graphic description of "Michigan Fifty-eight Years Ago." The reading called out remarks from Rev. R. C. Crawford, Geo. H. Greene and T. E. Wing.

Music—violin solo, "Kathleen Mavourneen," Mrs. Ella W. Shank.

Mr. Geo. H. Greene read a letter from Mr. Converse Close, of Grattan, and then read an original poem, by Mr. Close, "To the Pioneers and their Children."

The next was a paper by Dr. O. C. Comstock, defending Hon. Isaac E. Crary from imputations cast upon him while a member of Congress from the recently admitted State of Michigan, by Thomas Corwin, on account of some strictures made by Mr. Crary upon General Harrison, then a candidate for the presidency. This paper was read by A. D. P. VanBuren. He said:

"Mr. President, Pioneers and Friends: Dr. Comstock had come across Thomas E. Corwin's arraignment of Isaac E. Crary in 1840. You remember, you older ones, that Col. Crary, by mistake, or foolishly, attacked the military records of William Henry Harrison, at the time he was candidate for the presidency. J. Q. Adams, the Nestor of his party, took this as an insult; he was indignant. He did not answer Crary himself, personally, but he consulted with Corwin, and handed it over to Thomas E. Corwin to work out in a manner to suit him. It was a terrible arraignment, and General Crary was laid aside, rhetorically speaking, from the standpoint of Ben. Perley Poore, by whose 'Reminiscences' this paper of Dr. Comstock's is called out, and this paper is a strong document in Mr. Crary's favor."

At the conclusion of the paper, Elias Woodman said: "I would like to say a word in regard to this paper that has just been read. It is to me a most interesting subject. Thomas E. Corwin's attack, in 1840, on Isaac E. Crary, the only member of congress from Michigan, at that time, was provoked by an attack made without forethought on the then candidate for the presidency, William Henry Harrison, with regard to the records of his military career. I am glad that Dr. Comstock wrote that paper, and I think it was right that he should do so, and that we should do all we can to vindicate the character of Isaac E. Crary. Mr. Crary deserves credit from us for the position he took in our State with regard to educational matters, in connection with the Rev. John D. Pierce. There was not a particle of the demagogue about him. I am thankful that I had the pleasure of meeting him and becoming well acquainted with him when I was young, as a man for me to pattern after. I have heard him many times and under almost all circumstances, as a public speaker, and he was always equal to the occasion. And I say here, now, that his memory should be reverenced among the pioneers of Michigan, and especially for that magnificent common school

system that he and John D. Pierce wrought out in this State. He always identified himself with the educational and moral interests of the State; and while he had so much to do in public life, he never condescended to the cheap tricks of the politician.

"He was a member of the convention in 1850 to revise the constitution of the State, and had a good deal to say in regard to the important improvements at that time. I know that his course was universally approved by his immediate followers and constituency. I had the honor of sitting with this man eighty days in the old capitol, and I became intimately acquainted with him there. I had formed his acquaintance before, but now it was my pleasure to sit by him, and learn of him. He was absent from the sessions a good deal, as he was sick, and very sick too, during that session; and I may say that it was while he was a member, that D. C. Walker of Capac was chairman of the committee on education. Some may say that he took no stock in men of small caliber. That may be true. But I do know that at that time I was the youngest man but one that was in the legislature, and I certainly was not a prominent man; I had never run for office at that time and I had never occupied any office but a town office. But he was very good to me, and he helped me a good deal, and I soon became attached to him, by his always being pleasant to me, and coming to me to counsel with me. He honored me with his friendship; I had many talks with him, and I talked with him about that matter in Congress, and about that speech of Corwin's. I tell you those were exciting days along there in 1840, all over this country, and Corwin was a politician, and he had his political aspirations himself, as was shown by his afterward becoming governor of Ohio. And Corwin was a hot-headed man too; you know he threatened to publish Steward of Virginia as a traitor. There was a good deal of excitement in that convention, I can tell you. Governor Mason was a good friend of Crary's, and he got up and called order out of confusion on more than one occasion. He said that Corwin had maligned Crary in the United States Congress, and he was surely maligned.

"I should not do justice to the ashes of my mother if I had not risen up here to defend my friend, Isaac E. Crary. He was one of the most self-sacrificing and noble men that were in the convention of 1850, composed of one hundred members. And the Journal informs us that there are but twenty-five of us alive at the present time. As I have said I am glad that Dr. Comstock wrote that paper."

A memoir of Judge C. A. Stacey of Tucumseh, by Hon. T. A. Cooley, was read by Mr. Francis Stebbins.

Music: Chorus and Solo, "The Morning Invitation," by the jubilee club of the Reform School, composed of colored boys.

A letter of congratulation to the pioneers, from Hon. Enos Goodrich of Fostoria, was read by the Secretary.

The President called for five minute speeches.

Mr. S. D. Bingham said:

"I want to say one word in regard to the paper written by Dr. Comstock respecting the speech made by Thos. E. Corwin against Isaac E. Crary. In getting out the work which I have been furnishing the State for two years or more, I have been looking this matter up to some extent. Crary you will recollect, who was a member of Congress from this State at that time, 1840, made an attack on the military fame of General Harrison. Naturally an Ohio man defended Harrison, who was an Ohio man himself, and the Ohio man in this case happened to be Thomas E. Corwin, and it is surely not too much to say that his speech was a scathing piece of literature. It created a big sensation at the time, and it is not strange when we consider the time and the circumstances under which Crary made his attack, that it should have had such a result, and especially when indirectly, J. Q. Adams took the matter up. John D. Pierce, who has been spoken of in connection with Mr. Crary as doing so much to advance the educational interests of the State, came as a minister to Marshall, where he resided for some time. Crary, I think, was the second speaker of Michigan. He had an intimate acquaintance with Stevens T. Mason, the first governor of Michigan, and had a great influence over him, or rather, a great deal of influence with him. Isaac E. Crary was a good lawyer, and there is no doubt that he had a good deal of influence with many prominent men of Michigan. Governor Mason appointed John D. Pierce as superintendent of education of Michigan, through his influence; and John D. Pierce as such commissioner, traveled all over the east; and to him and his work, and to the work of such men as he, we owe the great University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, as well as the magnificent school system of the State which has been spoken of. And he also had much to do with the magnificent school fund which we have in this State, and which has been a large factor in building up the school system. While the other States had been getting a township in each county for school purposes, which in many places had amounted to nothing, the money in many cases being frittered away for other purposes, so that the school fund was of no special benefit, it was secured in Michigan through his management in such a way that it fulfilled the purposes for which it was set aside and appropriated. Mr. Crary arranged in his little

article, which you can see, that this grant should be to the State instead of to the township; and this simple provision has been the foundation of our great educational fund. It was established on a firm basis."

Mr. Elias Woodman said: "While traveling a few years ago, I renewed the acquaintance of the silver-tongued Geo. C. Bates. While in conversation with him, we alluded to Isaac E. Crary, and Corwin's attack upon him. Mr. Bates you know, was one called the silver-tongued orator of this State. He was at one time attorney general of Utah, and he said in one of those eloquent speeches of his, 'Mr. Woodman, the name of Crary will be remembered as a noble man, and a benefactor of his State, when the name of the man who so bitterly attacked and denounced and ridiculed him, will be sunk in infamy.' That is what he said to me. I admit that his attack might have been unwise at the time, but the language of his opponent was impudent and insulting. Thomas E. Corwin attacks him in that memorable speech of 1840, and undertakes to prove that Isaac E. Crary was a man drinking whisky out of melon skins, and pictures him out in ridiculous way as knowing nothing about military affairs, and trying to lead the raw militia of Michigan on parade day. Now I know that he was a staunch temperance man; as true a temperance man as we had in the convention of 1850; and I know; I have been many times entertained with him, and he never had anything more to drink than a bottle of spruce beer. But it is the way when men go at each other in such a way, they can't stop at anything that is truthful when they make such an attack. It makes me think of what Napoleon said about Washington: 'Washington, what about your Washington? When I have sunk into insignificance, then will the name of Washington be blazoned on every banner of your nation, and his name a household word.' And so will Crary be when compared with the man who so harshly attacked and ridiculed him, in the coming days of the history of this country."

Mr. Francis Stebbins said: "In what has been said about General Harrison here I have somehow been reminded of the days away back in 1840, when we were in garrison, engaged largely in the drinking of hard cider. I was in the garrison at Fort Meigs; General Harrison, who, we have heard from our democratic friends, never had any military reputation, used to come out and review us. We used to talk of the battle of Tippecanoe, and there used to be much wonder expressed as to who it was that came at the critical time to help save the battle, and gain the victory. It was a little band of young men, and I have wondered if it could not be found from our history what young men those were; it must lie hidden somewhere in our records. Another thing I wanted to tell you about was the management of railroads in the early days.

I think I could tell the railroad men of today a thing or two in regard to the management of railroads, and something they are not used to nowadays, too. Some of you have visited Toledo; it is a beautiful city now. We landed there one time, in the early history of railroads; it was then said that the fever and ague was so thick there that you could cut it with a knife. We were landed there too late for the regular train, and we did not want to stay there, so I asked the railroad man in charge of affairs, how much it would cost us to charter a car from Toledo to Adrian, and that we wanted to go right off. (It was the old Erie & Kalamazoo railroad. This was after the road had been run for several years, and was supposed to be in good running order.) He said it would cost us twenty-five dollars, and we took him up at his offer and chartered the train for the twenty-five dollars, and got to Adrian all right. Another time the president of a road wrote to the officers of his road. He said: 'I have been receiving a good many complaints from the passengers who live along our road, or want to travel on it; they complain that when a passenger comes out and signals you to stop that you don't do it; now I don't want to hear any more such complaints. When a passenger comes out and signals you to stop, you must do it, and if you do not stop at such times and places you will lose your places. Don't do it again.'"

A. H. Owens said: "Mr. Stebbins' experience with relation to the early railroads reminds me of some of my own. My parents came here and settled in Genesee county. Several teams would go through Pontiac at a time, and some would go to Detroit. I remember after the railroad came along where we passed Piety Hill, in some places the railroad would run parallel with the highway, and if the road was in good order we would often stump them for a race, and we would often beat them, too, especially if they got out of water, and then they would have to stop and get it out of the ditches; but in the long run they would beat us, if we were heavily loaded."

A. D. P. Van Buren said: "Last evening when Mr. Copley was reading his paper on the Pottawattomies, I was very much interested. I have always been interested in the history of the Indians of this State, and especially in that of the Pottawattomies, as we have in Calhoun county now the only remnant of that tribe that I know of in Michigan. A little incident comes to my mind now; along way back in the forties, before the Indians left Michigan (many of them went to Canada), there were three brothers, Sam-o-ka, Pen-e-moo and Not-ta-way. I knew them well. Sam-o-ka was a sort of chief among them; he was very proud of his title, and when he was in liquor he would say: 'Me, me, Sam-o-ka, and General Harrison;' as much as to say that he stood among the lords of the land in high authority. Basil Harrison settled on the prairie, and in talking with him afterwards I heard

him say how they got along with the Indians. He said: "We never could have got along without the Pottawattomies in those days. He was a sort of a leather stocking, they were our friends, and we were their friends. When we got out of provisions we were in a bad fix indeed; we had to hunt, and being poor hunters, we were sometimes in a condition where we would have starved if it had not been for the Pottawattomies; they brought us game that they had killed, and they carried us through the hard places and preserved our lives."

Music—Duet, "The Spirit of the North," Mrs. Sophie H. Knight, Mrs. L. S. Roper.

On motion of E. Woodman, the Society took a recess until 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

The President called the Society to order, and the session was opened with prayer, by the Rev. Mr. Crawford.

Music—piano duet, "Princess Waltz," Miss Eliza Hinman and Mrs. G. W. Bement.

"The Rivers of the Saginaw Valley in an Early Day as Contrasted with the Present," original poem, Judge Albert Miller, Bay City.

Music—song, "Here in Cool Grot," Blind School Chorus.

"My recollections of Pioneer Life in Nankin," Wayne county, was read by M. D. Osband.

Music—"Joy, Joy, Freedom Today," or "The Gipsey's Chorus," by the Blind School Chorus.

A paper on the late Hon. Townsend E. Gidley of Jackson, by Geo. H. White of Grand Rapids, was then read by S. D. Bingham. He said: "Many of you remember Hon. T. E. Gidley as being a member of the legislature in 1835, and in fact, as being five times a member of the legislature, and three times a member of the senate. He was here in 1887; a man short in stature, broad chested and with a humorous twinkle in his eye, and we see in reading over his biography what an important part he has taken. He took an active part in the old days; he was one of the members of the constitutional convention; he was well known as a legal counselor in this State; he was a whipped candidate for governor in 1885; he organized the whig party in Jackson, and I have no doubt that Col. Shoemaker has had occasion to feel his steel when he was a senator from Jackson. He was apprenticed in his early days; they apprenticed even merchants in those days. He presented the only life portrait of La Fayette in the State. He became the friend of General Cass in Detroit, and altogether he had quite an eventful life. I

am very glad that this paper has been written, because there is much less known of him than of any other man that took such an important part in the history of our State. I want to speak another word now while I am here, and it relates to that old pioneer of the State, Zephaniah W. Bunce of Port Huron. He will reach one hundred and two years of age at his next birthday, now in a little while, and he is a healthy and vigorous man. He settled below Port Huron in 1817 on a farm on St. Clair river, and you see that was over seventy years ago. He was a member of the first territorial council of 1824, and also of the next, almost sixty-six years ago. He is now in the prime of his life and vigor; and nothing would do me more good than to have this convention, through Mr. Joseph Gibbons here, send their congratulations to him, and wish that he may live another hundred years."

It was moved and supported that Mr. Bingham draw up such a resolution.

Music—piano solo, "Etude de Concert" (Mayo), Miss Fannie Humphrey.

Mr. S. D. Bingham here offered the resolution he had been preparing, which was adopted, as follows:

Resolved, That through Hon. Joseph Gibbons, his representative, The State Pioneer Society tender to Hon. Zephaniah W. Bunce of Port Huron, their congratulations, and rejoice that he has still strength and vigor in his one hundred and second year, and feel honored in having this opportunity of remembering one who has honored the State of his adoption.

"My Experience as a Pioneer in Kalamazoo and Van Buren Counties," written by Edwin S. Smith of South Haven, was read by Rev. R. C. Crawford.

Judge I. P. Christiancy being present was introduced and spoke as follows:

"I was once in the habit of making a speech at call, and felt no hesitation at any time in doing so. But it is so long a time since I have been making speeches now, that I feel about the same timidity I used to feel when I was a school boy, and was called on to speak a piece. I am not able to make anything like a speech, but will refer to an incident of my coming to Michigan. I came to Monroe in May, 1836, at the age of twenty-four years. I had some friends and acquaintances there that came from the East, and I stopped with them; I did not know at that time but that I should go on farther west; but as my finances were not flourishing, and my funds were not troublesome as to weight, I staid there to give them a chance to grow. I went into the office of Mr. McClelland, and resided there awhile. But in the summer of 1836 I took a great ride. It was on horseback, through Clinton and Tecumseh, and where Coldwater now is. Of course the places were very young, and I believe there were then only two houses on the territory covered by the present city of Coldwater. I remember that in coming

home, I passed through Jackson county, and then I rode along by the river Raisin home. And I want to tell you that on that trip I made up my mind to spend the rest of my life in Michigan. And I will state the reason. I found in the midst of all the forests where I traveled, they were just felling the trees and settling the country, and the houses of course were built of logs. I found the fields of wheat looking very rich in the midst of the great trees; but I found that while the people were living in their log houses in most cases, yet they were building frame schoolhouses. And then too, when I stopped at those log houses I would find almost invariably, one side of the room at least, filled with shelves, and those shelves filled with books. And I said to myself, there is the seed for civilization, and development, and refinement, and progress, and such people as these, are bound to make a great State, and the people here will go on and grow, and whatever else may fail in Michigan, there will be good crops of men and women, and an enlightened people; and I made up my mind to stay by such a people, and I can say today that I have never been sorry for it.

"I wish to say one thing more in this same connection. I have traveled through most of the States of the Union, through twenty-seven of them any way, and I have pretty reliable information concerning the rest of them, as well as of some foreign countries, and I ean say with confidence that where the English speaking race lives, and I think they are as intelligent as any other race of people in the world, that I do not think there is any other part of the world where the intelligence of the people is quite equal to that of the people living in the three southern tiers of counties in this great State of Michigan. And I will say in conclusion that I think every person born in Michigan has a good right to be thankful for his nativity here in this our great State of which we have a right to be proud, and we hope to see far greater days yet for Michigan."

Mr. S. D. Bingham offered the following resolutions:

Resolved, That at the next annual meeting of the Pioneer and Historical Society of Michigan, the constitution be so amended that no fee shall be charged for the admission of members, or for annual dues, and also that such amendments shall be made as may be necessary to secure a reasonable compensation to the secretaries of the Society, or for the work of the committee of historians.

For which Mr. M. Shoemaker offered the following substitute:

Resolved, That the constitution and by-laws be amended as follows:

Amend the constitution by striking out article five;

Also:

Amend article eight by striking out the words "the annual subscription as required by the by-laws," and insert in place thereof the words "one dollar;"

Also:

Amend by-laws by striking out section eight and the first paragraph of section nine.

Which was agreed to.

The proposed amendments were laid over for action at the next annual meeting.

Mr. Bingham also offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the Pioneer and Historical Society of Michigan tender its hearty thanks to Mrs. Sophie Howard-Knight, musical director for this annual meeting, also to the other ladies and gentlemen who have entertained the members with music, and especially to the pupils from the School for the Blind, and the choir of the Reform School boys.

On motion, the Society took a recess until seven o'clock.

THURSDAY EVENING.

The Society met at seven o'clock, the President, T. E. Wing, in the chair. The session was opened with prayer by Rev. R. C. Crawford.

Music—trio, "Rose Waltz," Misses Laura Hull, Inez Smith and Mrs. Ella Williams.

Portions of "The Log Schoolhouse Epoch in Michigan," were read by A. D. P. VanBuren, of Galesburg.

"The Presidents of the Pioneer Society," an original poem by Judge Albert Miller, was read by Rev. R. C. Crawford.

The President announced that a few moments would be given to notices of the death of one of the members of our Society. Mr. O. Poppleton spoke as follows:

"Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Pioneer Society: I have been requested by an esteemed friend of Townsend North to announce to your Society his death, which occurred yesterday at Vassar, while we were reading, or about the time we were reading, our memorial reports of members of this Society. The death of Towsend North of this Society at that time as a coincidence is remarkable; that while the secretary was reading the names of those who had departed, Townsend North passed to the other state. This paper was handed me by Hon. Reuben Goodrich, Grand Traverse county. Mr. Goodrich lived in an adjoining county at an

early day, and I have known him and his family and of his brothers for a good many years. I know that they were interested in the development of the northern part of Michigan with Mr. North. They were early pioneers of that region of country. And I deem it proper here to say that this Society owes it to itself to pass some suitable resolutions upon the death of our brother pioneer, Townsend North."

Music—solo, "Ave Maria," Miss Estelle Cheney.

"Early Days of Detroit, and Secret Memoirs of Hull's Surrender," was the subject of an extemporaneous address by Hon. Sylvester Larned, of Detroit, who spoke as follows:

* * * "History repeats itself. 'Sylvester Larned,' so the Free Press says, and so the Tribune says, and the Journal, and all the lesser stars, 'delivered an address here last evening.' I hope he did well. And his shadow, which has for so long a time bidden adieu to his toes, will attempt to repeat what he said last night, for you know the Tribune and the Free Press cannot lie, unless,—well, unless they are well paid for it. I am to say something about the early days of Detroit. Well, I came to Detroit at a very early period of my existence. In fact, I arrived there about the time that I arrived anywhere, and it was Will. Gary, that dear old bard of Michigan, who, in reply to my jokes on him reflecting on his manner of getting here, said, in that wonderfully rich brogue of his: 'That may be all true about the way I first came to Detroit; but from what I have learned of him, I don't think I came as poor as he did, for I have learned that when he arrived he hadn't a shirt to his body, or a coat to his back.'

"And I am sure I was no worse off than that, for we both come that way. My father, you know, judge (turning to President Wing), how my father came to Michigan, for my father and his father came in the old coach, and they kept house where General Cass lived, his mother keeping house for one month, and my dear, sainted mother for another. O, those mothers of Michigan! Who will ever forget those mothers of pioneer days of Michigan? Those mothers who taught us first to lisp the only perfect prayer uttered by the only perfect man, 'Our Father.' The mothers of Michigan! What made Michigan? Only the mothers of Michigan. What stamps Michigan as one of the first States in the great Union of States? First in commerce; standing first with these great inland lakes of ours, standing first in literature and education, and standing first in the bravery and intelligence of her men and women—it is the mothers of Michigan; God bless our mothers! Woman last at the cross, and first at the tomb.

'O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.'

"Well did Scott utter those words, and surely, poet never breathed truer words than those. Well may we say, God bless the noble mothers of Michigan. How cheerfully they bore the sorrow and bitter privations of those early days, and without a complaint.

"Truly has God been good to the sons of Michigan, in that he gave them such mothers. He has gifted them with a fecundity of blessings. How well I remember Mrs. Isabella Cass, the wife of Lewis Cass, Michigan's first governor and Michigan's pure statesman, whose reputation stands as pure as the driven snow. The first president of the first temperance society in Michigan. Secretary of war, minister to France. Lewis Cass' fame rested on that sweet serenity and saintliness of character which he drew so freely to himself from that noble mate of his, Isabella Cass. They were indeed admirably adapted to each other.

"In those days there stood on the corner of Cass and Larned streets, the old Episcopal church, and on an adjacent corner stood the old Presbyterian church, with the Rev. Noah Wells as pastor. And between them was the old session room where Mr. Deming used, in the olden days, to have his Sabbath school. And in those good olden days we are talking about, Detroit didn't have any pavement, and the state of mud which sometimes prevailed along the only road was sometimes almost impassable for pedestrians. Think of it; no pavement, nor was there even a stone crossing. This state of things you may be sure, brought about many curious scenes, such as the loss of shoes in the mud, and sometimes the gallants had to come to the rescue, and afforded much needed aid to the weaker sex in making their way across the muddy highway. There was no stop, seemingly, until you got to the bottom of the mud. Mrs. Cass and my mother used sometimes to go to the little church together in the old cab, or the little French cart. Ah, the French cart, what would the Detroit of that day have been without the French cart? It was the universal vehicle, and it is worthy of commemoration. It was used by all classes, and was in the city almost the only kind of carriage. It was a light two-wheeled vehicle. In these the ladies went to church and paid their calls. Michigan has had some great governors and governesses, and we did indeed have one who was great, for she weighed 270 pounds—Mrs. Governor Porter.

"Mrs. Governor Porter was going along one day in the old French cart, and the mud was fully one foot deep. Everything went well, and Mrs. Governor Porter enjoyed her ride, when suddenly the loosely made lynch-pin gave out, when the living cargo was, of course, unceremoniously and without previous consultation, dumped into the very deepest of the mud. Yes, Mrs. Porter landed in the deepest of the mud, and the more she struggled the farther in she went; and she would have staid there had it not been for two benevolent Samaritans, who grasped her firmly and pulled long and vigorously, and by their great and united efforts at last succeeded in hoisting her out, and conducting the frightened woman to a place of safety. That night was a very cold one in Detroit, and the ground froze very hard, and the next morning the statue of Mrs. Porter filled the street.

"Dear old Detroit! My father, old Charles Larned, without whose history Michigan's history would not be complete, went, in 1818, to study law with Henry Clay, of Kentucky. Henry Clay, the grand old patriot and statesman! After he had been there awhile, one day he was met, while in the office, by a certain colonel. He had a visit with him, and as he was leaving, the colonel said to him: 'Mr. Larned, we are to have a meeting of the first men of Shelby county. I want you to meet with them, as you are going to remain here; it will be to your advantage.' And he went; and they had one of the social, convivial times for which Kentucky society of those days was noted. And as the wine was passing round, the message came that Col. Lewis, of Harrison's army, was at great straits at the fort. They decided right there that they would unite and form a regiment to march to the relief of the fort, and in twenty days they were mustered in and on their way; and that was the very regiment that was so decimated at Raisin river, and the same regiment that was here at the surrender of Detroit, and the same that did valuable service until peace was declared, after the war of 1812. And right here, in passing, I will say that my father, as major of the regiment, remained until peace was declared, and then, instead of returning to Kentucky, he took up his quarters in the State of Michigan; and I was his only son, and the depository of many of his serious secrets, though only a boy of fourteen.

"'Sylvester,' he said, taking out the papers from his desk, yellow with age, 'I am about to divulge to you a secret that you must never divulge until I am dead.' And never until the last survivor died who had a part in that transaction did I ever state that I held in my hands the secret history of the causes of the success of Detroit's most iniquitous surrender.

"Lewis Cass and others laid a plan—not a conspiracy, and signed a Round Robin with these fatal words in the center to this effect, 'We, whose names are

here written, agree to surround Hull, and, putting the command in Lewis Cass, prevent the surrender of Detroit to the British.' But there was a bloody traitor somewhere, for the plan they had laid was revealed to William Hull; and the next day Hull sent my father to one point, another to another point, until they were all separated, and then he surrendered Detroit to the British supremacy. I have never had a great liking to those British anyhow since that time. Say nothing of the dead save what is good. William Hull was not a traitor, but he was timid, fearful of results, and it has been promulgated by his grandson in an admirable essay, that he (General Hull) feared that his supplies would be cut off and that all the forts of the North would be submitted to pillage and left to destruction. Of the men that entered into that 'terrible comspiracy,' General Cass at its head, not one survives; they have all passed over the river. But it should bring pride to the hearts of the men of today, that we had men then that would stand up and try to defeat the attempt of the over-anxious man to surrender Detroit to her enemies.

"The old, quaint, antiquated city was then an exceptional city on this continent, with the single exception, perhaps, of New Orleans. Her people were largely French, and her people were gay; full of life and vitality, and with a desire for pleasure. The French made up the larger part of the population. Why, would you believe that I never saw a school until I was ten years old? My letters were taught me by the sister of Antoine Bourbon. Dear old woman; she used to say to me, 'My child, be a good man like your father and you too will reach heaven.' I do not know whether it is so, but such a woman, if there are angels placed near the great white throne, ought to have that place. God bless those trained nurses of the world, our trained Sisters of Charity. Why, Protestant as I am, yet every drop of blood in my veins beats loyally in response to the lives and work of these grand women of God.

"Sister Frances sent me word a few years ago, 'They are going to run a road through the grounds of St. Mary's Convent.' Well, she gave me the right to stand for her and save the convent from destruction, and thank God I did it. And she said to me afterward, 'How much do I owe you?' and I said, 'Pray for me, that some day I too may be as near heaven as you are;' and if there be truth in prayer, the voice of that holy woman has gone up to heaven for me. Dear old Detroit! I wish you knew how my heart goes out to her, and I would not exchange my old house there for the house of a Vanderbilt.

"My father's house stood on that great bluff, forty-five or fifty years ago, when I was a youth, then he selected the place where I now reside as the home of his old age. Governor Porter coming to Michigan, kept at my

father until he got that house. Do you wonder that I love Detroit? I love it because where St. Paul's rears its lofty spire my mother died; my sister lived a life of holy sanctity; because my wife was baptized there, and after that, my daughter came to be baptized and coufirmed from her distant home, to be confirmed where the body of her mother rested. Dear old Detroit! how well do I remember when we used to go to Sabbath school, and I remember where, on one occasion, we found an old barrel of whisky cherries. We indulged in cherries until, well, the statute of limitation was against us.

"Dear old Detroit! what an historical treasure is that old Cass house of which we have spoken; how many famous scenes has it witnessed, where noted men and women gathered in the good old days. With its old stone chimney rising out of the center, it seems to belong to those old days of the past. And Governor Baldwin's residence; and there stands the old fort, the Knaggs house, and the old Campau house, standing on old St. Ann street, that narrow street that takes us back to the French days.

"And there was old Fort Nonsense—appropriate name for a fort erected so far from the base of supplies. And the little river Savoyard without enough water to swim in; today the great sewer of Detroit. And there was the great residence of De Garmo Jones, and on the east of it was the great red council house, where I have seen in the fall, hundreds of the Sioux and the Foxes and the Chippewas gather to receive their yearly pay; and to that used to come Lewis Cass, and his word to them was law. Do you know the fact that Lewis Cass carried into effect sixty odd treaties of the Indians? And that magnificent grant of land lying on Lake Superior, is owing to the wealth of forethought, and the sagacious loyalty of Lewis Cass. O, I can hardly speak of that name, without there coming to my thought the memory of that serene and noble gentleman. He was my father's friend; he was the attorney general during the territorial days. Shall I instance to you a little thing that I told at the tea table tonight? The only son of my mother, a spoiled boy, I was riding past the old residence of General Cass, when suddenly my horse stumbled, and I whipped the horse, instead of myself. General Cass was out in the yard and he saw me, and he said, 'Come, Sylvester.' And I dismounted from my horse and went to him. There was a lump rising in my throat. He said, 'Sylvester, when you get home tell your mother to find that passage and read it to you, about how the merciful man is merciful to his beast,' and (turning to Judge Miller of Bay City), dear old Judge Miller, I have never struck a beast since that time. 'Apples of gold in pictures of silver.'

"I cannot forget what Mr. Trowbridge told me. He said that General Cass was very peculiar in his method of transacting any business of the gov-

ernment. He was scrupulously honest to the last penny. He would never allow himself to make any gain from sending government funds through the banks—or rather this way—in the old Bank of Michigan, he would never allow his own account to be made part of the government account. He would never allow himself to take any advantage or gain any advantage from his connection with the government. He would never allow his sons or daughters to take a pen from his table that came from the government stock, but made them take their pens and paper from his own stock. Not much like the present officials of the government who bleed and steal, and thrive on stealing. O, for the good old days of honesty! If this government ever falls into ruin, it will be through this terrible love of men for power, and this insatiable desire for money getting. 'Put money in thy purse,' said the old thought of the ages. Aye, but if you want to die at peace with God and man, let it get there honestly. No voting machines for me. No legislative enactments to force honest voting; no legislatures that can be even approached by venal offers. O, for the good old days of the French, when a man's word was as good as a bond. My father was the guardian for almost all the French in those days. And after he died so suddenly, they would come to me, scores and scores of men, and they would say: 'O, Sylves., have you got the little bag of your father, in which he kept my money?' And there, scattered through his papers, hundreds of dollars, in the little paper sacks, I found them.

"Where the articles of Hull's infamous surrender were signed, was the old government house; and opposite, the old Biddle house, the residence of John Biddle, and afterwards called after him. Opposite was the old Council house, used as the council house for the Indians, and afterwards, for the meetings of our common council. On Woodward avenue stood the post where the last man was whipped in Detroit, a man from the river Rouge by the name of Tom Palmer (no connection to our ex-senator, and present minister to Spain). He was whipped by the marshal of Detroit.

"And while I am speaking I want to say I shall never forget that woman, Mary Thompson, who lived to an old age, crippled and almost bedridden, and who founded and largely supported that benevolent institution for old ladies. And every man who loves woman and her virtues will enjoy going there, and will find them gathered there in the sweet rest of old age, an old age rendered beautiful by sweet charities that will make your hearts gladden. Do you know that before your present legislature stands a bill to tax the State of Michigan for the partial support of the Lewis Cass Home for Inebriates? And you will find this rising from the efforts of one of the daughters of Lewis Cass, who is back of the movement for such an institu-

tion; and a noble blessing it will be to the city of Detroit, a place where men can be cared for, free from that awful tyrant that 'we put in our mouths to steal away our brains.'

"I promised my brother, and I will keep my word under certain limitations, to say a few words of the early men of Detroit, and I will say only a few words in as brief a way as possible, for I know the hour is growing late, and there are others yet on the programme. George B. Porter came from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, to Detroit, at an early day, a wonderfully strong man in many ways, to whom, with my father and a few friends, Michigan is indebted for the fine breed of horses which she possesses; and Michigan owes this superiority of her blooded stock largely to George B. Porter. He was a great man, a man of great vigor of character, who died too early. But he left Michigan one large benefit of his wonderful financial ability, for without his great foresight we should not have been so well carried over that wonderful financial insanity of 1836, when we thought we were rich, and when, in fact, every man was poor. That was, indeed, a great crisis in the financial history of this country. Stevens T. Mason, made governor by Jackson before he was of age, a man whose features adorn your capitol, was a man of great natural ability, and had he lived, would have, without doubt, made his mark among the great men of the land. He, too, died too early, and Michigan has to lament the premature loss of such men. And there was Cole, and there was John Hunt, my father's partner, and also his brother-in-law; and though he was a man of talents, he had peculiarities that sometimes made him unfit to sit on the bench of the territorial court.

"Among other things, I remember one in particular. It was a notion that struck him most inopportunely, just before court was opened. The idea took possession of him that he was a man of straw legs. His family were much distressed, and my father and his friends in despair; but there was no use in argument or pursuasion, there he was lying perfectly helpless, for he was a man with straw legs. And finally Dr. Delavan was sent for, and the case was stated to him and he declared that he would go up there and cure him. And so the Dr. got a big whip and marched with the big whip to the house of John Hunt, and there was John Hunt lying, warning every man not to come near him, for he was a man of straw legs and could not possibly go to court. His wife went in and said, 'Dr. Delavan is here, John, he has come to help you.' And so the good Dr. came into the room and John Hunt explained his terrible predicament. And the Dr. said, 'Let me feel your pulse,' and he reached out his hand and took that whip, and down came the great whip on John Hunt's flesh until John Hunt dodged and jumped and ran down the river road in his shirt, and his straw legs seemed to do him good service,

the way he ran; and John Hunt was cured by the heroic treatment. And there was Witherell, grand Ben. Witherell—noble man, noble gentleman—the first president of our first Wayne County Pioneer Society. To him I gave that grand Round Robin. He was a great big man, and some of us—O'Keefe and others—used to call him big, fat hog Witherell. He once put his foot, or feet, on the desk and this was what was gotten off on the occasion:

'He who dares those boots displace,
Must meet his master face to face.'

"And there was Judge May who lived near, always present when the wine and whisky flowed. They were not too strictly temperate in those days, they permitted wine, beer and cider, it was elastic, you know. And when the judge would sit at the festive board, and when it came time for the wine glass to be passing, it seemed to him to pass very slowly, and he would break in in the midst of the conversation with, 'O, yes certainly; allow to me that great honor,' and so he would get hold of the glass, and this politeness has given him many a drink. And there was Woodbridge, the poet and lawyer, who like Sallust and Cicero loved his trees—his trees were living things to him, and all Nature was animate to him, and dear to his heart. How well do I remember going there and seeing Trumbull, the painter whose pictures fill the rotunda of the capitol today. How well I remember seeing him there while indicting the poem which afterwards made his name immortal. And just above was Augustus Porter, whose family owned and still owns, a great island adjoining Niagara Falls, a man too gentle to indulge in the hard portion of a Michigan lawyer. And then there were Campau and sons, there was Labby, known as 'honest Labby Campau,' just as there was afterwards a man known as 'honest Jake.' But my time is up. I must cease-I only wish I could talk longer. Perhaps I will some other time in the future. I thank you for your kind and patient attention."

Music—quartette, patriotic song, "A Thousand Years," was sung by the "Lone Stars," from the house of representatives.

"How the Last French Claim to a Michigan Farm Came to be Extinguished," was read by Hon. D. L. Crossman of Williamston.

"The Hollanders in Michigan," was read by Hon. Gerritt J. Diekema of Holland.

By request Rev. R. C. Crawford sang, "Michigan, My Michigan."

The committee on nomination of officers for 1889-90, reported as follows:

President, O. Poppleton, Birmingham; Recording Secretary, Harriet A. Tenney; Corresponding Secretary, Geo. H. Greene; Treasurer, Merritt Coleman.

Executive Committee—Albert Miller, Bay City; S. D. Bingham, Lansing; Dr. Chas. Shepard, Grand Rapids.

Committee of Historians—M. Shoemaker, Jackson; John H. Forster, Williamston; A. D. P. Van Buren, Galesburg; T. E. Wing, Monroe; Harriet A. Tenney, Lansing.

Vice Presidents—One from each county, the same as the previous year, with three exceptions: Crawford county, Dr. Oscar Palmer, vice M. D. Osband; Kent, Thos. D. Gilbert, vice W. L. Coffinberry; Tuscola, Enos Goodrich, vice Townsend North, deceased.

Report accepted and adopted.

Music, "Auld Lang Syne," was sung by the audience.

The benediction was pronounced by the Rev. R. C. Crawford, and on motion the Society adjourned.

MRS. HARRIET A. TENNEY.
Recording Secretary.

REPORT OF THE RECORDING SECRETARY.

The following report is submitted:

MEMBERSHIP.

There are now 718 names enrolled upon the membership book of the Society. Since the last report twenty-nine names have been added, as follows: Chas. D. Long, Chas. A. Cornell, Alfred Cornell, John A. Barnes, D. L. Crossman, Geo. M. Allen, W. W. Johnson, D. C. Walker, Charles R. Parkill, E. P. Christian, Josiah B. Frost, John W. Dewey, Edward Cahill, Edwin Willits, Jane J. Willits, Justin M. Stanley, J. M. Horton, Wm. D. Fuller, P. Dean Warner, Jonas M. Hoyt, David Patterson, J. W. Belknap, F. H. Rankin, H. H. Aplin, Thos. B. Dunstan, George Thurston, Jas. A. Donald, George Aplin, Jas. B. F. Curtis.

DONATIONS.

A small number of donations have been received during the past year, but the few are of great value, and have been duly entered upon the record books and placed on file with the records of the Society. This list is brought down to date.

LIEUT. L. B. BAKER, August 23, 1888:
Photograph of same and his horse "Buckskin."
C. C. BALDWIN, Cleveland, O.:
Ancestors and Descendants of Lewis and Elizabeth Dodd.
BUFFALO HISTORICAL SOCIETY:
Annual Report of Board of Managers of Buffalo Historical Society, Jan. 8, 1889.
HENRY CHAMBERLAIN, Jan. 6, 1887:
Autobiographical sketches of Legislature of 1849, collected by Henry Chamberlain.
CHAS. CORNELL, in manuscript:
Papers, receipts, letters, deeds, pamphlets, etc., belonging to his father.
MRS. GURDON S. HUBBARD, June 15, 1888, Chicago:
Incidents and Events in the Life of Gurdon S. Hubbard.
KANSAS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY:
Sixth Biennial Report of the Board of Directors of Kansas State Historical Society, 1888.
Topeka (Kansas) State Journal, Jan. 17, 1889; Sketch of State Historical Society.
D. H. KELTON, Detroit:
History of Sault Ste. Marie Canal, 1888.
Annals of Fort Mackinac, 1888.
J. WILKIE MOORE, Detroit:
Mallet made from "Pontiac Tree, Bloody Run."
NEW ENGLAND HISTORICAL AND GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY:
New England Historical and Genealogical Register, July, October, 1888, January, April, 1889.
NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 1888:
Frontenac and Miles Standish in the Northwest, by Edward S. Islam.
NEWSPAPERS:
Copy of Philadelphia Morning Post, July 4, 1863: News of Battle of Gettysburg.
Coldwater Republican, May 29, 1888.
Kalamazoo Weekly Telegraph, August 18, 1875: Kalamazoo County Pioneer Picnic.
Lansing Republican, June 16, 1888: Proceedings of Annual Meeting of Michigan Pioneers.
Tecumseh Herald, Sept. 6, 1888: Address of F. A. Dewey on Pioneer Days in Lenawee County.
Tecumseh Herald, Nov. 15, 1888: Death of Consider A. Stacy.
Tecumseh Herald, Feb. 28, 1889: Obituary notice of Mrs. Nathan Spencer.
The Hornet, Artesian City, Kansas, Oct. 26, 1888: "A Deserted Town."
The Progress, White Earth Agency, Minn., March 16, 1889: The Early Fur Trade in the Northwest, by T. H. Beulier.
Springfield Republican, Jan. 25, 1887: Shay's Rebellion, and the Day we Celebrate.
Springfield Republican, May 26, 27, 1886: Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of Springfield.
MISS EMELINE PAYNE, June 12, 1888:
A Historical Cannon Ball.
STEPHEN D. PEET:
The American Antiquarian and Oriental Journal, July, Nov., 1888; January, March, May, 1889.
DOUGLAS PUTNAM, Harmer, O., July, 1888:
Marietta Centennial Number Ohio Archeological and Historical Quarterly, June, 1888.
GEORGE P. SANFORD:
In Memoriam, Mrs. Mary Horner Sanford, Nov. 27, 1886.
Souvenir of Ye Old South Meeting House, Worcester, Mass., 1719-1887.
A. D. P. VAN BUREN, Galesburg:
Jottings on the South, Battle Creek, 1859.

The usual meetings have been held during the year by the Executive Committee and Committee of Historians, for the transaction of business pertaining to the affairs of the Society.

The work done and the progress made by the Society during the years that have elapsed since its organization cannot be better illustrated than by the examination and perusal of the thirteen volumes of the Pioneer and Historical collections which have been published by the Society.

The deaths of many of our members have been entered upon the membership book. Among the number is that of Mr. E. Longyear, who was one of the charter members, and Treasurer of the Society from February 5, 1878, to date of death, January 17 of this year. The work accomplished by the various committees will be found in the reports and proves conclusively that the interest taken in the prosperity and success of this organization has constantly increased. The annual meetings have always been well attended, and much enjoyed by all pioneers.

Respectfully submitted,

MRS. HARRIET A. TENNEY,

Recording Secretary.

LANSING, *June 12, 1889.*

REPORT OF THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

Lansing, June 12, 1889.

To the Officers and Members of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society:

It again becomes my duty to make a report of so much of the Society's doings as has been entrusted to me.

The file of letters and communications received within the year are herewith submitted, all carefully filed for easy reference. I have endeavored to give prompt attention to all inquiries made of me, and to promptly acknowledge the receipt of all donations entrusted to my address. The proceedings of our last meeting, as published in the city papers, were forwarded to each member of the committees, and to the vice-presidents. Also a notice to each vice-president of his election, and a still further notice to them, about a month in advance of this meeting, reminding them of their duties and requesting of them a memorial report for their respective counties. Many have responded with such a report, and others are here and will report in person. Notices of this meeting were mailed, the 31st of May, to every member of the Society, members of the legislature, State officers, etc., and to all the leading newspapers throughout the State.

I have to report the deaths of twenty-eight members of the Society who have died within the past year, as follows:

No.	Name.	Residence.	Born.	Died.	Age.	Came to Michigan.
8	Ephraim Longyear	Lansing	Feb. 7, 1827	Jan. 17, 1889	62	1843
17	Horace Angell	Lansing	Sept. 20, 1815	Sept. 10, 1888	73	1835
34	C. A. Stacy	Tecumseh	Jan. 6, 1818	Nov. 5, 1888	70	1836
41	Erastus Hussey	Battle Creek	Dec. 5, 1800	Jan. 21, 1889	88	1824
73	Lilly Cook	Bridgeport	July 16, 1808	Jan. 12, 1889	81	1839
78	Ezra D. Burr	Lansing	Aug. 27, 1811	May 22, 1889	78	1837
88	Henry Jipson	Blissfield	March 29, 1818	June 10, 1888	70	1838
96	Addison P. Cook	Brooklyn	July 16, 1817	April 15, 1889	72	1838
124	Danforth Keyes	Clinton	May 27, 1816	Jan. 5, 1889	72	1836
147	Amos D. Allen	Kalamazoo	May 19, 1815	Dec. 20, 1888	74	1837
149	Hulbert B. Shank	Lansing	May 31, 1820	April 23, 1889	69	1848
188	Germain H. Mason	Kalamazoo	Aug. 7, 1832	Feb. 20, 1889	57	1845
208	Philo Vandenburg	Kalamazoo	Jan. 1, 1806	Oct. 5, 1888	83	1836
210	George Patterson	Kalamazoo	March 7, 1803	Nov. 29, 1888	86	1833
220	Westbrook Divine	Greenville	Aug. 4, 1812	Sept. 13, 1888	76	1843
230	Harvey Warner	Coldwater	April 5, 1808	Jan. 15, 1889	81	1830
231	Steven H. Willis	Albion	Jan. 5, 1805	Oct. 19, 1888	84	1835
318	Columbus V. Tyler	Bay City	Aug. 13, 1825	June 1, 1889	64	1836
358	George Duffield	Bloomfield, N. J.	Sept. 12, 1818	July 6, 1888	70	1838
379	Stephen Cross	Adrian	July 7, 1810	June 21, 1888	78	1836
380	Alex. Odrien	California	Oct. 17, 1791	July 6, 1888	97	1791
381	John J. Adam	Tecumseh	Oct. 30, 1807	July 4, 1888	81	1831
438	Wright L. Coffinberry	Grand Rapids	April 5, 1807	March 26, 1889	82	1844
495	George Robertson	Albion	March 20, 1826	March 9, 1889	63	1837
522	Alfred Mason	Battle Creek	Feb. 3, 1808	Nov. 8, 1888	80	1833
653	Martin Hudson	Lansing	May 4, 1819	March 19, 1889	70	1859
660	Charles Baldwin	Pontiac	Oct. 9, 1803	May 25, 1889	86	1830
710	David Patterson	Eckford	March 1, 1813	June 29, 1888	76	1835

Also the following, whose deaths have not been heretofore reported:

No.	Name.	Residence.	Born.	Died.	Age.	Came to Michigan.
223	Joseph C. Corbus	Girard	Oct. 11, 1794	June 10, 1876	82	.....
444	Jerome B. Eaton	Jackson	Jan. 11, 1811	Aug. 26, 1887	77	1834

Of these, Alex. Odrien was the oldest, being 97 years of age, and the only one who was a native of this State.

Ephraim Longyear, the Treasurer of the Society, and Horace Angell were of the original twenty-two members who organized the Society.

The sum of their combined ages is 2,123 years. Their average age is 76 years. Number over 90 years, one; number between 80 and 90, ten; number between 70 and 80, twelve; number between 60 and 70, four; number under 60, one.

All of which is respectfully submitted,

GEO. H. GREENE,
Corresponding Secretary.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER.

Lansing, June 12, 1889.

To the State Pioneer and Historical Society of Michigan:

Your Treasurer submits the following report: E. Longyear, Treasurer, in account with the Society from June 12, 1888, to June 12, 1889:

RESOURCES.

To balance on hand June 12, 1888		$ 165 01
Receipts for Membership Fees	$ 66 00	
" " Pioneer Collections, Vols. 1 and 2	15 75	
" from donations	2 00	
" " Publication Fund, for 1887	1,000 00	
" " Publication Fund, 1888	2,000 00	
Total receipts		$3,083 75
Total		$3,248 76

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid from General fund:		
for expenses of Executive Committee	$ 77 94	
" " Committee of Historians	14 00	
" " Annual Meeting, 1888	47 50	
" postage and express charges	2 80	
" filing and recording	24 70	
" collecting manuscripts	200 00	
" expenses of stenographer	42 85	
		$ 409 79
Paid from Publication fund:		
for expenses Committee of Historians	$ 56 50	
to State Printers and Binders	2,213 45	
for reading proof, and index to Vol. 12	120 00	
" " " " 13	120 00	
		$2,509 95

Total disbursements	$2,919 74
Balance on hand June 12, 1889	329 02
	$3,248 76

Presented respectfully, by

MRS. HARRIET A. TENNEY,
Acting Treasurer.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF HISTORIANS.

To the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society:

The Committee of Historians would respectfully report that it has obtained in the past year material and valuable additions to the collections of the Society, biographical, historical and geographical.

The location of many places occupied or visited by the French or English traders or missionaries, the names of which have been changed, have been definitely ascertained and established by the papers we have had copied from those in the archives at Ottawa, Can. Continued efforts are being made to procure and publish a correct history of the settlement of every county in the State.

In this effort the committee have not heretofore been able to obtain that active coöperation from those having knowledge of the facts that is desirable and necessary for the attainment of that end.

This has been particularly the case in the counties of the Upper Peninsula, and those in the Lower Peninsula north of the Flint & Pere Marquette Railroad.

The importance of securing this history at this time is not given proper consideration, and therefore not understood by those who have it, or who could procure it, and place it on record with our Society.

In many of the older States this knowledge of their early history was not obtained from the first settlers, but now, realizing its absolute necessity in connection with their history, no effort or expense is spared to procure this information, frequently resulting in giving uncertain tradition, because more positive knowledge was not obtained when it might have been so readily procured.

After three or four generations have passed away, the then residents of our counties will regard with the greatest satisfaction every fact now procured

relative to their settlement, and regard with thankfulness those whose good judgment and desire to preserve the truth in the history of Michigan, induced them to bestow the time and labor necessary to preserve the history of the several counties from the time when they were first known to the white man, whether French, English or American.

The active assistance of every member of this Society is respectfully requested, and most earnestly desired in this work of the committee.

If members of the Society having knowledge, or who are in a situation to procure it, of the names of first settlers in their counties, their location by section lines, their postoffice address, and such further facts relative to them as can be obtained, they will, by reporting the same to this committee, materially aid the Society in this most difficult and important undertaking, and also deserve the thanks of all future generations in the counties the history of which they have been instrumental in securing in an authentic form.

The committee intend during the coming year to make a decided effort in all the counties of the State, and hope the Society will not remit its efforts until it has in its archives an authentic history of every county in the State.

There have been two volumes (twelve and thirteen) of the "Collections" of this Society published since its last annual meeting.

These are now in charge of Mrs. Harriet A. Tenney, State librarian and Recording Secretary of this Society, from whom they, as well as all the preceding volumes, can be procured by members and others at the uniform price of 75 cents per volume.

It is only by the liberality of the legislature of the State, which has provided for their publication by the State printer, that these volumes can be sold for this price.

There is an average of 700 pages in each volume, and the price is placed at this low figure to encourage their sale to all who feel an interest in the history of Michigan.

Of the contents of Vol. 12, there are 315 pages devoted to the transactions of the French and English with the Indian tribes, and to the official and commercial relations of the English with the Indians, and with the United States during and after the Revolutionary war, and until the final surrender of all the territory of Michigan, and its abandonment by the British forces. These papers cover a period of time including most of the latter half of the eighteenth century, and are as interesting in a literary sense as they are valuable as a historical record.

The committee have taken measures to procure copies of such further papers as may be found in the Canadian archives at Ottawa, and from exami-

nation already made, expect to be able to report to the next annual meeting of this Society that the result of its labors has been a large addition to the knowledge of the history of our State, previous to its passing from under English jurisdiction; giving also the views of British officials of the causes and consequences of the loss of the Northwest territory.

Of the war of 1812–16 there is also much of interest to be found in these archives, both official and otherwise of the war on the frontier. These papers will be carefully examined, and copies will be procured of all in which there is matter relative to Michigan.

Your committee has availed itself of the opportunity which enabled it to obtain copies of such papers as it thought proper to publish, of the Michigan State Historical Society, organized in 1828; the only State Society preceding our own.

Of these papers there are published in Vol. 12 of the Collections of this Society 347 pages, and these, taken together with copies, in the same volume, taken of papers in the Canadian Archives at Ottawa, Canada, make it, in the opinion of your committee, the most valuable and interesting volume of the Collections of this Society.

The Michigan State Historical Society was chartered June 23, 1828. Meetings were held at which there were regular proceedings until 1832, after which there is no record of meetings or transactions until 1837, when they are again resumed and continued until 1841, after which, as stated in its own record, it remained quiet for several years. In 1857 it was re-organized and continued in existence until February, 1861, since which time it has ceased to take action as a society. Its collection of historical papers is of rare value, as is that of its objects of historical interest. These are all now in the custody of the City Library of Detroit.

Of the copies of the papers of the Michigan State Historical Society, published in Vol. 12, your committee would call particular attention to—

"A Sketch of the Introduction, Establishment and Progress of Congregationalism in Michigan," by the Rev. John D. Pierce (pages 351 to 361). "The Battle of Phillip's Corners," and an "Account of the Boundary Dispute with Ohio," by Gen. J. W. Brown (pages 409 to 414). "Recollections of the Patriot War, of 1838–9, on this Frontier," (pages 414 to 424). "Military General Order," relating to Patriot War, Toronto (Canada), 20th March, 1839 (pages 618 to 621.)

"Indian Names with Translations," by Wm. W. Johnson of Mackinaw, (pages 375 to 381).

"A brief History of the War with the Sac and Fox Indians in Illinois and

Michigan in 1832," by Lieut. Col. E Buckner, and "Narrative of Escape from Indians in 1814," (pages 424 to 455).

Census of Detroit in 1827? In detail, population 2,152.

"Proceedings in the Case of the Earl of Selkirk." This is one of the most curious and interesting papers in the volume, and as a history of "Sunday" as a day of religous observance, of rest and exemption from legal proceedings is without a parallel, and as a legal brief it is unique, quoting from all authorities, sacred and profane, as well as legal. The quotations of authorities run from A. D. 33 to 1816, (pages 481 to 505).

"Reminiscences of Sault St. Marie in 1815," by George Johnson (pages 605 to 611).

"Massacre at Chicago after the Surrender of Fort Dearborn (page 659). "Letters Relating Thereto" (pages 659, 661).

In volume thirteen will be found the bill making appropriation for the Society for the years 1887 and 1888.

The proceedings of the annual meeting of 1887, including reports of officers and committees.

"A History of the Asylums for the Insane in Michigan," by Henry M. Hurd, M. D. (pages 292 to 307).

"Historical Associations Connected with Wyandotte and Vicinity," by Dr. E. P. Christian (pages 308 to 324).

"Sketch of Lucius Lyon, one of the First Senators from Michigan," by George H. White of Grand Rapids (pages 325 to 334).

"Early Days in Desmond and Vicinity, from Sources Written and Unwritten," by Mrs. B. C. Farrand of Port Huron, Mich. (pages 334 to 342).

"Finance of Mining, Lake Superior Mines," by John H. Forster, Williamston, Mich. (pages 342 to 350).

"Incidents in the Early History of the Saginaw Valley," by Judge Albert Miller (pages 351 to 383).

"Joseph Yerkes and His Descendants," by Elias S. Woodman (pages 383 to 388).

"Our Temperance Conflict," by A. D. P. Van Buren (pages 388 to 407).

"History of the Presbyterian Church of Flint," by Mrs. Lyman Buckingham, one of the original members of the church, and one of the pioneers of the city of Flint, Mich. (pages 407 to 413).

"History of the First Congregational Church and Society of Leroy, Calhoun county, Mich.," by Rev. F. W. Bush of Perry, a former member, Sunday school superintendent, deacon and pastor of the church (pages 413 to 431).

"The Roman Catholics in Detroit," by a Catholic layman (pages 431 to 483).

"A Chapter of Interesting Historical Items." "First Sale of Michigan Lands" (page 483).

"Squaw Island—How it Received its Name" (page 486).

"Michigan's First Editor" (page 489).

"Rev. Gabriel Richards and his Printing Press" (page 490).

"Old French Carts" (page 491).

"Col. John Francis Hamtramck" (page 493).

"An Incident in the Capture of Mackinaw" (page 499).

"The March of the Spanish Across Illinois" (page 501.)

"Detroit in 1814," by Judge B. F. H. Witherell (page 503).

"Biographical Sketches of Some Unique Characters," by A. D. P. Van Buren (pages 508 to 520): "Dr. Isaac Lamborn," "Randolph Nutting," "Dr. Thomas Bradshaw," "Hiram Alden."

"A Trip From Rome to Mackinaw in Territorial Days, with Powder and Clothing for Soldiers at the Fort," by Hon. Harvey Haynes (page 520).

"Reminiscences of the Brady Guards," by George C. Bates, Orderly Sergeant (pages 530 to 548).

"History of the Town of Webster," by Jeremiah D. Williams (page 548 to 567).

"Me-Te-Au, A King and where he Reigned," by Hon. F. A. Dewey, (page 567).

"Kalamazoo College" (page 571).

"Pioneer Reunions" (page 575), including "The Old Settlers' place a Monument to Rix Robinson, Grand Rapids, 1887;" "Extracts from President Bair's Address at Augusta, and from that of A. D. P. Van Buren, and of Hon. J. C. Burrows;" "Address of Judge Andrew Howell at the Annual Reunion of Lenawee Pioneer Society at Macon, 1886" (page 598).

"History of the Fight of 1837," The Patriot War (page 598).

This is the closing chapter of this volume, which is one of the most interesting of the "Collections."

The legislature of the present year, after a thorough examination of the results of the labors of the Society in procuring and publishing matter relating to the history of Michigan, have given gratifying testimony of its approval of our work by the passage of our appropriation bill with the unanimous vote of both the senate and house of representatives.

The Society is also under lasting obligations to the Governor of the State, the Hon. Cyrus G. Luce, for the kindly and appreciative words spoken by him in its behalf, in the hall of the house of representatives, when the bill

making an appropriation to enable the Society to continue its work was before the house for consideration.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

LANSING, MICH., June 12, 1889.

MICHAEL SHOEMAKER,
JOHN H. FORSTER,
A. D. P. VAN BUREN,
TALCOTT E. WING,
HARRIET A. TENNEY,
Committee.

REPORT OF THE MEMORIAL COMMITTEE.

ALLEGAN COUNTY.

DON. C. HENDERSON.

Name.	Nativity.	Date of Death.	Age.
Allegan Township:			
Augustus Lilly	Mass.	May 1, 1888	62
Mirande Newell	New York	April 5, 1888	71
Benj. P. Wolcott	New York	June 20, 1888	78
Samuel Parker	American	July 17, 1888	81
Mrs. Lawrence	American	July 19, 1888	75
Emma A. Vollett	Penn.	July 21, 1888	70
John Allen	New York	Aug. 24, 1858	65
Lydia C. Clark	New York	Sept. 10, 1888	65
John Randall	American	Sept. 19, 1888	77
Malinda Reed	American	Oct. 11, 1888	76
Isaiah Heydenbeck	New York	Oct. 15, 1888	75
Hannah Kibby	New York	Oct. 16, 1888	73
Aurien Hogle	Unknown	Nov. 5, 1888	60
Sophronia Gregory	Vermont	Nov. 24, 1888	87
William Henry	American	Dec. 27, 1888	67
Mary E. Barns	American	Dec. 29, 1888	76
Electa W. Nichols	New York	Feb. 14, 1889	54
Asabel B. Morgan	New York	March 17, 1889	70
William Quin	New York	March 22, 1889	82
Maren Sutherland	Vermont	Jan. 2, 1888	86

ALLEGAN COUNTY.—CONTINUED.

Name.	Nativity.	Date of Death.	Age.
Mary T. Sutherland	New York	Jan. 6, 1889	77
Isaac Buchanan	New York	April 10, 1889	68
Garrett Updyke	Unknown	May 10, 1889	81
Cheshire Township:			
Wm. Lloyd O'Brien	Ireland	July 3, 1888	73
May Schoolcraft	Canada	March 19, 1889	75
Dow Township:			
John Yoskinyer	Poland	July 10, 1888	82
Christer Arndt	Germany	Oct. 1, 1888	65
Edwin Byler	Michigan	Oct. 15, 1888	66
Fillmore Township:			
Johanne Slinter	Holland	July 1, 1888	63
Peter Boven	Holland	Dec. 4, 1888	69
Janetta Boeva	Europe	Dec. 5, 1888	85
G. H. Peeks	Holland	Dec. 15, 1888	84
Zwentz Reimnink	Holland	Jan. 30, 1889	66
Willmie Vandertrell	Holland	Aug. 18, 1888	64
Jennie Van DuBoie	Holland	Sept. 19, 1888	65
Ganges Township:			
Elizabeth H. Hoover	Canada	Oct. 18, 1888	73
Antoinette Guigan	Switzerland	March 12, 1889	92
David Hoover	Canada	May 5, 1889	73
Gun Plains Township:			
Wm. B. Johnson	New York	July 20, 1888	69
Catherine Bainister	New York	July 26, 1888	70
Edward Crispe	England	Aug. 21, 1888	86
Lutica Catt	England	Aug. 29, 1888	69
Nathaniel Seeley	New York	Sept. 18, 1888	77
Sarah Punse	New York	Sept. 22, 1888	79
Ann Danbury	New York	Sept. 25, 1888	80
Lizzie M. Farland	Mass.	Feb. 22, 1889	78
Elnore Baker	New York	Dec. 31, 1888	73
Porter Williams	Vermont	Jan. 16, 1889	76
Mary E. Dunham	New York	Feb. 19, 1889	77
Elizabeth Sherwood	New York	March 30, 1888	65
Almira Carpenter	Vermont	April 14, 1889	76
William Wright	England	May 15, 1889	62
Wm. Jewitt	Delaware	May 20, 1889	85
Hopkins Township:			
Catharine Bulkhardt	Germany	August 28, 1888	89
Margaret Vallentine	New York	Sept. 24, 1888	65
Henry Frohm	Scotland	June 5, 1888	79
Dorothy Frohm	Scotland	June 30, 1888	77

ALLEGAN COUNTY.—CONTINUED.

Name.	Nativity.	Date of Death.	Age.
Emily Pursell	New York	July 11, 1888	63
Lydia Lewis	New York	Jan. 24, 1889	84
John O. Burr	Michigan	March 8, 1889	69
Mary Ann Carver	New York	March 14, 1889	76
Orpha E. Carver	Ohio	April 12, 1889	55
Hannah Crabb	New York	May 25, 1889	63
Laketown Township:			
Geert Heneveld	Germany	June 14, 1888	63
Johanna Trip	Germany	July 2, 1888	74
Wilmie Smid	Holland	August 18, 1888	63
Egbert Fredricks	Holland	Oct. 8, 1888	72
Leighton Township:			
Sarah Johnson	Vermont	August 9, 1888	86
Ann Elizabeth Colbert	England	Dec. 6, 1888	69
Mary Shupe	Canada	Feb. 18, 1889	88
Frederick Schrader	Germany	March 23, 1889	77
Mary H. Ferber	Ohio	March 23, 1889	70
Manlius Township:			
Catherine Miller	Michigan	Feb. 23, 1889	65
Peter C. Whitbeck	New York	March 26, 1889	42
Martin Township:			
Daniel Pierce	Ohio	June 22, 1888	68
Edward R. Kimball	New York	Sept. 28, 1885	58
Mary Roberts	New York	Nov. 5, 1888	68
Betsey Williams	New York	April 15, 1889	65
Monterey Township:			
Sophia Merrifield	Conn.	Sept. 24, 1888	82
Henry Spran	Germany	Sept. 23, 1888	80
Margaret Bourne	New York	Oct. 7, 1888	61
Henry Maeutz	Germany	Oct. 29, 1888	65
Philip Vettenberger	Penn.	May 22, 1889	74
John R. Zigler	Ohio	June 28, 1889	69
Otsego Township:			
Hall Gilbert	Canada	Aug. 21, 1888	75
Julius M. Eaton	Michigan	Nov. 9, 1888	41
Sullivan M. A. Tuttle	Conn.	Sept. 20, 1888	82
Sarah C. Goss	Indiana	Oct. 21, 1888	62
Robert Shaw	New York	Feb. 22, 1889	62
Ann Higgins	New York	March 5, 1889	69
Jane W. Emory	New York	April 13, 1889	78
Elizabeth Emory	Wales	April 19, 1889	63
George D. Barnes	England	May 3, 1889	81

ALLEGAN COUNTY.—CONTINUED.

Name.	Nativity.	Date of Death.	Age.
Overisel Township:			
Hendrick Boromvers	Holland	July 7, 1888	62
Jennie Khakenberg	Holland	August 11, 1888	68
Jan Leunink	Holland	Feb. 4, 1889	87
Pine Plains Township:			
N. Ingles	New York	April 27, 1889	66
Salem Township:			
Nanna Smith	Austria	Nov. 17, 1888	69
Saugatuck Township:			
Sophia Titus		June 28, 1888	82
Samuel Underwood	New York	Sept. 23, 1888	72
James Hibberdive	England	Oct. 14, 1888	59
Lena Smith	Holland	Jan. 10, 1889	62
Addison Finch	New York	Jan. 20, 1889	60
Eunice Wright	New York	Jan. 23, 1889	82
Wm. Kirk	Germany	March 2, 1889	68
Mary C. Warwick		March 14, 1889	71
Jerusha Ripley	Canada	March 28, 1889	57
Cornelia Wilson	Canada	March 28, 1889	57
Caroline Miller	Germany	April 10, 1889	64
Lorrina Lundgress		April 14, 1889	68
Annie B. Addley		May 19, 1889	94
Trowbridge Township:			
Anna Mallery		June 5, 1888	63
Sarah Hayes		Sept. 1, 1888	64
Watson Township:			
M. Dunton	Mass.	Jan. 19, 1889	72
John Ward	Ireland	Dec. 21, 1888	65
William Gibbs	England	Jan. 20, 1889	68
Wm. Daily	Unknown	Jan. 20, 1889	60
Dennis Early	Ireland	March 15, 1889	64
Dennis Flynn	Ireland	April 11, 1889	70
Isaac Page	England	June 28, 1888	55
Wayland Township:			
Sarah Gamwell	Mass.	Nov. 20, 1888	83
Maria Lane	New York	April 17, 1889	71
John Haywood	England	May 8, 1889	101

WILLIAM CORNER.

William Corner was born in the county of Devon, England, December 14, 1819. He remained at home until he reached the age of manhood, after which he married Miss Mary Ann Goodeve, the date of their union having been

February 10, 1841. Two children were theirs—Eliza J., born in Genesee county, N. Y., February 14, 1842, and Rhoda R., whose birth occurred February 26, 1845; and her death in September of the following year. Soon after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Corner sailed for America, and on their arrival located at once in Genesee county, N. Y., where he followed the trade of a cooper. After later changes in location, he determined to become a pioneer, and chose Michigan as a residence, having removed to the State in 1852. He purchased 100 acres in Ganges, on which he resided until his death. Having, in 1862, been afflicted, by the death of his wife, after a lingering illness, Mr. Corner married in 1864 Miss Lorain Batherick. He died June 16, 1889.

PHILETUS O. LITTLEJOHN.

Among the pioneers, few were better known than P. O. Littlejohn, who came to this village thirty-six years ago, and has been one of Allegan's leading citizens.

Deceased was a descendant of a family that has become historic in both the States of New York and Michigan. John Littlejohn, the grandfather of P. O., was one of the first settlers in this village, coming from Herkimer county, N. Y., with three of his sons, Flavius, Silas and Augustus, in 1836, and taking an active part in the settlement of the village and county. Another of his sons, John, father of P. O., resided in Virginia and Maryland for a number of years, and was a heavy contractor in the construction of the B. & O. R. R., and came to Allegan in 1846. He died in 1868, during a visit to his daughter, Mrs. A. N. Crary, in Omaha, Neb. Of the five sons of John Littlejohn, Sr., the only one now living is Dewitt C., who is a prominent New York State politician, for several years speaker of the New York assembly and member of Congress from the Oswego district.

John Littlejohn, Jr., had four children, Rev. Dr. Augustus N., bishop of Long Island and one of the most distinguished divines in our country, Philetus O., Mrs. Maria Russell, of Harper's Ferry, West Va., and Mrs. A. N. Crary, of Omaha, Neb.

Mr. Littlejohn was born at Litchfield, N. Y., in 1813, and when but 20 years of age was interested with his father in some large contracts for the construction of the B. & O. R. R., and developed superior business qualifications. He come to Allegan in 1852, purchasing considerable real estate in this village and vicinity, and took an active part in the political and social affairs of the county. He served the people in a number of public offices, being supervisor of this township for a number of years, and chairman of that body, a justice of the peace, highway commissioner, and president of

the village, and also a member of the State legislature in the session of 1863-4. He was conscientious in the discharge of all his public duties, and won the approbation and respect of even his political opponents.

His wife, Mrs. Ellen Kirby Littlejohn, died March 5, 1884.

BAY COUNTY.

WM. R. M'CORMICK.

Name.	Date of Death.	Place of Death.
Judge Sidney S. Campbell	August 28, 1887	Bay City.
Emil Anneke	October 27, 1888	Bay City.
Mrs. E. Tilton	January 19, 1889	Bay City.
Richard Prosper Gustin	February 25, 1889	Bay City.
Edward Newkirk	February 28, 1889	Bay City.
Wm. D. Fitzhugh	March 24, 1889	Mt. Morris, N. Y.
Col. Henry Raymond	April 13, 1889	Detroit.

SIDNEY S. CAMPBELL.

Judge Sidney S. Campbell, one of the first pioneers of Bay City, died at his home in the first ward of Bay City, August 28, 1887.

Judge Campbell was born in Paris, Oneida county, N. Y., February 29, 1804, and was in the 84th year of his age at the time of his death.

He came to the territory of Michigan in 1829, and settled in Rochester, Oakland county, where he was married to Miss Catherine J. McCarter, March 28, 1830, when they moved to Pontiac. In 1835 he removed to Bridgeport, Saginaw county, where the territorial road crossed the Cass river, where he platted a village, expecting to get rich; but the bubble of wildcat times burst, and left him a poorer but wiser man. He left it in disgust, and removed to Lower Saginaw (now Bay City) in the spring of 1838, where he built a small hotel on what is now the corner of Water and Fifth streets, being the first and only tavern, at that time, in what is now Bay City. At the first election, in 1843, after the organization of the township of Hampton, which composed the now counties of Tuscola, Huron, Midland, Arenac, Oscoda, Gladwin, etc., etc., there were in all thirteen votes cast. Mr. Campbell was elected the first supervisor by one majority over his competitor, James G. Birney, which office he held for many years. After Bay county was organ-

ized he was elected judge of probate, which office he also held for many years. Some twenty years ago he left his hotel and removed to his little farm, which is now in the city, corner of Johnson and Woodside avenues, where he died.

Judge Campbell was the most widely known man of any person in northern Michigan, both by whites and Indians. He was a great hunter, and for this reason he was called by the Indians "Che-Me-gun," meaning big wolf. Judge Campbell was a man greatly respected by all who knew him, he being one of the first settlers of Bay City.

EMIL ANNEKE.

Hon. Emil Anneke of Bay City was born December 13, 1823, in the city of Dortmund, Prussia. At the age of ten years he entered the Gymnasium preparatory school at Dortmund, and passed his examination of maturity nine years later.

He was then admitted to the University of Berlin, where he studied higher mathematics, natural science and law. After completing his studies he traveled for general information through Saxony, Bohemia, Austria, and other parts of the continent.

In 1848 he took part in the revolutionary movement that swept over a large part of Europe, and when those struggles had been subdued, and all efforts for the establishment of a German republic unsuccessful, Mr. Anneke, with hundreds of other liberal young men, left his native country and came to the United States. He arrived in the city of New York in 1849. From there he went to Pennsylvania, where he engaged in school teaching, but, disliking this employment, he was offered and accepted a position on the editorial staff of the New York Staats Zeitung, which he soon afterwards resigned to engage with a large mercantile house in New York, as corresponding clerk. He remained there until 1855, when he removed to Detroit, Michigan, and assumed the editorial management of a German paper. In the following year he was appointed clerk in the auditor general's office at Lansing. He took with him to this office the same energy and precision that had characterized his life; he suggested many improvements in the conduct of the office, and made his services so valuable as chief clerk as to have them recognized by a nomination by the republican party, for the office of auditor general, to which he was elected by a large majority in 1862. He discharged the duties so faithfully, that he was again tendered the nomination, and re-elected by an increased majority. At the expiration of his term he applied for and was admitted to the bar, and began the practice of law at

Grand Rapids; during the summer of that year he was appointed receiver of public moneys in the northern district of Michigan. He resigned this position and removed to East Saginaw, where he resided until 1874, when he came with his family to Bay City, where he resided until his death, which occurred at his residence on the corner of Tenth and Grant streets, Oct. 27, 1888.

During his residence in East Saginaw and Bay City he was engaged in the practice of law and the real estate business.

Mr. Anneke's nature was domestic and retiring, and his happiest moments were passed in the privacy of his home, to which he was greatly attached. His honor and integrity were unimpeachable; and he looked for the same virtues in others that were so strongly manifest in his own nature. He was a genial companion, a gentleman of the old school, generous in scanning the faults of others, and ever ready to lend a helping hand to his less fortunate friend.

In business matters he was strict, but never exacting; economical, but generous when the cause was worthy; he attached people to himself by his unostentatious manner and his uniform politeness. His sufferings during his last illness were lightened by the administrations of his surviving children, who anticipated every want and desire, and made, so far as love could suggest, his last hour peaceful and contented.

In politics Mr. Anneke was a staunch republican. His children who survive him are Mrs. Chas. F. Kusterer and Mrs. Emma L. Sullivan, of Grand Rapids, and Edward E. Anneke, a prominent lawyer of Bay City.

MRS. MARY E. TILTON.

Mrs. Mary E. Tilton, wife of William M. Tilton, departed this life on January 19, 1889, at 5:30 P. M., at the family residence, corner of Fifth avenue and Adams street, Bay City, aged 63 years. For something like a year and a half past the venerable lady, whose name has brought good cheer to many a family in despair in Bay City during the past quarter of a century, has been suffering with consumption.

She leaves to mourn her demise a husband and five children.

Mrs. Mary E. Tilton was born at St. John, N. B., and was united in marriage to William M. Tilton some forty-three years ago. The young couple moved to Bay City in 1864, when it was nothing but a hamlet, and together watched the rapid growth of the town.

RICHARD P. GUSTIN.

Richard Prosper Gustin was born in the county of Middlesex, Ontario, March 18, 1837. He was the son of Eliphalet and Sarah Ann (Edwards) Gustin. He received a grammar school education in Canada, and spent one year at the Michigan University. In 1861 he visited Charleston, West Virginia, then the headquarters of General Cox, and entered the service with Capt. M. D. W. Loomis, acting quartermaster, who was then chief quartermaster on General Cox's staff. From Charleston he was ordered, under Captain Loomis, to New Creek, Va., the base of General Fremont's operations in that State. At that time New Creek was a small station on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, 21 miles from Cumberland Ford. On Captain Loomis' arrival he found nothing to shelter or supply an army, and so telegraphed to Colonel Clary, chief quartermaster. He replied: "Create a post."

The command was literally obeyed, and within three weeks everything necessary for the wants of a vast army was ready. Mr. Gustin was detailed to relieve Captain Harrison, at Cumberland, of quartermaster's stores, camp and garrison equipage, and transportation, and forward them to New Creek. Afterward he was at General Sigel's headquarters and served as chief clerk to Captain Loomis and J. G. C. Lee, acting as quartermaster at Hope Landing, on Aquia creek, Warrentown Junction, and Alexandria. Subsequently he served in the quartermaster general's office, on reports, returns and roster. In October, 1863, he was appointed auditor and attorney for the quartermaster's department, at Baltimore, Maryland. In 1865 he resigned the position and opened a United States claim office in Baltimore. Being thoroughly posted in all branches of the United States service, his business was a success. He invested large amounts of money for private banks and individuals, for whom he never lost a dollar. In April, 1866, he visited Bay City and concluded that the future would be a bright one. He returned to Baltimore, sold his business and removed to Bay City to engage in the wholesale grocery business.

Mr. Gustin at first transacted business alone, and afterward with a partner, in the firm known as Gustin & Co., whose place of business was in the Griswold block. This was succeeded by Gustin & Merrill, which partnership lasted until January 1, 1886, when, by the admission of Eugene Fifield, the firm became Gustin, Merrill & Co. About three years ago Mr. Gustin retired from the grocery business to give closer attention to his lumbering interests in Alcona county. Some six months later he opened another wholesale store

on Adams street, opposite the F. & P. M. freight depot, which business is still carried on.

Deceased was largely interested in the lumber business in and about Killmaster, Alcona county, and he was also president of the Alcona gas and oil company.

In politics, he was a republican, and six years ago was elected alderman in the second ward, which was democratic by a large majority.

The death of Mr. Gustin was a surprise to all his acquaintances. On Sunday, February 17, he was taken sick, but the following Wednesday, feeling much better, he went to his place of business. Thursday he suffered a relapse, and Friday, calling his wife and family about him, said that he was going to die. He realized that he could not recover. He grew gradually worse until death took place, February 25, 1889. He was conscious until within an hour of the time he breathed his last.

Mr. Gustin was married to Rachel Smith, daughter of Hon. Henry Killmaster, of Norfolk county, Ont., October 19, 1863. He leaves a widow and six children.

EDWARD NEWKIRK.

Edward Newkirk, one of Bay City's best known citizens, died Feb. 28, 1889. He was born in the county of Norfolk, Canada, fifty-three years ago. He was given a good education, and after he became of age went on the lakes as a master and owner of several vessels. About twenty years ago he sailed into Saginaw river, and being favorably impressed abandoned his seafaring life and took up his residence in this city, engaging in the lumber and vessel business. The last few years he has followed the vocation of a life insurance agent, for which he was eminently qualified and in which he has been very successful.

Mr. Newkirk led a very exemplary life. He was kind, considerate, generous, and by his many good qualities endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact. He was a fine conversationalist and a natural orator. To converse with him once was to desire to have the pleasure of meeting him again. He was remarkable for his temperance proclivities and voluntarily used his talents in the interest of the cause.

Beginning with the red ribbon movement, by his own volition he lent his exertions to enthuse the people in that direction, and every Sunday night for two years he delivered lectures which attracted immense audiences. He was a lifelong member of the M. E. church, and has also done considerable work in behalf of christianity, having on numerous occasions supplied the pulpits in this city and neighboring villages. He was at one time promi-

nently identified with oddfellowship, and some years ago was the able editor of the Michigan Odd Fellow, a newspaper published in this city in the interest of that order. In politics he was a staunch republican.

Mr. Newkirk leaves a widow and two adopted children.

COL. HENRY RAYMOND.

Col. Henry Raymond, who was identified with much of the early history of Michigan, died at the residence of his son-in-law, Henry C. Moore, in Detroit, April 13, 1889. He was born in Woodstock, Vt., August 29, 1804, of Puritanic descent, who trace their connections back as far as John of Beverly, 1654. He was married in Utica, N. Y., to Mary Alvord, a native of Greenfield, Mass. They came to Michigan in 1829, residing in Detroit and vicinity over twenty years. They had six children. His wife and three children survive him.

In 1850 Col. Raymond came to Lower Saginaw, now Bay City, and engaged in the manufacture of lumber, erecting a mill at the foot of Water street. His family followed him in May, 1851. He soon became identified with the growth and prosperity of the Saginaw valley.

Colonel Raymond had implicit faith in the future of his adopted city, and embarked in numerous enterprises indicative of that faith. He was a man to secure the confidence of those with whom he came in contact, and this was manifest in the public trusts imposed upon him. He was Bay county's first representative in the State legislature, and in looking after her interests made a record that is worthy the emulation of more modern statesmen. During the war he was one of the provost marshal's staff, and for several years he was collector of internal revenue. It was in 1870 that disease forced Colonel Raymond to abandon the active life to which he was so naturally inclined and much of the time since he had spent in California with a hope of restoring his health or at least prolonging his years.

Those who recall Colonel Raymond in the prime of life will remember a magnificent specimen of manhood. He was about six feet three inches in height, finely proportioned, straight as an arrow, active, strong and full of life.

BRANCH COUNTY.

HARVEY HAYNES.

Name.	Date of Death.	Place of Death.
Alexander Odren	July 6, 1888	California.
John S. Belote	August 6, 1888	Quincy.
John W. Turner	August 11, 1888	Coldwater.
Judge Harvey Warner	January 15, 1889	Coldwater.

ALEXANDER ODREN.

Alexander Odren, whose face and form have been familiar in Branch county for over half a century, passed away at his home in California township, July 6, 1888, and his remains were laid to rest in the West Reading cemetery on Sunday following. Mr. Odren was undoubtedly the oldest man in the county, and there is no question about his being the oldest native-born resident of Michigan, having been born in Detroit Oct. 15, 1791, making him nearly 97 years of age. He was married Aug. 11, 1814, to Miss Elizabeth Stanback, who still survives him at the great age of 94 years, together with nine children out of the thirteen born to them. The old gentleman retained his health and vigor to a remarkable degree up to within a short time, and it was hoped by all that he might live to pass his hundredth milestone. In 1836 he and his family came to California, Branch county, and settled on section 1, which has been their home continuously ever since. His life was an eventful one, and some of his recollections read almost like romance. He remembered when the city of Detroit was a town of about eighty rods square, being bounded by the fort and river, the whole inclosed by a stockade, except along the river front. Every third post of the stockade was loopholed, through which the garrison could fire at an approaching foe. At sunset the guards with fife and drum would gather up the Indians and send them outside the fortifications to their camp at Springwells. Tecumseh with his braves was encamped near the city, and at one time was joined by thousands of the Sacs and Foxes, who came down the river in their birch-bark canoes under the leadership of Dickinson. Mr. Odren describes Tecumseh as having been a tall and very ugly-looking Indian. When Mr. Odren was a young man he went to Malden to learn the baker's trade. When he was there he knew that human fiend, Simon Girty. One evening young Odren, in company with a number of young men, went

out from Malden to attend a social party. On their return they were set upon by a British press-gang, who captured five of them, including Odren. They were taken on board the British man-of-war, the Queen Charlotte.

Two of the young men, who were native Canadians, were released, but Odren and the other two young Americans were impressed into the British service. His employer came on board and offered to furnish another man if they would release Odren, but the officer in command would not part with him, and he was kept in the enemy's service more than a year, at the expiration of which time he was captured by Commodore Perry at the battle of Lake Erie. Previous to and during this sanguinary conflict he was the second in command of a twenty-four pound gun. When the battle commenced the gun was manned by nine men; at its close Odren and one other man were the only survivors, and the other man had an arm shattered. He described this as having been a most desperate engagement. Perry's force was largely composed of deserters from Barclay's command at Niagara, and they fought with the greatest desperation, knowing well that if captured by the British their lives would pay the penalty. Mr. Odren helped rig Perry's disabled fleet at Put-in-Bay, after which, with other prisoners, he was taken to Chillicothe, O. One day he was permitted to leave camp for four hours, when he started out to find Capt. Dryson, who was from Detroit, and had known him while a boy. The object of his search eluded him for some time, but finally he met the captain and accosted him. The officer did not recognize him until he was reminded of the many times he had made Odren fight battles with the other boys. When his identity had been established the captain accompanied him to the quarters of Gen. McCarty, the officer in command of the post. Odren then made affidavit as to his nationality, when he was released, and immediately enlisted in the Second Rifle Regiment, and did what he could to repay the enemy for obliging him to fight against his countrymen. He did not, however, see much more active service, as the war was nearly ended. He remained in the army doing garrison duty for several months after the close of the war, and was then discharged. When the war of the Rebellion broke out Mr. Odren, then 70 years of age, offered his services to help defend the Union, but was not accepted. To the recruiting officer who refused him he said that he could stay in garrison and handle a musket as well as any man. He had four sons in the Union army, one of whom gave up his life in defense of his country's flag. Another was in the company which captured Jeff. Davis in petticoats. A grandson, in charge of a wagon-train, was with Custer at the time of the massacre.

JOHN S. BELOTE.

John S. Belote was born in Albany, N. Y., November 24, 1813. In 1835 he came to Michigan and took up government land in eastern Quincy, then went to work by the month and job, with nothing but a will and strong hands to help himself, taking all the money he could raise to pay for his land, and by hard and steady work he made a comfortable home. In 1841 he married Lois M. Burlison, daughter of Alva Burlison, an old settler of Quincy. He was the father of seven children, of which five are living. He died at the home of his son, A. J. Belote, on the 6th of August, aged 75 years. In 1857 A. J. Belote bought the old homestead, with provisions for his parents' home during their lifetime, and he was the last to leave the home he settled on 53 years ago. He leaves a wife to mourn his loss. He was the only man in town living on the land that he entered from the government himself.

JOHN W. TURNER.

John W. Turner died at his home in Coldwater, August 11, 1888. He had been ill for a long time, therefore his death was not unexpected.

Mr. Turner was born April 5, 1818, in Putney, Vt., attending school there and at Brattleboro, and reading law at the latter place. Afterward he moved to Rome, N. Y., where he continued his studies, and later went to Buffalo, where he was admitted to the bar. Upon leaving that city he went to Adrian, remaining there several years, then went to Hudson, where he was chosen a member of the State legislature of 1847–9, and where he was a man of more than ordinary influence. In 1848 Mr. Turner came to Coldwater, which has since been his home. In 1854 he was elected prosecuting attorney for Branch county, filling the position with marked ability, being very active in enforcing the old State prohibitory law. He was also one of the original organizers of the republican party, under the oaks at Jackson. Later, he was a candidate before the republican convention for representative in Congress, but was beaten by Hon. Henry Waldron; and at the convention in 1860 by Hon. F. C. Beaman. In 1862 he ran for Congress against Hon. Charles Upson, and was beaten. Upon the organization of the greenback party he cast his lot with that party, affiliating with it to the time of his death. In addition to being a lawyer of great legal attainments, he was a brilliant orator, and his eloquent words and keen sallies of wit always secured him the closest attention and unstinted applause. He was also a poet of no mean order, some of his poems being widely read and thoroughly enjoyed. He was a genial, whole-souled man, improvident, but kind and sympathetic, and he will always be remembered and honored for the good he has done.

JUDGE HARVEY WARNER.

Judge Harvey Warner died at his residence just south of the city of Coldwater, Jan. 15, 1889.

Harvey Warner, one of the very oldest pioneers of Branch county, was born at Glen's Falls, Warner county, N. Y., Apr. 5, 1807. In 1818 the family left that county and settled in the township of Penfield, Monroe county, in the same State, soon after which the father died, leaving the family in limited circumstances. By this event Harvey was under the necessity of looking after his own fortune. Obtaining such limited education as he was able, he went at an early age to learn the carpenter and joiner trade, and made such proficiency that at the age of twenty he was a master workman. There was much talk at that time about the "Michigan Territory," and the young man seizing the idea of emigrating to the wilds of the territory, July 12, 1830, found his feet treading the Indian trails of his future home.

It was then that he began to realize that life is an active and earnest warfare. Stopping a short time in Tecumseh, then a mere hamlet, he pressed on the following winter to this beautiful valley, where he resolved to stop and commence life's work in earnest. His services as a mechanic were soon brought into requisition, and he had the pleasure of building the first frame dwelling-house, as well as the first frame store, ever erected in Coldwater. A few years later he erected the Methodist Episcopal church in Coldwater, which was the first and only church in the county for several years.

At early morn and dewy eve the sound of his hammer was heard, intermingled with the sounds of his cheery laugh and jocund voice. But official positions were to be filled, and the young mechanic was soon favored with posts of honor and responsibility. He was the first postmaster in the township, having received his commission in January, 1832, and served in that capacity a number of years. [At Masonville, near the east bank of the Coldwater river, on Chicago street.] In 1834, while Michigan was yet a territory, he was commissioned a justice of the peace by the governor and legislative council. After Michigan became a State, the people elected him to the same position, which he continued to hold for twenty-four years.

In the early settlement of one township of the county there was a small church organized, but there was no place to hold their meetings except in a very rude log schoolhouse, and one of the district board held the key, fully determined that this small christian band should not occupy the same.

In this dilemma, good Deacon H. sought the advice of the young justice of the peace. His honor refused to give advice (which was very proper), but, with a twinkle of his eye, said, "The members of your church and

society own by far the larger part of that log house, and if I were in your place I would go on Sunday morning next and ask the director respectfully for the key; if he refuses to give it up, I would get several members of the church, and, with a good oaken rail, I would batter the door off its hinges and would hold meetings as usual."

No further suggestions were necessary, and the next day the house was filled with ardent worshipers.

Early on the following morning the district officer hastened to the village of Coldwater, sought the prosecuting attorney (the late Governor Coe), and the twain started for Esquire Warner's office, who was anticipating a call from the litigious gentlemen, and was prepared for the emergency. After the usual salutions, the business that had brought them to the office was laid before the justice, when he repeated to them the conversation he had with the good deacon the previous week. This so overjoyed the attorney that his sides fairly shook with laughter, while the district officer took his hat and sullenly left the office a wiser if not a better man.

In 1848 Mr. Warner was elected judge of probate for the county; he was also re-elected in 1852, and during his eight years of service in that capacity no man ever looked after the business with more fidelity. He was also elected a delegate from Hillsdale and Branch counties to a convention held in 1836, to take into consideration the propriety of our admission as a State by relinquishing our claim to the "disputed tract," upon which Toledo is situated. He also held the position of president of the village board before the town put on city airs.

In 1831 he married Miss Henrietta Anderson, who proved to be one of those noble pioneer wives whose words of cheer and comfort often gladden the hearts of their suffering neighbors. They had six children, four of whom are now living. Their eldest daughter, Mrs. P. P. Wright, of Cleveland, O., was born May 25, 1832, and is the oldest living white child born in Coldwater. When this child was but a few days old the father, with nearly all others who were old enough to bear arms, was summoned to the field in what was known as "Black Hawk's" war, leaving the women and children of the settlement to the mercies of the red man.

For many years previous to his death he lived on his beautiful farm a mile south on the hill overlooking the city.

During his lifetime he was identified with many of the progressive movements in the county, especially in its earlier history. He was much interested in the Branch County Agricultural Society, and at one time held the office of president; he was the Branch County Pioneer Society's first president, and held that office at the time of his death; he was an enthusiastic

granger, and did much to secure the erection of Coldwater Grange hall; he belonged to the Masons for many years.

At the time of his death he had been a resident of the county longer than any other person then living.

CALHOUN COUNTY.

JOHN F. HINMAN.

Name.	Date of Death.	Place of Death.	Age.
James Conklin	September 20, 1887	Bedford	80
Mrs. Emma Beal	June 14, 1888	Marshall	83
Andrew Edmunds	" 15, 1888	Marshall	59
Giles Baxter	" 20, 1888	Emmett	52
David Keyes	" 21, 1888	Athens	87
Mrs. Olivia Bushnell	" 1888	Leroy	51
David Patterson	" 29, 1888	Eckford	75
Miss Nancy A. Doolittle	July 9, 1888	Marseilles, Ill.	56
David Farley	" 9, 1888	Marshall	83
George Fayerweather	" 10, 1888	Marshall	70
Alfred Clark	" 13, 1888	Leroy	80
Sylvanus Vroman	" 13, 1888	Eckford	50
Carlton P. Grandine	" 15, 1888	Battle Creek	48
Mrs. David Bryant	" 17, 1888	Albion	84
Harvey Blackman	" 17, 1888	Battle Creek	68
Mrs. Mary Ann Roraback	" 20, 1888	Battle Creek	72
Dr. Joseph V. Spencer	" 24, 1888	Battle Creek	64
David Wallace	August 2, 1888	Homer	87
Geo. W. Hayes	" 8, 1888	Eckford	------
John P. Houck	" 4, 1888	South Albion	73
Mrs. Philo Cowell	" 9, 1888	Marshall	87
Dr. I. J. Mechem	" 5, 1888	Battle Creek	79
Miss Mary Maynard	" 8, 1888	Kalamazoo	53
Mrs. Mary McCamly Stewart	" 11, 1888	Battle Creek	64
Mrs. John A. Cook	" 11, 1888	Marengo	64
Jas. W. Vandenburg	" 11, 1888	Homer	74
Eli Cantine	" 17, 1888	Emmet	66
Mrs. Rachael Juckett	" 17, 1888	Albion	93
Mrs. Robert I. Chipman	" 19, 1888	Sheridan	72
Mrs. Maria L. Crandall	" 26, 1888	Tekonsha	60

CALHOUN COUNTY.—CONTINUED.

Name.	Date of Death.	Place of Death.	Age.
Claudius H. Beach	August 26, 1888	Marshall	73
Mrs. Mary Bankson	September 4, 1888	Marshall	84
Mrs. Mary A. Sackett	" 6, 1888	Marengo	80
Joseph Buckingham	" 6, 1888	Marshall	81
Mrs. Henry Clute	" 10, 1888	Lee	40
Jonathan Snyder	" 8, 1888	Marshall	56
Mrs. Mary Brock	" 10, 1888	Battle Creek	72
Mrs. J. M. C. Youngs	" 11, 1888	Marshall	59
Franklin Edgerton	" 14, 1888	Marshall	75
Mrs. Mary Danford	" 15, 1888	Lee	56
Daniel Baker	" 18, 1888	Jackson	81
Russell A. Bates	" 18, 1888	Fredonia	83
Mrs. Johanne Schumacher	" 26, 1888	Albion	72
Elihu Warriner	" 27, 1888	Battle Creek	------
Abram R. Cole	" 28, 1888	Wheatfield	72
H. S. Marsh	" 30, 1888	Battle Creek	------
Lucinda Stall	October 2, 1888	Bedford	88
Mrs. Mary Lapham	" 4, 1888	Emmet	55
Mrs. Ella E. Paddock	" 7, 1888	Battle Creek	44
Nicholas Zang	" 10, 1888	Battle Creek	65
David Aldrich	" 11, 1888	Marshall	90
Henry Frensdorf	" 11, 1888	Battle Creek	59
Stephen H. Willis	" 13, 1888	Albion	83
William Kirkpatrick	" 13, 1888	Battle Creek	58
V. Mathers	" 15, 1888	Lee	------
Thompson P. Stebbins	" 16, 1888	Battle Creek	71
Joseph Bentley	" 17, 1888	Marshall	77
George W. Hoyt	" 17, 1888	Fredonia	76
Mrs. Jas. Fisher	" 20, 1888	Marshall	74
Amos R. King	" 23, 1888	Battle Creek	69
Rachel Barnes	" 31, 1888	Battle Creek	85
Chris Vogt	November 2, 1888	Marshall	61
Frank Steebel	" 2, 1888	Marengo	64
Mrs. Caroline M. Walbridge	" 4, 1888	Battle Creek	86
Mrs. Dr. John Doy	" 4, 1888	Battle Creek	------
Alfred Mason	" 6, 1888	Battle Creek	80
Miss. Elizabeth Farrer	" 9, 1888	Carson City	77
Robert Murphy	" 1888	Battle Creek	61
Porter Snyder	December 10, 1888	Marshall	68

CALHOUN COUNTY.—CONTINUED.

Name.	Date of Death.	Place of Death.	Age.
Henry Taylor	December 17, 1888	Canandaigua, N. Y.	93
Mrs. Mary Fox	" 18, 1888	Albion	79
Mrs. Wm. Bouton	" 23, 1888	Homer	80
Mrs. Roby Griffith	" 24, 1888	Convis	77
Thomas Glidwell	" 24, 1888	Marshall	69
George Novice	" 24, 1888	Clarence	73
Mrs. John Rosseau	" 25, 1888	Albion	77
Jeremiah Snyder	" 25, 1888	Concord	78
Mrs. Harriet Annis	" 25, 1888	Lee	83
Horace White	" 26, 1888	Marshall	73
Mrs. Sarah Schmid	" 26, 1888	Marshall	54
Mrs. Thomas Cassidy	" 27, 1888	Ann Arbor	74
Mathew B. Sherman	" 28, 1888	Clarence	51
Mrs. George B. Hamilton	" 28, 1888	Battle Creek	70
J. H. Schoonmaker	" 29, 1888	Burlington	78
Renea Finley	January 10, 1889	Battle Creek	85
Ransom Thayer	" 13, 1889	Onondaga	72
Mrs. Clara A. Gamwell	" 15, 1889	Marshall	72
Erastus Hussey	" 21, 1889	Battle Creek	88
Mrs. Jane Mannigan	February 2, 1889	Marshall	59
Abner C. Parmelee	" 9, 1889	Marshall	82
Mrs. Mary A. Yawger	" 14, 1889	Hale's Lake	75
Mrs. Jane Crowell Wood	" 17, 1889	Burlington	76
L. A. Nichols	" 17, 1889	Greenville	------
Mrs. Catherine Rathfon	" 16, 1889	Bedford	89
John Gillon	" 17, 1889	Pennfield	74
Mrs. Joseph Frey	" 19, 1889	Battle Creek	65
John Hyde	" 20, 1889	Newton	82
Jeremiah Cronin, Jr.	" 24, 1889	Marshall	58
Mrs. Polly Smith	" 25, 1889	Marengo	71
Lyman Pittee	" 27, 1889	Battle Creek	68
Wm. Bohanna	March 3, 1889	Marshall	65
Mrs. S. P. Tillotson	" 16, 1889	Marshall	82
Mrs. Almira Downs Hyde	" 21, 1889	Marshall	71
Clement Wakelee	" 1889	Battle Creek	68
Charles R. Cook	April 13, 1889	Chicago	50
Sophia Dudley	" 17, 1889	Albion	81
Mrs. H. B. Wolcott	" 25, 1889	Albion	59
John L. Marsters	" 26, 1889	Albion	71

CALHOUN COUNTY.—CONTINUED.

Name.	Place of Death.	Date of Death.	Age.
Theodore Robertson	April 28, 1889	Albion	83
Ezra Brackett	" 26, 1889	Convis	84
George Taylor	May 15, 1889	Athens	81
Wm. Howard	" 10, 1889	Tekonsha	59
Miss Eliza Keay	" 10, 1889	Convis	62
Mr. H. G. Hodskin	" 20, 1889	Burlington	73

JAMES CONKLIN.

James Conklin died in Bedford, the 20th of September, 1887. He was born in South Salem, Westchester county, N. Y., in 1807. He was married in Rochester, N. Y., to Miss H. Padock in 1831, and removed to this State in 1836. They came among the early settlers in this part of the State, and became widely known and highly esteemed among our citizens. Mrs. Conklin was a member of the Baptist church at the time of their marriage and was among the early members of that church in Battle Creek. Mr. Conklin subsequently became connected with the same church; and they were among the intelligent, industrious and economical people who have helped to develop and give character to a large community.

Forty-seven years of their lives were spent upon the farm, five miles northwest of Battle Creek, where they both passed away to their rest. They were given six sons and one daughter, of whom only four sons are now living. The daughter, Mrs. E. B. Finlay, died in Battle Creek in May last. Mrs. Conklin was suddenly called away while watching beside her husband, on the tenth instant, and thus preceded him by ten days, having lived to be five days older than he was at his decease. Mr. Conklin has been seriously sick for many months, but expressed thankfulness that his wife having cared for him so long, and so faithfully, was called away while he was living, instead of being left to close her life in his absence.

DAVID PATTERSON.

died Friday, June 29, 1888, in Eckford, Calhoun county, Mich., aged 75 years.

David Patterson was born March 1, 1813, in Centreville, Alleghany county, N. Y. During his childhood his parents removed to Canadice, Ontario county, N. Y., where he resided until he removed to Calhoun county, Mich. At the

age of eighteen he bought his time and worked on a farm or in a saw-mill until he was 21.

In the fall of 1834, after farm labor for the season was closed, he walked to Buffalo, a distance of about 100 miles, took a steamer for Cleveland, and from Cleveland he walked through northern Ohio to Toledo, looking land. From Toledo he came through Jonesville, Homer and Marshall to Grand Rapids, but returned thence to South Albion, and decided to make his future home in Calhoun county. He was unable, however, to go to the land office and locate his land before the close of navigation, consequently he walked to Detroit, took the last steamer of the season for Buffalo and returned to his home in New York, where he remained during the winter.

In April, 1835, he married Harriet N. Waite of Springwater, Livingston county, N. Y., who now survives him, and immediately returned to Michigan territory, where he located his first farm in what is now the southern part of the township of Albion. This he sold at the end of two years and in 1837 purchased of the government the farm in Eckford where he has since resided.

He leaves four children, Louis K. Patterson and Mrs. Electa J. French of Eckford, Hon. John C. Patterson of Marshall, and Philo D. Patterson, M. D., of Charlotte.

When he bought his first 80 acres of land he was obliged to borrow two dollars and a half to complete the $100 purchase price. Arriving at Kalamazoo to locate it, he found such a crowd there on similar business that he was compelled to wait, watching at the window of the land office two weeks before his turn came to be served. Little by little his later eighties and forties were added, with the same hopeful energy, and in the face of obstacles which would have been deemed insurmountable by the majority. His intellectual energy was well matched by physical vigor, and enduring the hardships of pioneer life with unflinching courage, he sturdily converted the forest land of his broad farm to fertile fields.

In politics Mr. Patterson was originally a whig. His first political action in Michigan territory was at the time of settling the boundary line between us and Ohio, when he took decided ground against accepting the terms offered by Congress. At an early day he took radical grounds against the institution of slavery, waged a vigorous warfare upon it as long as it was in existence, and a part of the time voted the abolition ticket. He took a prominent part in organizing the republican party, and in his own community was one of the ablest and most persistent advocates of the restriction of slavery. He was a member of the first republican county convention, at which he was chosen a member of the nominating committee whose report was unanimously adopted. He was also made a member of the district com-

mittee of the eastern representative district, and had the honor of calling to order the first republican convention held in that district. He has always remained an earnest republican, but has steadily refused to hold any office.

The Christian denomination represented his religious belief, but for over thirty years he has made his home with the Free Will Baptist church of Cook's Prairie, having been one of the incorporators of that church. All his life he has been a radical temperance man.

A zealous friend of education, he early developed and encouraged a taste in his children for intellectual pursuits. It was his life-long regret that he could not himself have acquired a liberal education, and the success of his children was a great satisfaction to him.

Kind hearted, generous and sympathetic, he was a good neighbor, and the warmest and truest of friends. Possessing a broad mind of philosophical bent, combined with great mental activity, he was a persistent investigator and reader, and had few superiors among the pioneers of our county. Of strong convictions and independent ideas, he was fearless and able in advocating his views, took a lively interest in national, social and biblical questions, and few were able to meet him in argument. A man of progressive ideas, he has been a power in molding public opinion around him, and his strict integrity has given him the deserved confidence of the entire community.

In the distribution of his property he remembered Hillsdale college and also made a bequest to Storer college, at Harper's Ferry, an institution for the education of the freedmen.

Without disease his life had for many weeks been gradually ebbing away, until the veil was so thin between him and the sweet rest awaiting him that he longed to see it drawn aside and to enter in. On the afternoon of a sunny summer Sabbath they laid to rest, in the little graveyard among ripening fields, all that earth could claim of him whose rich life went out like that golden day, among the already ripening harvests of his earlier hopes.

DAVID FARLEY.

David Farley died at his home, three miles south of Marshall, on July 9, 1888, after an illness of only a few days, at the advanced age of 83 years. He was one of the pioneers of this section, a man of industry, integrity, and respected by a wide circle of acquaintances. He was born in Lebanon, Hunterdon county, N. J., May 20, 1805. When 23, he, with his father's family, moved to Palmyra, N. Y., where they remained until the following spring, when they took up their abode in Ontario county. In February,

1836, Mr. Farley, full of resolution and energy, struck out alone and on foot for the then "far west." He arrived in Detroit in March. That season he spent in locating land in Ingham, Branch, Calhoun and Clinton counties, for other parties. The same summer his father and family came to Michigan. The following spring he came to Albion and located his farm in Albion township. In the fall of that year, November 23, 1837, in Salem, Washtenaw county, he was married to Miss Rosina Blackmar, who survives him. Mr. and Mrs. Farley remained in Washtenaw until March, when they settled upon the farm he had become owner of four year previous, in Albion township, where they have since lived. Their house at that time, like that of many an early settler, was a log shanty. Christmas, 1849, they moved into a new frame house, which has since been their home. The first of August, 1838, Mr. Farley experienced a change of heart, and soon after made a public profession of his faith by uniting with the M. E. church. For 25 years, from 1850 to 1875, he was a class leader. At the latter date he transferred his church relation and connected himself with the church at Marshall. In 1859 he was elected supervisor of his town on the republican ticket, and was re-elected in 1860, serving with ability and satisfaction to those by whom he was chosen to the position. The life of Mr. Farley was a long and useful one.

ALFRED CLARK.

Mr. Alfred Clark died at the residence of his son, Richard Clark, in Leroy, on Friday, July 13, 1888. The deceased was born in Ulster county, N. Y., May 8, 1808, and hence had passed his eightieth birthday. Four months before his twenty-first birthday he married Miss Ann Clearwater, and they began their home in the community where they were brought up. He was of French ancestry and she of Dutch. There were born to them, in their New York home, five children; the oldest of them, a deaf and dumb girl, died at the age of nine years, and the youngest died in the army. After nearly 30 years of married life, the home was removed, in the spring of 1858 to Michigan. In 1872 he came with his son to Leroy, where he has since had a home. In early life Mr. and Mrs. Clark became members of the Dutch Reformed church of Esopus, Ulster county, N. Y., in which they were brought up, and with letters from that church they united with the Dutch Reformed church of Battle Creek, with which they were connected until they removed from its vicinity. Since then they have had church connections with Congregationalists. Their interest in the churches with which they had connections was steady and helpful. Nine years ago Father Clark served on the building committee that carried through the erection of the present Congre-

gational church of Leroy, with great interest and real helpfulness, and he has been for years a helpful member of what is called the Old South Church in Leroy. As his age and infirmity increased he could not attend its services as constantly as had been his custom, but the warm weather this spring permitted him to participate quite often in its Sabbath morning services. At these services he was always early.

The remains were taken to Vermontville and buried beside those of his wife who died eleven years since. The deceased left two daughters and a son. The oldest of these resides in New Saline, N. Y., the second daughter, Mrs. Chas Hull, has her home in Vermontville, the son lives on his farm in Leroy, and there are seven living grandchildren and two great grandchildren. —Battle Creek Journal.

SYLVANUS VROMAN,

died at his home in Eckford, Mich., July 13, 1888, aged 50 years, 8 months and 27 days. His parents, Abraham and Rachel Vroman, were among the first settlers in Eckford. Sylvanus was the youngest of a family of seven children, five daughters and two sons. Sylvanus was joined in marriage to Sophrona D. Newton in South Albion, Mich., Nov. 25, 1885. He was an honest, industrious farmer, who gave his means to support the gospel, and who ever intended to act his part in all the walks of life. In the winter of 1885, together with his wife, he united with the Free Baptist church of Cook's Prairie. He was a consistent and faithful member to the time of his death, and although he suffered much in the last few days of his life he did not complain, but with christian fortitude, awaited his change.

DR. JOSEPH V. SPENCER.

Joseph Vining Spencer was born January 13, 1824, in the town of Clarendon, Orleans county, in the State of New York, and died at his home in Battle Creek, July 24, 1888. At five years of age Joseph came to this county with his father, Michael Spencer, who located in Emmet township in 1831, who was a soldier in the war of 1812, who was a representative from this county in 1840, who was one of the founders of the Baptist church in Battle Creek, and who died in 1855 on the farm he had made from the wilderness. Thus at an early age we find our departed friend was a resident of this county, beginning his first work with his pioneer father in clearing up a farm, remaining with him until attaining his majority, and having only such scanty advantages for education as were afforded at a district school, in a new country, during the winters.

On arriving at manhood's estate he left the farm to mark out a course for himself by first going to school in this city, later learning the mason trade, and subsequently investing his earnings in a plot of ground, now in the eastern part of this city, where he began the building of a home. In 1850 he married M. Elvira Stiles, at her father's home on the Marshall road, who, with two daughters and one son, born to them, now survives him.

In 1852, being in debt for his new home, and anxious to be independent, he left his young wife and infant daughter for California, that land of golden promise, where he wrought in the mines, toiled as a mason, at large wages, and came home in 1855, not rich, but with gains enough to clear his home from debt. In 1857 he began the study of medicine with Dr. Smith Rogers, then of this city, went to Hahneman College, Chicago, in 1861, gaining his diploma in 1862, and opening the way for an excellent practice as a homeopathic physician and surgeon, on his return to this city, where he successfully followed his profession until his death, prescribing for many of his patients only two days before his demise. His patients held him in high regard, and he won their full confidence. He never concealed his opinions, even when they were most unpopular, but had the manly courage of his convictions, and was an earnest and active Spiritualist, known as such, and as a strong man worthy of respect and confidence, a person of marked vigor and positiveness, brave and plain spoken, yet tender and compassionate, and ever full of active usefulness.

A visit to his son Fred in Kansas, last summer, somewhat relieved but failed to cure a bronchial weakness which had taken hold upon him, yet he kept busy and was tenderly caring for his beloved wife on her sick bed, until a sharp attack of pleuro-pneumonia compelled him to give up, and his useful career closed calmly.

CLAUDIUS H. BEACH

died at his residence, in Marshall, Sunday, August 26, 1888, aged 73 years.

Mr. Beach was a native of Bloomfield, Ontario county, N. Y., and first saw the light of day June 19, 1815. When of proper age, he was apprenticed to a gunsmith, and a proper calling it proved for him. Thinking to better his circumstances in life, he emigrated west in the year 1844, and settled down in Marshall, where he prosecuted his chosen profession with vigor. During the reign of hand-made firearms Mr. Beach's produce was among those which bore national repute. He often made shipments as far west as the Pacific slope, and was regarded as *the* gun manufacturer of Michigan.

In his wife, whose maiden name was Mary McKay, and whom he took as

a life partner October 10, 1838, Mr. Beach was possessed of a model and loving helpmeet. Three children were the fruit of the union.

It is a few months over 43 years since the Beach family took up their residence in the same house which is now made lonely by absence of the old and familiar form of its master, who seemed almost a part of the place. The death of his wife occurred in 1878.

Mr. Beach was not a member of any church organization, yet he possessed all the qualities of a loyal and conscientious christian. He was blunt in manner and eccentric in ideas, but nevertheless a true friend and a man of sterling integrity.

JOSEPH BUCKINGHAM

died in Marshall, September 6, 1888.

The deceased was the son of Joseph and Sarah Buckingham, and was born March 15, 1807. He was twice married, first to Eveline West, who died April 27, 1855. His second marriage was to Abbie Silver, January 30, 1867, who still survives him. He was the father of eight children, five of whom are living.

He was born in New Milford, Conn., resided some time in Steuben county, N. Y.; came to Marshall in 1835, and for a time followed the boot and shoe business. Subsequently he purchased land and improved a farm in Marshall township, on which he resided until six years ago, when he sold and settled in the city. During all these years he has been an important factor in the M. E. church of Marshall. With his presence, with his influence and with his money, he has stood faithfully by it.

DAVID ALDRICH.

David Aldrich, whose death occurred at his home in Marshall, on the morning of Oct. 11, 1888, was born in Uxbridge, Winchester county, Mass., Oct. 25, 1798.

Up to the time he retired from active life, several years ago, he was constantly engaged in farming, and it may be truly said that he was among the most successful tillers of the soil who ever plied that vocation in Calhoun county. In the year 1833 he settled in Fredonia, and a few years later, when the office of register of deeds was first created in the county, he was elected to that position. He represented his town on the board of supervisors several terms, served as town treasurer for quite a long period, and in the capacity of justice of the peace he dispensed equity for many years.

Upon his 40th birthday Mr. Aldrich took unto himself a wife in the per-

son of Miss Mary Blossom, of Rochester, N. Y. Mrs. Aldrich was called to her reward Jan. 23, 1866.

Mr. Aldrich commanded the confidence and esteem of the community at large. A kind husband and father, an exemplary citizen and a careful, conscientious man of business, he lived a long and useful life.

S. H. WILLIS.

Died, at his home in Albion township, Oct. 13, 1888, Mr. Stephen H. Willis, aged 83 years and 9½ months.

Mr. Willis was the third child of Matthew and Sarah Willis, who formerly resided in Connecticut, but afterwards moved to the town of Green, Otego county, N. Y., where Stephen was born Jan. 5, 1805. They were once quite wealthy, but lost all their property, when Stephen was ten years of age, and were turned into the street in extreme poverty. He being a cripple, was bound out, but received such ill usage that he returned home. At the age of seventeen, he with his parents and a large family of children, moved to Clyde, N. Y. He remained at home until he was twenty-four years of age and assisted his father to purchase a farm. He then started out for himself and worked for a time in a glass factory. He then went onto the canal, and afterwards to the lake, to Rochester, and to East Bloomfield, N. Y. In the spring of 1835, in company with his future brother-in-law, he came to Albion, making his home a portion of the time with Judge Olin. At that time there were no farm houses in this township, Marshall or Battle Creek. In the fall of 1835, Mr. Willis took up 160 acres of land, receiving his parchment title from the government. It was signed by the President of the United States, and it has always been a treasured keepsake. He exhibited his "sheepskin," as he called it, with considerable pride, for there has never been the scratch of a pen against it, and there is, we believe, but one other of the kind in the vicinity, namely, that possessed by Mr. Amos Babcock. In May, 1837, he returned to East Bloomfied, where he was married to Miss Thankful Case. She came back with him and as soon as possible they established a home upon the land he had taken up. They were compelled to endure the hardships af a pioneer life, but did it resolutely, making the best of whatever came in their way. Their means were extremely limited, and he said it was often a difficult matter to raise money enough to send letters to the friends left behind, with postage at twenty-five cents, as it was then. Two children were born to them, a son who died in infancy, and a daughter now living.

Albion used to be known as the "Forks," but upon the petition of Mr. Willis and Mr. Amos Babcock, to the legislature, the charter was obtained

for a change of name, they bearing the expense. "Albion" was selected because it was the name of a town near Mr. Willis' old home in "York State."

He was always an industrious man, and as a result of his industry and prudence, he has left a farm of 400 acres, which he broke with his own hard labor, besides other property. He was one of the workmen employed in building the mills in this city, and also those in Marengo and Burlington, and the marks of his handiwork are seen in many other enterprises and landmarks in this vicinity. He leaves no family except a widowed daughter, Mrs. Hannah M. Bryant, who has cared for him most faithfully and cheerfully in his declining years, leaving nothing possible undone that would add to his comfort and happiness, or relieve his sufferings. His wife, who had so nobly assisted and cheered him, died about seven years ago.

Three years ago Mr. Willis fell and broke his hip, but although he recovered sufficiently to get about with the aid of a crutch, he has never been well since that time. For some time he has been afflicted with a swelling of a cancerous nature. He had a slight shock of paralysis, which affected his face only, then an abscess broke in his throat, after which he was unable to take any solid food. He retained his consciousness to the last, and died in the presence of his relatives and friends. When asked his thoughts of the future, he replied: "My case rests with the Almighty; I trust in Him." A short time before his death he told his daughter that she must travel alone, hereafter, as he must go to the beyond.

Mr. Willis was a member of a family whose lengevity is something unusual, the combined ages of himself and a brother and two sisters now living, being 319 years. He was a member of the old Pioneer Society of Michigan. His parents were strict Presbyterians and he also united with that church when he was quite a young man. He was greatly interested in the Baptist church of this city and donated largely to it, giving besides money, a window which bears his name. In consideration of his generosity, his Baptist friends surprised him on his eightieth birthday and presented him with an easy chair, which has afforded him much comfort during the past three years. He was always generous with a deserving person or cause, to the truth of which many can bear testimony. He was a man of strict integrity, true to what he believed to be right, energetic and persevering, doing well whatever he undertook to do. In short, he was known to everybody as a good old man, and we have yet to hear the first word against his character. He was a great reader and possessed of more than ordinary intelligence. His first vote was cast for Jackson and he ever remained a staunch democrat. He has done much good to the cause of his party in this

vicinity, and every election found him at the polls. His presence will be greatly missed, but his good example and wise counsels will not soon be forgotten.

JOSEPH BENTLY.

Died, at Marshall, Oct. 17, 1888, Joseph Bently.

Mr. Bently was born in England, Sept. 22, 1811. At the age of seven years he came with his parents to New York.

In 1836 he came to this State and settled in the town of Convis, where he resided until 1865, when he came to Marshall, where he has since lived.

He has been a prominent figure in the social and business life of Marshall. During his entire residence in Calhoun county he has been prominent in it affairs, having for several years been supervisor of his township. Whatever business he engaged in he showed himself capable of success without descending to the "tricks of trade," or dishonest rivalry. He has lived a long and useful life and left an unstained reputation.

He was a man of few words, but a safe counselor, benevolent and kind, but unostentatious. He was a friend and supporter of the M. E. church, of which he and his wife for a considerable portion of their lives were members.

He was married to Louisa Ryant, Oct. 10, 1841. They had five children, three daughters and two sons. The daughters died young. Four years ago the companion of his life suddenly passed away. While resigned and trusting in the great Father, and living in hope of the reunion of the future, life has been lonely, his health feeble until he quietly and sweetly slept in Jesus.

ERASTUS HUSSEY.

Hon. Erastus Hussey died at his residence, corner of Washington and Manchester streets, Battle Creek, Jan. 21, 1889, aged 88 years, one month and sixteen days.

Erastus Hussey was born at Scipio, Cayuga county, N. Y., Dec. 5, 1800. His ancestry can be traced far back in English history, Christopher Hussey, the first of the name to come to this country, being a refugee from religious persecution at an early date in the history of this country. The family characteristics are marked, and embrace sociability, benevolence and generosity, combined with a strong love of freedom and equality. These characteristics were very noticeable in the subject of this sketch, and were the prime incentives that prompted him to come to the then wilds of Michigan territory.

Erastus Hussey's boyhood and early manhood were spent on a farm, on the east shore of Cayuga lake. His educational advantages were limited, only reading, spelling, writing and arithmetic being taught in the schools he attended at certain seasons of the year. He had access, however, to a library of well assorted books on historical and other subjects, of which he availed himself to the full extent, at his leisure, and thus attained a good knowledge of profane and sacred history, which prepared him for a teacher. By his profession he earned the then munificent sum of $225, with which he started for Buffalo on foot, where he shipped for Detroit, arriving at the latter city Sept. 25, 1824.

He became the first actual settler in what is now Plymouth, the northwest township of Wayne county. Returning subsequently to New York State, he married Sarah E. Bowen, daughter of Benjamin Bowen, also of Cayuga county, and whose family, like his own, dates back to the early settlers of New England. Mrs. Hussey survivss her husband. After a journey back to New York State with his family, Mr. Hussey disposed of his 160 acre farm at Plymouth, which now contained 75 acres of wheat land that he himself had cleared, and decided to make Battle Creek his home. He came to this place in September, 1838.

Having been formerly engaged in the manufacture of shoes, he entered into partnership with Platt Gilbert, in that business and groceries, continuing one year. In 1839 he fitted up a store and engaged in the dry goods business. This he continued several years. In 1843 Henry B. Denman became his partner, and afterwards married his daughter. The firm of Hussey & Denman continued until 1847, when it dissolved by mutual consent, Mr. Hussey closing up the affairs. During this same year he built the union block, the first brick stores ever built in this (then) village. He was the first to advocate the propriety of schools supported by general tax, thus making education free.

Mr. Hussey was a trustee of this school system and a director three years. In 1847 he became editor of the Michigan Liberty Press, an organ of the liberty party in the State, printed by Woolnough & Daugherty, but afterwards established on a basis of its own with Mr. Hussey in entire charge. The motto of the paper was "Eternal enmity to all kinds of oppression." The responsibility was great, as the press and public opinion waged war against any one who interfered with the rights of slaveholders. In politics Mr. Hussey was a whig, and his first vote was cast for John Quincy Adams.

He took charge of the underground railroad which passed through this section and was a means of running runaway slaves beyond the reach of their masters. In this movement he was very prominent, and became well

known the entire length of the line by his indefatigable zeal in the objects of the institution. In 1849 the Liberty Press and all its fixtures were destroyed by fire, and after issuing a few numbers in Marshall Mr. Hussey discontinued the paper.

Mr. Hussey was active in the political field, was a good debater, and was often called upon to preside at public meetings. In 1849 the free soil party elected him to the legislature, where he introduced the bill incorporating the village of Battle Creek, which was passed. In 1850 he was elected county clerk by a union of the whigs and free soilers. In 1852 he was nominated for lieutenant governor, on the free soil ticket, but was defeated. In 1854 he presided over a free soil convention, at Jackson, which is said to have given birth to the republican party. In the fall of the same year Mr. Hussey became a member of the State senate.

In 1859 Battle Creek became a city, and Mr. Hussey was one of the first aldermen. In 1867 he was elected mayor. In 1873 he sold his home, the site being now occupied by the Advent College, and the following year he moved into the present home. Deceased was a member of the Society of Friends, and believed in the inward light, as taught by George Fox—that the grace of God was preached to all men, teaching the denying of ungodliness, and that they may live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world. He believed that God teaches men directly; that revelation has not ceased, and that all men have a knowledge of right and wrong in themselves through the internal principle, Christ. For no man knoweth the Father but the Son, and him to whom the Son revealeth Him.

Mr. Hussey's eventful and busy life has ended, and at the ripe age of 89 he lays down the cross to accept the crown. With Mr. Hussey's life disappears one of the living testimonials of Michigan's territorial existence, its experiences and hardships and the rewards which it granted to those who submitted to its early inconveniences and privations. His life was closely identified with the early history of the State and this locality in particular.

ABNER C. PARMELEE

died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. H. E. Phelps, in Marshall, Feb. 9, 1889. He was born Jan. 3, 1806, in Benson, Vt. In 1834, while living in Buffalo, N. Y., where he was engaged in mercantile business, he came to Marshall and married Miss Delia, daughter of Dr. Luther W. Hart, and sister of Mrs. Chas. T. Gorham. Taking his bride to Buffalo they resided in that city two or three years. Then returning here Mr. Parmelee soon joined a company organized in this city to operate at Hastings, Barry Co.,

and went there to live, thus becoming one of the earliest pioneers of that place. He remained there eight or nine years during which he represented that district in the State legislature two years and held many other public offices, among them that of register of deeds for two terms. From Hastings he returned to Marshall in 1846, and engaged with John Easterley in the hardward trade. Since marrying two daughters had been born to him, and he was indeed happy in lavishing a father's love upon them, but soon after returning to Marshall the oldest was taken by death from the family. In 1849 he sold his interest in business, and went with a company organized here, by the overland route to California, then the Mecca of ambitious men. Within a year after leaving, his wife sickened and died, and as his only remaining child had an excellent home with her aunt, Mrs. Gorham, he concluded to stay. In 1862 he secured a position in the treasury department, at Washington, and came east again. After being in the treasury department for many years he was transferred to the patent office, with which he was connected until last year, when old age and declining health compelled him to give up work. He came back to Marshall in June last and has since made his home with his daughter, where he had every attention which thoughtfulness and love could prompt.

JEREMIAH CRONIN, JR.

Died, in Marshall, February 24, 1889, Jeremiah Cronin, Jr.

Mr. Cronin was born February 16, 1831, in Dryden, Tompkins county, N. Y., being the fifth child of his parents' family. In the fall of 1835 the family removed to Michigan, stopping at Ypsilanti for some months, but settling permanently in Marshall, in June, 1836. His father was of an industrious, thrifty nature, and gave his children the full advantage of such schools as this then new country afforded. But young "Jere" had inherited a disposition for accumulation, and he early began work, serving successively as boy and clerk for Albert D. Smith, Horatio N. Banks, Andrew McMahon, and Michael Harrigan, until, in 1850, when less than 20 years old, he had saved sufficient to establish himself in the grocery business, which he did, opening in the south end of the old Comstock block on Exchange square; he continued at that place until 1853, when he removed to the corner now occupied by Wm. Martin, and in 1857, to the present location Under his personal management his business always prospered, and in 1872, realizing that he could not accommodate his constantly increasing trade in the cramped quarters afforded by the old building, he moved that and the smaller frame just west of it to their present positions, and erected the three

story double brick block, both stores of which he has since occupied. For years his business has been the largest of any one mercantile establishment in our city, and he was always in charge himself until something over a year ago, when his illness—which had been troubling him for nearly six years, and which was finally decided to be Bright's disease—compelled him to relinquish the business to the control of his son, Charles J.

Mr. Cronin was married October 9, 1855, to Miss Susan E. Kelley, of this city. Nine children have been born to them, three of whom died in infancy. Mr. and Mrs. Cronin resided for many years in a small but pleasant little home, until, in 1873, they erected the beautiful and spacious residence which has since been the happy home of themselves and children, and at which their genial and social natures have always made their friends realize that the cordial greeting and handsome entertainment so often extended was more thoroughly genuine than is often met with.

Since childhood Mr. Cronin has been an earnest and consistent member of St. Mary's Catholic church; a member of their cemetery board since the establishment of the separate burial ground, and a member of the building committee, having in charge the construction of the new church now in process of erection

In politics a democrat, yet he felt that his neighbor could be of any other political belief and still be his friend. He was a trustee (alderman) in 1857, of the then village; but although often solicited to accept his party's nomination for various honorable positions, he has always refused further political preferment.

LYMAN PITTEE.

Mr. Lyman Pittee, whose death occurred in Battle Creek, Feb. 27, 1889, after a lingering illness, was born in Pike, Wyoming Co., N. Y., Feb. 19, 1821. His youth was spent in his native State. In 1843 he came to Michigan and settled in Battle Creek. He at once entered upon the business career which in time made him one of the men of mark in our community. What he lacked in means he made up in push and perseverance. He met with business reverses and repeated losses by fire, but met them in that brave, determined spirit which plucks victory from the jaws of defeat, and while he never fully recovered from these losses he did what was far better, and rare under the circumstances, he maintained his honor and paid his honest debts. He took a deep interest in the prosperity of Battle Creek, and did what he could to advance its interests materially and morally. He was an active member of the Methodist Episcopal church, and for more

than forty years was connected with its officiary either as steward or trustee. He held the latter office at the time of his death.

He was a man of strong convictions politically; originally a whig, he very naturally became a republican when that party was organized, and to that party he remained true to the last. The only time he was out of his house for six months prior to his death, was when he was taken in a cab to the polls, to vote for Gen. Harrison.

He had his share of domestic affliction, having lost two wives and three children by death. His second wife and her only child, a bright little boy, died within two weeks of each other.

His strong frame and indomitable will held death at bay for many months; he only yielded to the inevitable. A man of less strength and resolution must have succumbed long before. He was brave and patient throughout his long illness.

MRS. S. P. TILLOTSON.

Died, at Marshall, March 16, 1889, Mrs. S. P. Tillotson, aged 82 years, 2 months and 4 days.

Samantha Phelps was born in Courtland county, N. Y., Jan. 12, 1807. Was married at her father's home in Geneva, Cayuga county, to which town the family had previously moved, to Zenas Tillotson, Jan. 12, 1823. Four children were born to them in New York State, and four after coming to Michigan in the spring of 1835. In early life Mrs. Tillotson united with the Presbyterian church, but soon after coming to Marshall became one of the original members at the organization of the Episcopal church in this city, and always retained her membership here, although she has resided in distant places at different times. Her husband died in September, 1876, and she has since that time made her home with her son Henry A., of Marshall. But three of her children survive her, all of whom were present at her death-bed. Mrs. Tillotson was a faithful and affectionate wife and mother, a kind neighbor, a consistent christian, and always filled a prominent place in the best social circles of this vicinity until the past few years, during which ill health and advanced age have compelled her to remain at home most of the time.

EZRA BRACKETT.

Ezra Brackett died at his residence in Convis, Friday, April 26, 1889.

In the death of Mr. Brackett Calhoun county loses one of its oldest pioneers. He was a son of Capt. Ezra Brackett, of the 112th Inf't. in the

war of 1812. He was born in Elbridge, Onondaga county, N. Y., Oct. 18, 1805.

In early life he was engaged in the construction of canals and railroads in the United States and Canada, and built the thirty-ninth mile of railroad in the United States, which was called the Camden & Amboy Ry. in the State of New York.

After actively engaging in these enterprises for a few years, he was joined in marriage, in his 27th year, to Miss Mary Davisson, of Trenton, N. J., still following his occupation for a few years. He removed with his young wife to the then newly admitted State of Michigan, in April, 1838, purchasing the farm which he afterwards cleared and resided on until his death, making fifty-one years on the same farm.

Politically Mr. Brackett was a republican. He voted for Harrison in 1840, and although in feeble health last fall he exerted himself to go to the polls and cast his vote for Benjamin Harrison. During the fifty-one years of which he was a resident of Convis the last spring's election was the first at which he had failed of casting his vote.

Deceased leaves five sons, all of whom were present at the funeral, which was held from the old homestead, and was largely attended.

MRS. H. B. WOLCOTT, JOHN L. MARSTERS, THEODORE ROBERTSON.

Death has been busy in our midst of late, and has taken away three pioneers.

April 25, 1889, Mrs. H. B. Wolcott died in Albion, at the age of 59 years. Although the youngest of the three she was the pioneer of them all, having come to Michigan when only three years old, with her parents, who in 1833 settled on Cook's prairie, near Homer. At 10 years of age she was left an orphan and had to support herself; at 14 she taught district school. When 18 she married H. B. Wolcott and moved onto a farm in the town of Sheridan, three miles from this city, where they have since lived. She was the mother of the Wolcott Bros., of the Union Windmill Co., one of whom was lately mayor of this city.

John L. Marsters died April 26, 1889, in Albion. He was born in Norfolk county, England, July 4, 1818. Came here about the year 1837. While employed as a miller in the stone mill, his right arm got caught in the machinery and he lost it. Subsequently he purchased what is known as Newburg mill, just east of the city, built by E. H. Johnson and Marvin Hannahs, both deceased. He belonged to the Masonic fraternity, who attended the funeral in a body.

Theodore Robertson died April 28, 1889, in Albion, aged 83 years. He

was one of a large family of children and was born in Dryden, Tompkins county, N. Y., April 23, 1806. Three of the brothers came to Michigan in 1837, namely, Cyrus, Hiram and himself, and all three are now dead. He was an uncle of the late Hon. George Robertson. He leaves three daughters and one son.

CRAWFORD COUNTY.

M. D. OSBAND.

Name.	Date of Death.	Place of Death.	Age.
Jacob Bonnell	October 7, 1887	Crawford Avalanch	73
Mrs. Jane A. Hartwick	August 7, 1886	Grayling	38
Jesse A. Barker	March 1, 1889	Frederic	68

JACOB BONNELL.

Died, at the residence of his son, in Crawford Avalanch, Friday, October 7, 1887, Jacob Bonnell, aged 73 years.

The deceased located in Calhoun county, in 1847, where he cleared up three farms with his own labor, and in 1865 he removed to Ingham county, where another home was hewed out of the wilderness. In 1881 he came to Crawford county and started another homestead. His has been an active, peaceful life. As a member of the Society of Friends, he has ever been an exemplary member of society.

MRS. JANE A. HARTWICK.

In Grayling, August 7, 1886, after a lingering illness, Jane A., wife of M. S. Hartwick.

Jane A. Obear was the second daughter of Joseph and Hannah Obear, and was born at Mason, Ingham county, Michigan, in May 1848. She was married to Mr. Hartwick, December 25, 1866, and resided at Mason, Grand Rapids and St. Louis until August, 1872, when they came to Grayling, being the first family located at this place and in fact the first in the county. Hers has been an active life, experiencing all the vicissitudes incident to pioneers. During these years she has met all newcomers with a welcome that has made them lifelong friends, and her body was followed to its final resting place by a large concourse of sincere mourners.

JESSE A. BARKER,

father of F. L. Barker, of Frederic, died March 1, 1889, aged 68 years.

Deceased was born in Duchess Co., N. Y., Oct., 1819, where he resided until his fourteenth birthday, when with his sisters and brothers, he started for the then almost unexplored west, and located at Manchester, Washtenaw county, where he remained four years and then returned to New York where he lived for the next three years, working summers and attending school winters. He then returned to Manchester, this State, bought a small farm and commenced real life in 1842, by marrying Miss Caroline Styles.

Fours years later he went to Cascade, Kent county, where settlers were scarce and non-resident land plenty. After seven years the pioneer spirit again took possession of him, and with his brother George he started for Big Rapids, which contained one house at the time of his reaching the town, in May, 1852. He settled three miles north of the present site of Big Rapids, and the day after his arrival 26 inches of snow fell, which somewhat cooled his ardor for agricultural pursuits, but he went to work and made a farm and home where comfort and happiness reigned.

A reverse in business brought about by an unfortunate investment was the cause of another removal.

In the spring of 1877, on the morning of election day he cast his vote for the republican party and started for Grayling. He remained a short time in the village and then went to Frederic. M. S. Dilley was the only pioneer that had preceded him in this locality. Here he held continuously some office of trust and confidence to the time of his death, being ever surrounded with home love, and the unbounded respect of his neighbors and friends. His death was calm and peaceful as the close of day.

EATON COUNTY.

D. B. HALE.

Name.	Date of Death.	Place of Death.	Age.
Stephen Farnam	March 2, 1889	Eaton Rapids	83
Mrs. Cornelia M. Brainerd	June 28, 1888		74
Mrs. Peter Britten	July 28, 1888	Eaton	81
James Stirling	August 31, 1888	Eaton Rapids	59
Mrs. Lucy Darling Wright	February 26, 1889		78
Alvin Leighton	July 26, 1888	Hamlin	79
Edmund Lamson	April 19, 1888	Grand Ledge	86
Miss Deborah Gridley	May 4, 1889	Kalamo	91
Mrs. David Stirling		Eaton Rapids	68 or 9
George P. Carman	October 19, 1888	Windsor	

MRS. CORNELIA BRAINERD.

Cornelia M. Dedrick was born in Green county, N. Y., March 28, 1814; and at the age of 19 years was united in marriage to Mr. A. H. Brainerd, and in this relation they lived where they had spent their childhood days, until 1838, at which time she with her husband moved to Ohio. And it was there that she experienced the blessings of pardon, and peace with her God. Having had this blessed experience, she was preeminently prepared to meet and discharge the duties of wife, mother, neighbor, friend and christian, and right well did she do her work. Soon after her consecration to the service of God she gave herself to the M. E. church, in whose fellowship she continued a consistent christian until Sunday, June 24, 1888, when the imprisoned soul peacefully went to her heavenly rest. Mrs. Brainerd, together with her husband, settled in Jackson, Mich. in 1846, where they remained till 1856, at which time they moved to and settled in Eaton Rapids, where she has lived to be loved and honored by all who knew her.

Mrs. Brainerd was the mother of five children, four sons and one daughter. In 1861 her three surviving sons (Frank, Will and James) enlisted in the United States service, to help put down the Rebellion. In 1864 the youngest of her three sons died in New Orleans. She mourned only as a tender christian mother could mourn. For about a year she had suffered from disease, but without a murmur or a complaining word.

MRS. PETER BRITTEN.

Died, on July 28, 1888, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Hannah Bennett of Eaton, Mrs. Peter Britten, aged 81 years and 10 months.

The deceased was born September 27, 1806, in the town of Pultz, Ulster county, New York. Her maiden name was Betsy DeVoe; her parents moved, when she was but a child, to Barrington, Wayne county, where they remained until she was 12 years old, when they removed to Tyrone, Steuben county, where she lived until she came to Michigan. In 1825 she was united in marriage to Peter Britten, and in 1828, under the labors of Rev. Doddison, she was converted and joined the M. E. church, of which she has been a faithful member for 60 years. In the year 1843, she, with her husband, came to Michigan and settled in the township of Eaton, Eaton county, where she has since resided, being one of the old pioneers of this section.

Ten children blessed their union, five sons and five daughters, of whom four sons and five daughters live to mourn the loss of a mother. In 1874 she was called to mourn the loss of her husband. Since that time she resided with her daughter, Mrs. Bennett, and was well known in the community, and loved and respected by all.

For years past she has been a great sufferer. During her last sickness she suffered greatly but was ever cheerful and uncomplaining.

EDMUND LAMSON.

Edmund Lamson, Esq., died at Grand Ledge, April 19, 1889. Old age was the cause of his demise at the ripe age of 86 years, 5 months and 1 day. This venerable patriarch was the founder and first permanent settler of Grand Ledge, of which he was justly proud, as all fathers are of vigorous, bright and promising children.

Edmund Lamson was born in East Poultney, Rutland county, Vermont, Nov. 18, 1802. At the age of 21 he came to Pontiac, Mich., driving an ox team from Vermont to Buffalo, and from thence to Detroit by boat. In 1836 he removed from Pontiac to Farmington, and in the fall of 1848 came with his family to Grand Ledge, where he permanently resided over forty years. At that time Grand Ledge was in a primitive state—a vast wilderness, not existing even in name. An eccentric man named Henry Trench, an "educated tinker" as he called himself (being a college graduate), had come here the year before, cleared about half an acre of ground and built a small house. Mr. Lamson was, therefore, the second settler, but as Henry Trench returned to Connecticut in a few years Mr. Lamson may be properly regarded as the first permanent settler of this beautiful village. At that

time father Lamson's nearest neighbors were John W. Russell, one and one-half mile west, where he still resides; David Taylor, about the same distance north, in Eagle township, and Peter Blazier, about two miles south.

Mr. Lamson was one of eight children. He was married June 3, 1827, at Pontiac, to Miss Amy Hedges, and to them were born eleven children, four sons and seven daughters, all of whom grew up to mature years, save one, who died in infancy. Of these eleven children three daughters alone survive to mourn the loss of an affectionate father.

Mr. Lamson's first wife died March 7, 1862, and he was again married Dec. 22, 1863, to Mrs. Diantha Hubbard, who preceded him to the unseen only two months and three days previous to his death.

When our little city was an embryotic village, the early settlers held a council to decide upon a name. Among those proposed was Trenchville and Lamsonville, but Mrs. Lamson interposed an objection to such stereotyped names and suggested that the town be called Grand Ledge, from the grand ledges and romantic scenery that fringe the banks and dots the bosom of Grand river at this point.

When, in April, 1871, Grand Ledge was incorporated as a village, the citizens conferred the honor of being its first president upon Mr. Lamson. In 1851 he was elected justice of the peace, which office he held for several successive years. Mr. Lamson was emphatically a *good citizen*; a man of strict honor and integrity in all business transactions, and had he possessed a less generous heart and a more avaricious or grasping disposition, might have been counted a millionaire in this world's goods, instead of being in the ordinary circumstances that he was. He was both liberal and lenient with the poor, as many a man who owns a home in this village can testify, and the hospitality of his home was freely and cheerfully extended to all in those early days. For fifteen years he has been an invalid, and a large portion of the time confined to his home.

The remains were followed to their final resting place in the Grand Ledge cemetery by a large concourse of citizens, including the common council in a body.

MRS. DEBORAH HERRING.

Miss Deborah Gridley was born August 10, 1797, in Albany county, N. Y., and died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Sarah M. Ellis, in Kalamo, Mich., May 4, 1889, aged 91 years, 8 months and 24 days. She removed to Virgil, N. Y., when quite young, and from there to Cook's Prairie, Calhoun county, Mich., in 1837, and to Kalamo in 1839, where she resided nearly 50 years.

She was married to Samuel Herring in Virgil, N. Y., February 22, 1819. Over 70 years they lived, loved and labored together. Eleven children were the fruit of this marriage, nine of whom grew up to manhood; only four of them, with her husband, survive her.

She joined the M. E. society in Kalamo, at its organization, 40 years ago, and retained her membership there until her death. Her home was the home of the itinerant preacher for many years, when Kalamo was one of many appointments on a large frontier circuit.

She was formerly strong, active and vigorous, but she broke down about 10 years ago and has been feeble and failing since. For the past five years she has been nearly blind, and her home has been with her daughter, Mrs. Ellis, who, with her husband, Uncle Sam Herring, constantly, patiently and faithfully ministered to her increasing wants and infirmities. She has not been able to attend church for several years. Her last sickness lasted about a week, but she sat up some and was dressed every day. On the day she died she came out to dinner with the family, was taken worse soon after and peacefully died amid her loved ones and in possession of her vigorous mental faculties. She was an earnest, vigorous, energetic, industrious, prudent and hospitable woman, ever bearing her full share of all of life's legitimate burdens. She knew all about the sorrows, hardships and privations of pioneer life, and she was well qualified for and did well her part in the field of toil to which Providence assigned her.

MRS. DAVID STIRLING.

Mrs. David Stirling was born in Norwich, England, on April 10, 1820. Her maiden name was Mary M. Harvey. She was brought to this country by her parents when she was still a small child. She lived the early part of her life in Oneida county, New York. She there met and married her husband, David Stirling. They removed to Eaton Rapids just forty years ago, where they have since lived. They have been counted as among the pioneers of this country, identified with all its interests and movements. They were always firm believers in the prosperity of our city and the natural advantages which it possesses, and have contributed of their means and their labor to develop and draw out those advantages. The family of Mr. and Mrs. Stirling consisted of four children, two sons and two daughters, who still survive them. Mrs. Stirling has from her childhood been a consistent member of the Methodist church. Her remains were consigned to the cemetery where David Stirling, her husband, was buried in August, 1881.

ALVIN LEIGHTON.

Alvin Leighton, son of Benjamin and Sarah Leighton, was born in Maine, February 3, 1809. When ten years of age his father removed to the State of New York, his mother having died when he was three years old. They settled in Wayne county, N. Y., coming to that place in a one horse vehicle, changing from wheel to sleigh, and sleigh to wheel, as the roads required. He grew to manhood in that place, and, at the age of 22, was married to Aurilla Alden, and settled on a new farm in the town of Sodus, in that county, where he remained until 1854, when he traded farms, and came to the town of Hamlin, Eaton county, where he lived until the time of his death, which occurred July 26, 1888.

He was converted to the christian religion soon after his first marriage, and joined the M. E. church, of which organization he remained a faithful and earnest worker the remainder of his life. Six children blessed the union of his first marriage, two preceding him to the far away land, the second son giving his life for his country, falling at Port Hudson. His first wife dying March 19, 1856, he was married November 12, 1856, to Mrs. Sarah Hill, who still survives him. January 8, previous to his death, he was rendered quite helpless by a stroke of paralysis. Twice clearing new farms, first in the State of New York, and then in Michigan, and braving the hardships incident to a pioneer life, he showed an ability to conquer obstacles, worthy of mention.

MRS. LUCY DARLING WRIGHT.

Mrs. Lucy Darling Wright was born in Penfield, N. Y., Dec. 14, 1810. At the age of eighteen she was married to Wm. R. Wright, and eight years later they turned their backs upon the scenes of childhood in the Empire State, and with their two children came to Michigan, settling near Ann Arbor.

About 1842 they removed to Eaton Rapids, where they spent the remainder of their days. Mrs. Wright was a woman of excellent judgement, domestic habits, warmly attached and deeply interested in family and friends, and though, especially in later years, dwelling often upon scenes of early days, she never expressed any dissatisfaction with the home of her adoption; but often expressed the belief that the change of climate was the only means of a partial restoration of a rapidly failing health. She lived to the advanced age of 78 years, passing away on the 26th of February, 1889, to meet her husband who had preceded her nearly nineteen years.

JAMES STIRLING.

James Stirling, of Eaton Rapids, died August 31, 1888. He was returning from Dimondale, where he had been on business, and while in conversation with a friend occupying a seat with him in the car, without any warning, he fell back in his seat dead. He was, to all appearance, in his usual health up to that time.

James Stirling was the youngest of a family of eleven children. He was born in Hartford, N. Y., December 19, 1829. He came to Michigan with his father, William Stirling, in 1842, and settled on a new farm which he assisted in improving. In 1847 he, with his brother David, engaged in mercantile business in Eaton Rapids, and continued in the business several years. He was married to Miss Francina B. Garton in 1847, who, with three children, survives him.

He was a worthy citizen, respected by all who knew him. He had held many positions of trust, such as clerk, supervisor, county drain commissioner, etc. At the time of his death he was chairman of the county committee of the prohibition party.

STEPHEN FARNUM.

Stephen Farnum died in the city of Eaton Rapids March 2, 1889, aged 83 years.

He was born in Scipio, Cayuga county, N. Y., February 2, 1806. He was married September 15, 1830, to Elizabeth Sherman, moved to Michigan in September, 1838, and settled on a new farm in the town of Tyler (now Hamlin) in Eaton county, when there were very few families in the township. His companion died in 1886. He experienced religion in early manhood and united with the Methodist Episcopal church, living a consistent christian until summoned to the "other shore." He was several times honored by his fellow citizens with the offices of supervisor and justice of the peace.

GENESEE COUNTY.

J. W. BEGOLE.

Name.	Date of Death.	Age.
Orrin Safford	December 10, 1888	92
Marvin Williams	April 20, 1889	------
Stephen Parrish	April 22, 1889	77

ORRIN SAFFORD.

Orrin Safford, Sr., one of Genesee county's earliest settlers, peacefully passed away, Dec. 10, 1888, at the home of his son, Orrin P. Safford, in Flint, after an illness of a few weeks.

The deceased was born in Woodstock, Vermont, April 7, 1796, making him in his ninety-third year at the time of his death. In the year 1832 he came west as far as Genesee county, New York, where he was engaged in the general mercantile business for two years. In 1834, when many eastern people were going west in search of homes and wealth, Mr. Safford decided to see the western country also, and after closing out his business interests to good advantage started out, and, after reaching this county, became interested and settled in what is known as Grand Blanc, where he remained for about a year, and then removed to this city, where he has since resided. During the summer of 1839 he became acquainted with and married Miss Elizabeth Curtis, by whom he had one son, Charles H. Safford, who is now a resident of Logan, Iowa, where he has resided for a number of years.

After two years of wedded life, his wife died during the year 1841. Four years afterwards, meeting with Miss Abbie J. Jennings, of Saratoga, N. Y., with whom he had been acquainted for some time, he asked her to join in the work which was before him in his new home in the western wilderness. She accepted, and in 1845 they were married and started for their home in this county. Two children were born to them to help make life the more joyful and pleasant. August 25, 1872, his second wife was taken from him by death, after being a comforting companion for twenty-seven years.

During Mr. Safford's residence in Genesee county he held several prominent offices, all of which he filled with honor and fidelity. He was for several years town clerk, afterwards deputy county treasurer and then treasurer for six years. He was then selected town treasurer, which position he filled for one year, at the expiration of which he was elected justice of the peace. This office he held four years, after which he took to farming, and at this business he remained until 1870, when, after collecting together considerable property, he retired from busy life.

Mr. Safford was always very attentive to politics and greatly interested in its welfare. His first vote was cast for President James Madison, when a candidate for re-election, in 1812, Mr. Safford being but seventeen years of age at that time, the registration boards at that early date not being so particular regarding the lawful age as they are at the present time. With his vote at the last presidential election he had cast his ballot for twenty

consecutive candidates for president without a miss. This is a record that very few men have attained. During his long life of voting Mr. Safford missed but three or four city or town elections, and these have been of late years. He was a great reader, and his faculties were acute until within a few days of his death.

MARVIN WILLIAMS.

Marvin Williams, who had lived in the vicinity of Flint for nearly fifty-four years, died April 20, 1889, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Clarissa Bodine, on North Third street, in the city of Flint. He died of old age, with a general breaking down, and heart disease. The deceased came to Michigan from Mt. Morris, New York, in 1835, and settled on a new farm of 40 acres, two miles east of Mt. Morris village, in this county, contracting to pay for the same in clearing land. Thus he commenced the pioneer struggle for independence. He went back to the State of New York in 1836 and married Miss Eliza Petit, returning with his wife to his new home in the fall of the same year. He was soon after associated with his brother, Loren Williams, in the business of making brick, one mile north of the Flint river bridge, which were the first brick made in Genesee county. Having sold his first 40 acres, he bought, and owned for a number of years, a farm of 120 acres in Swartz Creek, sometimes called Hamilton, which is now partly covered with buildings. Again selling out, he made a business, for a number of years, of clearing land, and always took upon himself the hardest work of a pioneer life, as many of his old pioneer neighbors, now living, can attest. Once more he bought a farm in the woods, about three miles west of Flint, on the old railroad track, where again he made the wilderness blossom as a rose. Again selling out, he bought 180 acres on the left bank of Flint river, about three miles from the city of Flint.

After paying partly for this land he became somewhat discouraged, and having the California fever, like many others, he lost what he had paid on his new venture and struck out for the golden elixir; crossing the great American plains mostly on foot and with different companies of travelers, undergoing many hardships and privations, the particulars of which would make quite a volume. With the rest of the gold seekers of '51–2–3 he delved in the placer diggings of California, where, with varying successes and failures, he found a few choice nuggets, on the strength of which he bought a farm one mile west of Flint, which is now a part of what is called the Thayer farm. His wife died about seventeen years ago. After living alone a few years he again married, his second wife being a resident of Flint. Again he sold his farm and moved into the fourth ward, and only changed his resi-

dence a few years ago to the first ward, where his second wife died about four years ago. For nearly twenty years past he had worked at the mason trade, and taking all things into consideration he had done more real bone and sinew labor than almost any other pioneer of whom Genesee county can boast. Always friendly and never quarrelsome, he lived a pure and upright life, and no man living can say aught against the good name of Marvin Williams. He was the father of seven children—all by his first wife—five of whom are now living.

Deceased was in his 80th year, and for many years his family held reunions on each succeeding anniversary of his birth.

STEPHEN PARRISH.

Stephen Parrish, an old and well known resident of Flint, died April 22, 1889. Deceased was born in Monroe county, New York, June 20, 1812, growing to manhood in the place of his birth. He was thrice married. Four children were the fruits of his first marriage. Two children were the fruits of his second marriage, which was also celebrated in Monroe county, N. Y.

Some twenty-seven years ago Mr. Parrish came to Michigan, settling in Flint, which has since been his home, and here his second wife died twelve years ago. Four years ago he was married to Miss Hannah Taft, who, with the children of his former marriage, a large number of grandchildren and great grandchildren, mourn his loss.

GRAND TRAVERSE COUNTY.

J. G. RAMSDELL.

HON. SETH C. MOFFATT.

Seth C. Moffatt was born in Battle Creek, Mich., Aug. 10, 1841, and attended the city schools until 1858, when with his parents he removed to Colon, St. Joseph county. For two years he taught in Colon seminary. In 1863 he was graduated from the law department of the Michigan University. During his last year at the University he was in the office of the Hon. Thomas M. Cooley. After graduation he entered the law office of the Hon. Byron D. Ball of Grand Rapids. From 1864 to 1866 he practiced law at Lyons, removing to Northport, Leelanaw county. He was elected prosecuting attorney for that county and re-elected in 1868. In 1870 he was elected

State senator from the thirty-first district and served through the regular and extra sessions of 1871–2 and the Edmunds impeachment trial. He was appointed a member of the constitutional commission of 1873. In the spring of 1874 he was appointed register of the United States land office at Traverse City, vice Lieut. Gov. Bates, and held the office till 1878. In that year he was elected prosecuting attorney of Grand Traverse county. Having been elected representative in the State legislature in 1880, his name was at once mentioned in connection with the speakership, to which responsible position he was elected from among several prominent and capable candidates. He was re-elected in 1882 and again made speaker. In 1884 he was elected representative in the forty-ninth Congress on the republican ticket by a vote of 16,467 to 8,992 for John Power, democrat. In 1886 he was re-elected, receiving 14,485 votes to 12,242 for John Power, and 293 for Theron E. Carpenter, prohibitionist.

Mr. Moffatt held a prominent place in the councils of his party, and in 1884 was a delegate to the republican national convention at Chicago. He died while in attendance upon his duties in Congress, at Washington, Dec. 22, 1887.

INGHAM COUNTY.

C. B. STEBBINS.

1888.

May 18—Mrs. Eunice P. Price, aged 75 years. A resident of Lansing 38 years.

July 16—Daniel L. Davis, aged 74 years. He had resided in Michigan 59 years.

August 22—Wm. G. Patterson, aged 53 years. He was born in Ireland, came to America when two years of age, and resided in Lansing 28 years.

August 26—Edmund Parmelee, Sr., aged 76 years. He was born at Caznovia, N. Y., and resided in Lansing 34 years.

September 8—Alfred Dart, aged 86 years. He was born in Vermont, and resided in Lansing 33 years.

September 10—Horace Angell.

September 16—Mrs. Hattie E. Wadsworth, aged 42 years. She was born in Melrose, Ohio, and resided in Lansing 38 years. She was a daughter of Mrs. E. P. Price, above mentioned.

September 25—Mrs. Smith Tooker, aged 63 years. She had resided in Lansing 41 years.

October 20—James Huston, aged 50 years. He was born in Washtenaw county, and resided in Lansing 24 years. He was on the city police force six years.

October 20—At Williamston, James A. Leasia. He had resided in Ingham county 46 years.

November 2—Mrs. Phila B. Greene, aged 75 years.

November 21—Rev. Carmi C. Olds, aged 73 years.

November 22—Mrs. Dora P. Ostrander, aged 31 years. She was born in Springport, Mich., and resided in Lansing 21 years.

November 24—Mrs. Abigail B. Hasty, aged 81 years. She was born in Southfield, Mass.; came to Michigan in 1853, and resided in Lansing since 1865. She was a woman of rare virtues, and to the end an active worker in the cause of temperance.

November 24—James L. Black, aged 69 years. He had resided in Lansing 25 years.

December 16—Mrs. Agnes J. Peck, aged 59 years. She came to Michigan from New York State, and to Lansing in 1855, and had resided in Lansing most of the time since.

1889.

January 4—Mrs. Sarah A. Fargo, aged 70 years. She had been 30 years a resident of Lansing.

January 4—Captain Asa Shattuck, aged 82 years. He was born in Vermont, came to Michigan in 1835, and to Lansing in 1840. He was a captain in the war with Mexico, and a sergeant in Berdan's sharpshooters in the war for the Union.

January 16—Ephraim Longyear, aged 62. He came to Lansing in 1848, and died at Passadena, Cal., where he had gone for his health. His grave is in Lansing.

February 15—Daniel Parker, aged 54 years. He was born in Utica, N. Y., and came to Lansing in 1854. He served three years in the 6th Michigan cavalry in the war of the Rebellion.

March 10—Mrs. Susannah Gilbert Harris, aged 80 years. She was the last of a family of sixteen children.

March 15—Martin Hudson, aged 69 years. Mr. Hudson was an Englishman by birth, and came to this country when 16 years of age. When 23 years of age he opened a hotel in Huron, Ohio. Upon the building being destroyed by fire, he removed to Milan; but thirty-one years ago came to Lansing and took the Lansing House, a three-story wooden building on the corner of Washington avenue and Washtenaw street. There he was again

the victim of fire, when he took the Benton House. On the completion of the Lansing—now Downey—House, he leased that for a term of years. On the expiration of his lease he enlarged the present Hudson House, which he owned, where his cheerful smile and careful attention to the wants of his guests made friends with all. He was extensively known as one of the most popular landlords in the country.

April 2—Hon. George M. Huntington, aged 53 years. He was born in Ludlowville, N. Y., and came to Michigan when two years of age. He was an able and upright judge of the circuit court; elected in 1876, having been prosecuting attorney for Ingham county. He was a member of the State senate. He resided in the city of Mason 34 years.

April 7—Champlin Havens, aged 81 years. He came to Michigan in 1841, and resided in Lansing since 1850.

April 7—Mrs. M. J. Daniels, aged 50 years. She was born in Perry, N. Y., and came to Michigan in 1859, and to Lansing in 1870. Until her last sickness she had been for several years a faithful clerk in the Lansing post-office.

April 8—Rev. Benjamin Franklin, aged 82 years. He was a native of England, came to Lansing in 1854, and was two years pastor of the Presbyterian church. He preached later at Saline and Brighton; but for several years past has resided at Lansing; a man universally esteemed. He died at Adrian while on a visit to friends and was there buried.

April 10—Captain John A. Elder, aged 54 years. He was born in Putnam county, Ohio, and came to Lansing in 1852. He enlisted as a private in the 8th regiment of infantry, and at the close of the war of the Rebellion ranked as senior captain in the regiment. He was in nearly every battle in which the regiment was engaged. At Spottsylvania he was wounded in his side by a shell, and a shot in his arm; and was also wounded before Petersburg. He was revenue collector in 1867. Jan. 27, 1884, he was appointed examiner of pensions, which position he held until his death.

April 12—Mrs. Mary Cain, of Lansing, aged 72 years.

April 21—Mrs. Polly Havens, widow of Champlin Havens, above mentoned, aged 78 years.

April 23—Dr. Hulbert B. Shank, aged 68 years.

April 23—Samuel Narmore, aged 82 years. He was an early resident of Lansing.

April 27—P. C. Leavenworth, Sr., aged 74 years. He had resided in Lansing 36 years.

May 5—E. W. Baker, aged 74 years. He had resided in Lansing 30 years. He was accidentally drowned.

May 5—Sylvester M. Miller, aged 52 years. He was born in Ohio and came to Michigan in 1850, and to Lansing in 1877. He served in the war for the Union one year, when he was discharged on account of failure of health. He was one term alderman in Lansing, and 22 years an elder in the Presbyterian church.

May 14—Mrs. Cynthia M. Stimson, aged 85 years.

At the age of 17 she was married to Rev. S. J. Porter, and after his death, to Homer Stimson, who died in 1857. Since that time she has passed a peaceful life most of the time with her son, Hon. J. B. Porter, and since 1867 at Lansing. She was greatly beloved by an extensive circle of friends, and leaves children, grandchildren and great grandchildren, more than three score in numbers.

May 22—Dr. Ezra D. Burr.

May 24—Wm. H. King, aged 68. He was a prominent citizen of Williamston.

The average age of the above was 65½ years. Eight were over 75, six over 80, one 81, two 82, one 85, and one 86 years of age.

MRS. PHILA B. GREENE.

Mrs. Phila B. Greene, wife of Thomas W. Greene, a resident of Lansing since 1855, died at her residence, corner of Jefferson and Seymour streets, Nov. 2, 1888, aged 75 years. She was born Nov. 20, 1813, in Easton, Washington county, N. Y., and was the daughter of Calvin and Clarissa (Brown) Smith. She was married to Mr. Greene, July 9, 1835, at Albion, N. Y., where they resided for several years. In 1840 they removed to Yates Center, Orleans county, N. Y., and in 1855 to Lansing, which has since been their home. In 1885 they celebrated their golden wedding, where many of their old time friends were present, who remembered them with many tokens of regard appropriate to the occasion. She was an earnest and devoted christian woman, and for many years an active member of the Presbyterian church. In 1863 at the organization of the Franklin Street Presbyterian church she became one of its original members. She possessed an unusually kind and amiable disposition, and was loved by all who knew her. Her husband and daughter, Mrs. Homer L. Thayer, survive her.

CARMI C. OLDS.

Carmi C. Olds was born at Cranville, State of New York, March 31, 1815. He resided with his father, who was a farmer, until about the age of 18, when he entered a collegiate preparatory school near Lima, New York, and subse-

quently entered and graduated at Genesee College, N. Y. After graduating he taught school in central New York, and in 1846 was elected president of Rock River Seminary, at Mt. Morris, Ill., that being the Methodist denominational school of that State. He remained at the head of this institution until the latter part of 1848, when failing health compelled him to resign, and he spent a year in southern Michigan with relatives. Regaining his health, he joined the Detroit conference, and was stationed at Saginaw City in charge of the Indian missions of the valley, remaining there about two years. He was next stationed as pastor over the Congress street Methodist church at Detroit, where he remained for two years, when he was elected to fill the chair of Natural Sciences at Albion college. He remained in this position until the close of the school year of 1862.

In November, 1863, he removed to Lansing and established the Lansing academy, which he conducted until the close of the school year 1867, when he was appointed presiding elder of Lansing district. In 1870 he was appointed presiding elder of Niles district, and was a resident of Niles for four years. After this he was stationed at Parma, Quincy, North Lansing, Vermontville and Grand Ledge, only ceasing active work in September, 1887, making fifty years of active work as teacher and preacher. He died at Lansing, November 21, 1888.

DR. HULBERT B. SHANK.

Dr. Shank was one of Lansing's earliest pioneers as well as one of its first physicians. He was born in Springport, Cayuga county, N. Y., May 31, 1820, and died at Lansing, April 23, 1889. His father, Isaac Shank, was of Holland descent, and a soldier in the war of 1812. His mother, Rachel Rogers Shank, was of Irish parentage, and was twice married, her husbands being brothers. They settled in Springport in the early part of the century, and obtained a large farm, at one time owning about 800 acres.

Hulbert, the subject of this memoir, was the fourth of 14 children, six of whom survive him. John B., Isaac Y., Jotham W. and Peter still reside in the vicinity of their ancestral home, while Jerome V. and Effie A. (Mrs. Bartholomew) reside in Lansing. He was a farmer's son, and performed the ordinary labors of a farm, attending the district school until 18 years of age, when he entered the Cayuga academy, remaining there about three years, during which he taught school two winter terms.

Dr. Shank's father had designed that he should enter the legal profession but his tastes were for medicine, and he commenced his studies, first in Cayuga, afterwards continuing them in Waterloo, and finally, in 1843, he entered the office of Dr. Rush of Geneva, graduating from the Geneva med-

ical college in 1846. He was a fellow graduate of the late Prof. Moses Gunn, professor of surgery in the university at Ann Arbor.

After graduation, Dr. Shank settled at Aurelius, N. Y., where he began the practice of medicine as a partner of Dr. Johnson, whose daughter, Frances P. Johnson, he married, December 20, 1847. In the fall of 1848 Dr. Shank and wife, and Dr. Johnson came to Lansing. He resided with his father-in-law that year and in the spring of 1849 he cleared the place upon which he died. It was then a forest.

At the time of Dr. Shank's arrival here, Lansing contained about 250 inhabitants. Dr. David McClure was already here, but was about to retire from practice, and, as he was pleased with the energy and acquirements of the young surgeon who had pushed into the wilderness, he gave him his friendship, advising and materially assisting him in the outset of his career. With the increase of population, Dr. Shank's practice became larger and more remunerative, and within a brief time he became the leading physician and surgeon of this section. Within five or six years his practice had extended until he was obliged to have assistance, and he formed a partnership with I. H. Bartholomew. Legally, this partnership continued for three years; but it practically extended through life, inasmuch as it was his custom, when unable to give personal attention to his patients, to send them to his old partner. Of late years he has been ably seconded by his son, Dr. Rush J. Shank, who also enjoys a large and remunerative practice among the descendants of the pioneer fathers and mothers, who found a physician, friend and counselor in his father for many years.

Dr. Shank was originally a whig, in politics, and an active and prominent leader in the councils of the party, running, under its auspices, for the legislature; but as the county at that time was overwhelmingly democratic he was defeated. In 1854, upon the organization of the republican party, Dr. Shank cast his fortunes with the new movement, and did strong work for the first republican governor, Kinsley S. Bingham. In 1856 he was a delegate to the national convention of the party that nominated Gen. John C. Fremont for the presidency. Dr. Shank was again nominated, in 1860 (this time by the republicans), for the legislature, and took his seat as a representative from Ingham, January 1, 1861, doing good service through that session.

As showing some of the characteristics of the man, and his sturdy ideas of right, it may here be said that previous to his election to the legislature Dr. Shank had been for several years a member of the board of control of the Reform School for boys, and was the first physician of the school. His understanding of the constitution was that the clause prohibiting persons from holding two offices under the government at one time included the

positions he then filled, and before qualifying as a representative he promptly resigned all connection with the school. From the first to the last he never wavered in his allegiance to the party with which he cast his lot in the stormy days of its infancy.

August 19, 1861, Dr. Shank went to the front as surgeon of the 8th Michigan infantry. He was present at the capture of Beaufort, and in several other engagements; but failure of health rendered his resignation imperative, and it was accepted Jan. 11, 1862. He was appointed examining surgeon for the third district, and held that position until the close of the war. He has always been a warm friend to the veterans, and was a charter member and one of the chief organizers of Charles T. Foster Post, No. 42, G. A. R., in 1884.

Dr. Shank always took an active interst in education, and was for many years a member and president of the board of education of this city, obtaining many concessions from the State in the interests of the schools of Lansing. He was also an active member of the State Medical Society, and at one time its president, and a delegate to the National Medical Association.

Dr. Shank was initiated into Lansing Lodge, No. 33, F. & A. M., Feb. 15, 1849, and raised to the degree of master, March, 2, 1849. He was the second initiate and the third master mason made by the lodge. Sept. 1, 1853, he demitted with others, and formed Capitol Lodge of S. O., No. 66. At its first meeting, Aug. 30, 1853, he was elected senion deacon. The following year he became senior warden, and was its master during the year 1857.

Upon the formation of the old Lansing Chapter, No. 9, Royal Arch Masons, organized March 14, 1851, he with Champlin Havens and others were the first to petition for the degrees. Both received the mark master degree that evening, and on March 18, 1851, both received the royal arch degree. On March 20, Dr. Shank was elected high priest. Thus in less than a week he received all the degrees of the chapter and became its presiding officer. The old chapter lost its charter, and the present Capitol chapter, No. 9, was organized March 5, 1861. Dr. Shank was present and was made M. of 1st V., and was its high priest in 1866 and 1867. In 1856 and 1857 he was deputy grand high priest of the grand chapter of royal arch masons of Michigan.

When Lansing Council, No. 29, R. & S. M., was organized, Jan. 25, 1870, he was its first deputy thrice illustrious master.

At the second meeting of Lansing Commandery, K. T., Feb. 1, 1869, Dr. Shank petitioned for orders and was knighted a Knight of the Red Cross, May 4, 1869, and Knight Templar, May 21.

During the 40 years and more of his masonic life he never lost his interest in the order, being present at the last meeting of the commandery, and at a historical meeting of his lodge, a few weeks before his death, he gave a very interesting talk, relating early reminiscences of masonry in Lansing.

Dr. Shank was also very much interested in the pioneer history of Michigan. He became a member of the old State Historical Society at a meeting held in Young Men's hall, Detroit, Aug. 4, 1857, and was also a member of its successor, the State Pioneer Society.

Dr. Shank's health in youth, was robust, but he was subject to sudden attacks. As age came on he gradually relinquished his practice, and for the last six or eight years he has lived at ease, having amassed a competency. He leaves three sons, Rush J., Robert B., (in whose arms he died) and Edward (now in Dakota) all married, and a daughter, Mrs. H. A. Farrand, besides his widow. As previously stated he has a brother Jerome and sister Effie (Mrs. Dr. Bartholomew) residing in Lansing. He also leaves several grand children, all daughters.

Dr. Shank was not a member of any church, although he attended the Universalist services, and it was his request that his remains be laid away under the auspices of the masonic order.

DR. EZRA D. BURR.

Dr. Ezra D. Burr died May 22, 1889, at the home of his son, in Lansing, of malarial fever. Dr. Burr once had a State reputation as a physician and as a journalist, having owned a paper at Eaton Rapids, and subsequently purchased the Grand Rapids Democrat which he managed ably for several years. He came to Lansing in 1870. He leaves two sons, Col. Frank A. Burr, a well known Philadelphia journalist, and Fred Burr of the Lansing Journal job rooms. He was buried at Eaton Rapids.

HORACE ANGELL.

Horace Angell was born in Ashford Hollow, Berkshire county, Mass., September 20, 1815.

The situation was, no doubt, picturesque enough among the Berkshire hills, but it did not seem to meet the needs of a growing family; at least we find the elder Angell with wife and little ones, wending their way westward when Horace was but six months old. The west line of "York State" was considered the "far West" in those days, and the family did not venture beyond it. A suitable farm was found and purchased in the township of Williamson, in Ontario county, a part of which, including the Angell farm, afterwards became Marion township, in Wayne county.

Here young Angell passed the years of his youth, as did so many other farm lads of that generation, the winters in the district school, with its comparatively meager advantages, and the summers at home upon the farm.

This manner of life continued until the spring of 1835, when Horace Angell was approaching the completion of his 20th year, when the family again turned their eyes and hopes westward. This time their Mecca proved to be a farm of 120 acres in the wilds of Wayne county, Mich., near Plymouth, which remained the family home until 1849.

Horace, however, did not remain with his parents all these years. After reaching his majority in 1836, a portion of his time was spent in assisting his father at home, and a portion in working by the month upon neighboring farms. In the fall of 1839 he married Miss Lydia Phelps of Plymouth, and rented a farm of a Mr. Gregory.

He continued to rent farms until 1844, when he purchased fifty acres of partly improved land, and began the battle of life upon an independent basis. In 1848 he disposed of the fifty acres to good advantage, and taking his wife and family, now consisting of five children, he moved to the vicinity of Meridian, in Ingham county.

Here, in 1852, he suffered the loss of his companion. She had borne him seven children, of whom three died in infancy, and four are still living (1888).

Soon after his wife's death he exchanged 120 acres of his land in Meridian with Mr. Lawrence Meach, for a farm lying in Lansing township, to the north and west of the city. About the same time he came into possession of a house on Washington avenue north, known as "The Gothic." Residing in this city home, he engaged in the business of public teamster, carrying grain and other farm products to Detroit, and bringing goods for the Lansing merchants.

The farm procured of Mr. Meach was exchanged for the hotel property in North Lansing, then known as the Seymour House, but now called the Franklin House, where he acted the part of "mine host" until late in 1865. The winter of 1865–6 was spent in Canada, with his oldest daughter, and the following year in and about Marion, Wayne county, N. Y. In the spring of 1867 he returned to Lansing, with Almira Hicks as Mrs. Angell. He purchased the residence on the corner of Capitol avenue and Madison street, which proved to be his last earthly home; and also made several exchanges of real estate, which resulted in his ownership of a fine farm lying about four miles north of North Lansing, which, at the time of his death and for several years before, had been occupied by his only son, Oliver.

In the fall of 1868, the people of Ingham county chose Mr. Angell as their

sheriff, and in that capacity he resided for two years in Mason. Returning to Lansing, he remained in private life until 1874, when he was elected city marshal for one year. He continued to be a resident of the city up to the time of his death.

For several years he had been afflicted with a nervous disorder which very slowly grew worse, but did not confine him to his house until in November, 1886, when the malady became so severe that his death was expected. His naturally vigorous constitution enabled him to rally, but the struggle was ended September 10, 1888. Ten days more would have seen the completion of his 73d year.

IONIA COUNTY.

A. CORNELL.

Name.	Date of Death.	Place of Death.	Age.
Mrs. Clarissa Thompson Millard	May 1, 1888	Ionia	84
Westbrook Divine	Sept. 11 or 12, 1888	Grand Rapids	66
Mrs. Louisa Lovell	October 6, 1888	Ionia	77
Rev. George C. Overhiser	June 22, 1888	Ionia	77
Paul Steele	April 19, 1889	Orange	80
Lewis D. Smith	May 30, 1888	Ionia	70
Royal Howell	May 24, 1889	Easton	78
James Leonard	May 31, 1889	Odessa	88
Wm. R. Churchill	December 11, 1888	Portland	79

MRS. CLARISSA T. MILLARD.

Mrs. Clarissa Thompson Millard died May 1, 1888, at Ionia, aged 84 years. She was born in Washington county, N. Y., June 30, 1803. She was married in 1824 to Chauncy Thompson. They came to Ionia, Michigan, in 1846. Her husband died in 1856. In 1861 she married Doctor Millard, of Lyons, one of the early pioneers of Ionia county, who died September, 1876. Her last years were spent with her son, O. C. Thompson, of Ionia. She worked industriously to within one day of her death, being sick but a day. She had been an earnest christian for more than 68 years.

WESTBROOK DIVINE.

Westbrook Divine was born in Rochester, N. Y., August 4, 1822. His education was obtained in the common schools, and by a course of training in Kingston Academy, N. Y.

In the year 1843, at the age of 21 years, he came to Michigan and bought a tract of wild land lying in the southern part of the township of Eureka, Montcalm county. He soon went to work making improvements on his farm, dividing his time between work upon it and the farm of his brother, R. K. Divine, who lived near by in the same township.

January 27, 1845, he married Elizabeth Roosa, of the township of Otisco. Although not married in the township of Eureka, he was the first settler in that township to marry. In 1846 he built a dwelling house on his farm and settled down to housekeeping in his new home. The home then established soon became noted for its hospitality. The latch string always hung on the outside of the door, and all persons who crossed its threshold received a hearty welcome.

At this early day he took a great interest in public affairs, and was soon singled out by his neighboring settlers as one well fitted to lead in the work of building up this wild, new country. Ionia county, south of him, was, for the most part, in a state of nature, and to the north the entire State was an unbroken wilderness, inhabited only by Indians. The history of this region was to be made; and when the history of the counties of Ionia and Montcalm is fully written, the name of Westbrook Divine will appear upon many a page, so many and varied were the offices he filled and the institutions he helped to build during the very active life of 45 years he spent in the Grand river valley.

He was one of the highway commissioners to lay out the first roads in the township of Eureka. He was elected its first town clerk. In 1850 he was elected register of deeds of Montcalm county, in which office he continued four years. Although laying no claim to legal knowledge, such was the confidence of the people in his ability, he was elected prosecuting attorney of Montcalm county in 1854. In 1856 he was elected supervisor of the township of Eureka, and continued to be chosen for this office year after year with the exception of two years, until the year 1881, when he removed from the township to Belding, Ionia county. He served two terms as State senator, from 1863 to 1867. He was appointed United States internal revenue assessor for western Michigan in 1867, and retained the place until the office was abolished in 1872. In 1875 Governor Bagley appointed him one of the board of managers of Ionia House of Correction, which office he filled about three years. He was the first president of the Excelsior Agricultural Society, and continued in this capacity until 1881, when the society ceased to exist. He was president and member of the board of directors of the People's Fire Insurance company of the counties of Ionia and Montcalm.

He has been president of the Washington Club continuously from its organization in 1866 down to the present time.

In 1879 he assisted in the organization of the Western Michigan Agricultural Society, and was elected a director, a position he held up to the time of his death. He filled many other positions of honor and trust, always discharging the duties of every office with ability and the strictest integrity.

When in Grand Rapids in October, 1887, he was stricken with paralysis, from which he never fully recovered. His health continued poor, and he lived as it were, in the shadow of the death that came to him in the same city nearly a year later. In the latter part of August, 1888, he went again to Grand Rapids, hoping to receive benefit from medical treatment.

Monday night, Sept. 10, he retired, apparently in his usual health. He was not seen again until the following Wednesday morning, when he was found dead, lying in a comfortable position, as though he had passed from a natural sleep, painlessly, to the sleep that knows no waking.

He leaves a wife, three sons and a daughter to mourn his loss.

Westbrook Divine was one of the most genial and companionable of men, and had a way of making lifelong friends of those who came in contact with him. He enlivened every social circle which he entered. He had a great fund of good humor, and it had the contagious property of inspiring all who were in his presence long with the same happy good nature. The social traits of his character will long be treasured in memory by those who were privileged to be his intimate friends.

MRS. LOUISA LOVELL.

Mrs. Louisa Lovell, wife of Hon. Cyrus Lovell, died at Ionia, October 6, 1888, in the 77th year of her age.

Mrs. Lovell came from Herkimer county, N. Y., with her father, Daniel Fargo, in the year 1825. She was married to Mr. Lovell, at Ann Arbor, November 17, 1831. They removed immediately to Kalamazoo, where Mr. Lovell built the *first framed dwelling house* in Kalamazoo. A store was the only *framed* house prior to his dwelling house.

In 1836 they removed to Ionia where she died, and where Mr. Lovell now lives. Mrs. Lovell, as a wife, mother, citizen and christian was a woman of rare excellence. She had long been a highly esteemed member of the M. E. church. Her memory will long be cherished by those who knew her best.

REV. GEORGE C. OVERHISER.

Rev. George C. Overhiser died at Ionia, June 22, 1888. He was born in the State of New York, 1811; came to Michigan in 1839. Was pastor of the

Presbyterian church at Ionia from 1843 to 1847. Was pastor at Cook's Corners, in Otisco several years. Removed to Ionia, where he remained until the time of his death, at the age of 77.

PAUL STEELE.

Paul Steele died in Orange, Ionia county, April 19, 1889. He came to Orange, in or prior to the year 1838, where he remained a farmer to the time of his death (aged 80 years), an esteemed and highly respected citizen.

LEWIS D. SMITH.

Lewis D. Smith died at his home in Ionia May 30, 1888, aged 70 years. He was born at Luzerne, Warren county, N. Y., July 16, 1818. Came to Orleans, Ionia county, in 1846, and settled as a farmer. Subsequently he removed to Ionia and engaged in the mercantile business. In 1856 he was appointed postmaster at Ionia, which office he held until 1873. As a good citizen and a christian man, he has left an unblemished record.

ROYAL HOWELL.

Royal Howell died in Easton, Ionia county, May 24, 1889, aged 78 years. He was born in Seneca county, N. Y., in 1811. In 1834 he came to Michigan, purchased land in the township of Ronald, Ionia county, where he cleared a farm, upon which he lived until 1866. He was the second supervisor of Ronald and subsequently was township clerk, treasurer, justice of the peace and school inspector. In 1866 he removed to a farm in Easton. Fifteen years later he retired to the present family residence, where he died.

MR. JAMES LEONARD.

Mr. James Leonard, of Odessa, died suddenly, at his home, May 31, 1889, of heart disease. He was one of the pioneers of that township, having settled on section 3, in 1843, where he has ever since lived to the time of his death. He was 88 years of age, and was widely known throughout the county, and universally esteemed.

WILLIAM R. CHURCHILL.

William R. Churchill was born at LeRoy, New York, December 22, 1808, and died at Portland, Mich., December 11, 1888, being nearly 80 years of age. In his youth he had only the advantages of a common school education, but he improved them to his utmost ability. He was brought up as a farmer, and when Michigan was admitted as a State into the Union Mr.

Churchill joined the tide of emigrants from the old States and came to Michigan in the spring of 1837. His first stopping place was at Jackson, for a short time only, and then packing his household goods in a canoe, with his little family came down Grand river to Portland, arriving here during the early fall of that year. At that time, no roads had yet been opened in this part of the State. The numerous Indian trails were sufficient for persons on horseback, but the Grand and Looking-glass rivers were the principal highways for the transportation of personal property. On his arrival here he secured 160 acres of land on section two of what is now Danby. As settlers were constantly moving in, he opened a small store in the embryo village of Portland, and was so successful that from time to time it was necessary to enlarge his accommodations until he became known at Detroit and New York as one of the most reliable merchants in this portion of the State. His capital at the beginning was quite limited, but the business principles by which he was governed, and from which he never deviated, increased his popularity and insured a degree of success not usually enjoyed by men under more favorable circumstances. He caused to be erected several substantial buildings, including the present residence of his family, which at the distance of a quarter of a century has no superior in the village. He was eminently a self-made man, and had that confidence in himself that imparted courage and enterprise which insured success. In this respect, his example is worthy of emulation by all who knew him. In politics he was a democrat, and tenacious of his opinions; but he cheerfully accorded to others of a different school that freedom of opinion which he claimed for himself. In religious faith he was a Presbyterian; but when that church in Portland was merged in the Congregational church, he cast in his lot with others, and remained in that communion until his death. For about twenty of the last years of his life his health steadily declined, causing him to retire from business cares, and almost imperceptibly he glided down the declivity of life and peacefully passed away.

He was a pleasant companion, ever ready to speak of the experiences of pioneer times, the privations of which he shared in common with others in the settlement of this village. The most prominent points of his character were the strength of an iron will, connected with energy and untiring industry, and all governed by adherence to principles of honor and strict integrity. He left a widow and three children to enjoy the fortune acquired while in the strength of mature manhood.

ALBERT F. MOREHOUSE.

KALAMAZOO COUNTY.

HENRY BISHOP.

Name.	Occupation.	Date of Death.	Age.
Hiram B. Tiffany	Farmer	June 1, 1888	75
Pembroke S. Grimes	Dentist	" 9, 1888	64
Allen McLinn	Farmer	" 15, 1888	82
Daniel Cahill	Farmer	" 29, 1888	76
Andrew Crum	Real estate trader	July 22, 1888	75
Elizabeth Franckboner	Farmer's widow	August 15, 1888	82
Polly Bennett	Widow	" 24, 1888	90
William H. Snow	Jeweler	September 1, 1888	74
Hugh Rollins		" 16, 1888	76
Philo Vandenburg	Retired farmer	October 5, 1888	82
Mrs. Jesse Earl	Widow	" 11, 1888	70
Margeret Harrison	Farmer's widow	" 29, 1888	80
Olive S. Chamberlain	Widow	November 8, 1888	85
Luther H. Trask	Architect and builder	" 14, 1888	81
Sumner Hemingway	Farmer	" 24, 1888	85
Mrs. Hemingway	Widow one day	" 25, 1888	81
Mrs. Eli Douglass	Farmer's wife	" 26, 1888	72
Joseph Flanders	Farmer	" 27, 1888	84
George Patterson	Retired court officer	" 29, 1888	85
Dr. H. O. Hitchcock	Surgeon	December 7, 1888	61
Mrs. M. M. Stimpson	Widow	" 12, 1888	66
Capt. Amos D. Allen	Capt. Co. C., 13th Reg., County Clerk, etc.	" 20, 1888	74
Lou Ann Gifford	Widow	" 31, 1888	85
George Colt	Retired merchant	January 1, 1889	76
Martha Townsend	Farmer's widow	" 4, 1889	92
Willis Judson	Farmer	" 7, 1889	63
Russell Munger	Farmer	February 20, 1889	83
Germain H. Mason	Lawyer	" 20, 1889	57
Eliza Seamour	Widow	" 27, 1889	82
Lewis Edmunds	Farmer	March 3, 1889	82
Phillip C. Davis	Retired merchant	April 28, 1889	79
Charles Smith	Vet. Surgeon	May 4, 1889	82

KALAMAZOO COUNTY.—CONTINUED.

Name.	Date of Death.	Place of Death.	Age.
Jeremiah P. Woodbury	November 7, 1887		
Alexis Ransom	January 16, 1888	Kalamazoo	83
Sylvester Fredenburg	September 4, 1887	Wakeshma	65
Mrs. Olivia Bushnell	June 19, 1888	Leroy	77
Ellen F. Briggs	September 20, 1887	Vicksburg	75
Benjamin F. Doolittle	June 23, 1888	Plainwell	64
Holland Gilson	July 30, 1888	Climax	87
Chester W. Haywood	April 19, 1888	Battle Creek	67
Capt. Barnard Vosburg	December 21, 1887	Galesburg	60
Andrew T. Moore	August 8, 1888	Tulare	86
Rev. James J. Robe	January 1, 1888	Kalamazoo	81
Rufus S. Clapp	August 2, 1888	Pioche, Nevada	73
Rev. Wm. Taylor			
Stillman Jackson	October 11, 1887	Richland	80

SKETCHES OF PIONEERS WRITTEN OR COMPILED BY A. D. P. VAN BUREN.

JEREMIAH P. WOODBURY.

[From the Kalamazoo Telegraph.]

The Telegraph Saturday gave particulars of the injury sustained by Mr. J. P. Woodbury, his being thrown from the carriage in which himself and Messrs. S. S. Cobb, Geo. W. Taylor and H. C. Reed were returning from a hunting expedition. Soon after the fall Mr. Woodbury became unconscious and did not rally from this condition. He was taken to his home about 12 o'clock. He lingered till 11 o'clock at night, when he passed away so quietly and peacefully that those about his bedside scarcely knew just when dissolution took place, Nov. 7, 1887.

Jeremiah P. Woodbury was born in Charlton, Massachusetts, on the 7th day of February, 1805, and came of sturdy, Puritan stock. After leaving his home he started out for himself. He became a merchant in the village of Peru, in Groton township, near South Lansing. In 1833 he married Miss Minerva Kneattles in South Lansing, N. Y. In 1836 Mr. Woodbury and his family, with his brother Caleb, removed to the then wilderness of Eaton county and settled in Bellevue, where the firm of C. & J. P. Woodbury carried on business until 1847, when Mr. Woodbury removed to Kalamazoo. The history of the settlement of the Messrs. Woodbury in Bellevue and the

business they did there would supply interesting pages. It was pioneering indeed. The firm kept a general store in the little colony and also manufactured saleratus, black salts, etc., exchanging these and other commodities to New York merchants for goods, thus enabling the settlers to obtain supplies by the ashes made by their slashings and clearings. Hon. Jonathan Parsons, who was a clerk for this firm, relates how settlers would bring ashes in "schooners," hollow logs which would hold 8 to 10 bushels of ashes, to the store and sell them for six cents a bushel, sometimes drawing the same over the mud roads (a wagon box would not hold the ashes), eight miles and more and exchanging the load for a few drawings of tea at $2 per pound and a little sugar at 50 cents per pound, this to be used in case of sickness. That is the way a good may Eaton county people began, and the store of Messrs. C. & J. P. Woodbury was where they found help in time of need, and a market for such commodities as they could produce.

The business career of Mr. Woodbury in this city is familiar as a household word. From 1847 down to the day of his unfortunate death he has been at the head or deeply interested in business movements here of importance. A short time after he came here Mr. J. Parsons, who had been his clerk, became a partner in the dry goods business for several years. Then the late Hon. Allen Potter and Mr. Woodbury became associated in the iron business. In 1850, or about that time, Woodbury & Potter, who were associated together in the hardware business, became proprietors of the blast furnace established just before by a Mr. Wilder at a point adjoining the Riverside cemetery, the place then being known as Enniskillen from the famous distillery which years before had existed in that vicinity. This venture proved quite profitable and was continued several years until the iron ore on the west side of the river was exhausted. This was a famous industry in Kalamazoo in those days. The furnace was sold to and run by the late William Burtt. Together with Mr. Potter and with Mr. Gale, Mr. Woodbury carried on the hardware business for some years. With Mr. Potter and Mr. J. A. Walter he became one of the leading members of the Kalamazoo Gas Light company. In 1854 Mr. G. H. Gale became a partner in the hardware business and the store now occupied by Messrs Parsons & Wood was first occupied by this firm. In 1855 the firm changed to Potter, Gale & Parsons. It was in 1858 that Woodbury with Messrs. Potter & Walter became proprietors of the gas works which were established the year before. In 1856 Messrs. Woodbury & Potter and Wood established the banking office which in 1865 became the well-known and popular Michigan National bank. Indeed, it would fill columns to relate the various and important business enterprises in which Mr. Woodbury has been engaged,

and which have been uniformly successful. His large business experience, his forecast, shrewdness and superior judgment (with what seemed to be a fortunate star) always led him to do the right thing in business enterprises, as well as in all that he undertook.

In 1852 Mr. Woodbury served as president of the village, and subsequently two terms as village trustee. In all matters pertaining to the advance of this place from the day he came here, he has been a liberal giver and a wise adviser, and his name has given great encouragement and strength to every undertaking which he has favored. And, yet, throughout all his business relations he has never wronged any one, and that person does not live who can truthfully say that Jeremiah P. Woodbury ever treated him otherwise than honorably and fair.

As a citizen, a neighbor, a friend, as a business man, in short, in all the relations of life, no man in our community stood higher. And though his age was nearly 83 years, and he seemed to have reached that age when his usefulness had passed, he is as deeply mourned as he would have been even a score of years ago. For a man of his age he was remarkably vigorous, and was one of the happiest, most genial of men, ready at all times to help those in need, or to give capital to new enterprises. He was passionately fond of hunting and fishing, and in pursuit of his amusement he would outlast many a younger man. It seems strange that in the countless adventures which both Mr. Cobb and Mr. Woodbury have passed through, that this should be about the first accident.

But it is in his own family, and in his immediate circle of kindred and intimate friends that his loss is wholly irreparable, for no parent was ever more dearly loved and prized than he. His good humor, his affectionate nature, his helpfulness and his freedom from anything like personal helplessness by age all seemed to give token that for many many years he would be spared to remain with them, and, but for the accident it is believed that he would have lived another ten years at least.

His wife and four children survive him.

ALEXIS RANSOM.

[From the Kalamazoo Telegraph.]

Mr. Ransom was born in Townshend, Vermont, February 22, 1805, and consequently had nearly completed the eighty-third year of his age. He was the fourth of six sons of Major Ezekiel Ransom, all of whom were among the very early settlers of Kalamazoo county, and all of whom here found their graves where they had lived. His father, Major Ransom, was a somewhat

remarkable man and distinguished himself in the war of 1812. His mother, Lucinda Fletcher Ransom, was a no less remarkable woman, well born and bred. She was the daughter of Colonel, or, as he was always called, General Fletcher, one of the most distinguished men in Vermont in his day, and one of the most influential in opposing both the rival claims of New York and New Hampshire for the territory which became the independent State of Vermont, and twice during the contest General Fletcher was imprisoned for what he deemed righteousness' sake, or a strenuous defense of the rights of the people of the new State. There are some living in Kalamazoo yet who will well remember Mrs. Ransom as a true lady of the old school, and whom, in fine courtesy of bearing and manner, Mr. Alexis Ransom strongly resembled. "A perfect lady," his mother was wont, and justly, to be called. She was a woman of the strictest integrity, and a fine sense of right in the smallest matters, traits in which the deceased also resembled his mother. Mrs. Ransom, the mother, had, as will be remembered by all who knew her, a wonderful love and enjoyment of music, traits which all of her twelve children (for there were six daughters as well as six sons in the family), and especially Alexis Ransom and the youngest son, Wells, inherited. It was a family that could make a musical choir of themselves at any family gathering, and the writer of this sketch can perfectly recall the rapt face of the dear old mother at many of these gatherings as she listened, involuntarily keeping time with a finger, and sometimes joining in a few notes that she especially loved.

The deceased may be said to have first started out in life for himself in Clinton county, N. Y. From there he went to Glen Falls, where he married Miss Lois Stone, a sister of Mrs. E. J. Fish of this town. Four children of that marriage, three daughters and one son, survive their father In the fall of 1827, Mr. Ransom came to Kalamazoo; the next spring, however, he went to Allegan, where he was for four years associated with the then influential and prosperous firm of the brothers Ely. These were the years of the great financial crisis, known as the days of wild-cat money in Michigan, and the firm with which Mr. Ransom was connected was among those that "went under" in those trying times, and Mr. Ransom was strongly tempted to give up the West and return again to New England. But he was the favorite brother of Governor Ransom, who, very anxious to keep him in Kalamazoo, in order to tempt him to remain, conveyed to him for a nominal sum, a deed of four acres of land, on a portion of which he built a house, which, rebuilt, is the one in which he lived for 43 years, or till his death. After his return to Kalamazoo from Allegan, for a time he was engaged in the flour trade with Mr. Fish, his former partner, and for

some time with the late Mr. Lucius Clark in mercantile business. In 1845, under President Polk, Mr. Ransom was appointed postmaster for a full term, and he has served some time as justice of the peace in Kalamazoo. Interest in lumber mills not far from Vicksburg has occupied Mr. Ransom and taken him much from home for several years past, but no man ever loved his home better, and he was very seldom away over a Sunday.

Mr. Ransom's first wife died in 1855, and in 1856 he married Mrs. Nancy Brown, widow of Mr. Lewis M. Brown, who survives him and to whom his loss is irreparable; for a happier union and a happier family of stepchildren on both sides is very seldom to be found in the history of second marriages. Four children of the first marriage, one son, Mr. James Ransom, and three daughters, with a son and daughter of Mrs. Ransom, survive and mourn for a kind father and a good man. Said Mr. Wyllys Ransom, son of Governor Ransom, to the writer today, "A purer man than uncle Alexis, I don't believe ever lived; when a child I used to see a great deal of him, for he was my father's favorite brother, and I cannot recollect of ever hearing so much as a slang phrase from his lips."

Mr. Ransom was a man of few words, but a great reader and a close thinker, and his mental powers and memory continued with scarce an indication of failure or impairment till he was stricken down with his last illness, about a week before his death. The same may also be said of his industrious habits and activities which continued to the last. On all subjects he was accustomed to think for himself, and no man ever more cheerfully and courteously conceded to others the same right to think and act for themselves. In politics he was a democrat, and a strong one, but he counted among some of his truest and warmest friends, those who did not agree with him in political matters. In matters of religion, too, though very little of a talker, he thought and acted for himself, and the writer has often heard him say: "On matters of such importance I must think for myself, and be guided by my own conscience. I hold it the sacred duty of every person living to do this, and I can't, why, not if I would, merely indorse another's opinion on subjects like these." It is but a few days since, however, that he expressed to the writer his strong and, as he said, growing belief in the immortality of all life, and he more and more felt (for these things he deemed must be matters of feeling rather than knowledge with everyone), that with man, death was but a continued life under other conditions from those of this life. We laid aside our old clothes and moved into new habitations with, perhaps, a larger range, but we took our real selves with us, and they made our happiness or unhappiness, there as here and everywhere Such, he said, were his growing feelings about that of which he did not pro-

fess to know anything, though he thought more about it than anything else in the world.

Mr. Ransom's death January 16, 1888, was most peaceful. In the first days of his illness he suffered much; but for twenty-four or thirty-six hours, life simply waned until it ceased, and he slept over into a new morning in the beyond. It was a somewhat noticeable coincidence that Mrs. L. E. Bulkley, an old resident of Kalamazoo, a very intimate friend of the family, and sister-in-law of Mrs. Ransom, one of the last friends in the conscious remembrance of the deceased, of whom he spoke, died in Cleveland at almost the very same hour that he did.

The Postoffice Under Alexis Ransom.

The late Alexis Ransom was appointed postmaster September 17, 1845. During the first year of his term the office was located on the north side of Main street, on the site now occupied by a portion of the Burdick house block, the office, at that time, of the "Kalamazoo Mutual Insurance Company." During this year, however, Mr. Ransom built, expressly for a postoffice, the brick structure on the east side of Burdick street (now occupied as a meat market), and moved into it September, 1845. The post-office boxes then, which, from their first introduction in 1837, had never exceeded 100, were now increased to 200. The most important events in our postal history that occurred during Mr. Ransom's term, were the completion of the Michigan Central Railroad to Kalamazoo, and the beginning of the era of cheap postage, to five from ten cents for one-half ounce letters, payment optional. Previous to that time postage rates were: For every single letter, one sheet of paper, not over 30 miles, 6 cents; over 30 and not over 80 miles, 10 cents; over 80 and not over 150 miles, 12½ cents; over 150 and not over 400 miles, 18¾ cents; over 400 miles, 25 cents; and for every double letter, composed of two pieces of paper, double these rates. Postage stamps were first provided for by a law passed March, 1817.

SYLVESTER FREDENBURG.

Died at his residence on Sept. 5, 1887, in Wakeshma, Sylvester Fredenburg, aged 65.

The ancestors of the Fredenburgs in America were 11 brothers who came from Germany to America and settled on the Hudson sometime previous to the Revolutionary war. Sylvester, the subject of this sketch, was a descendant of one of these brothers. He was born in Kinderhook, Columbia county, N. Y., April 8, 1823. At the age of 27 years he removed with his father's

family to Arcadia, Wayne county. His father was highly esteemed and held various offices. Both he and his wife died at Arcadia. In 1845 Sylvester Fredenburg married Miss Jane M. Wheeler of Sodus, N. Y. In 1852 he came to Wakeshma from Wayne county, N. Y., and located when that town was very much of a wilderness. And with his indomitable energy and perseverance he has improved to a fine state the farm which he first purchased, his fertile brain having devised many improved appliances for economy and comfort in the management. He had just completed the last building he thought necessary to make, the most complete in the country. No one will be missed from the community more than he, as his life has been devoted largely to the benefit of his fellowmen. He was untiring in his efforts to relieve the distressed. His motto has been, "return good for evil." Mr. Fredenburg has been prominently identified with the development of his township and has occupied many positions of trust, the duties of which he has discharged with ability and fidelity. He was supervisor from 1867 to 1876. He has also settled many estates some of which were very complicated. His abounding good nature and generosity were no less marked traits than his courage, tenacity of purpose, love of justice and fair play. His fortitude and courage, his will-power and patience were especially displayed in his last illness. Truly a good man is taken from the community in which he was esteemed and honored. His business relations have brought him in contact with hosts of people not only in his immediate community but throughout a large portion of southwestern Michigan, and wherever he has been he has left warm friends. In his political belief he has been a life long democrat, in his religious connections a member of the German Reformed church. He leaves only his devoted wife, who has been his companion from early manhood, having never had any children.

MRS. OLIVIA BUSHNELL.

Mrs. Olivia Bushnell died at her home in Leroy, Tuesday morning, June 19, 1888, of heart disease, and her funeral was attended at the Congregational church the following day. She and her husband, Dudley N. Bushnell, came to Leroy in the spring of 1837, and settled on the farm now owned by their sons, Harlow D. and Elon D., and where she had a home to the last. The deceased was the daughter of Asa and Prudence Bushnell, and sister of the Rev. W. and John Bushnell, all of whom became residents of Leroy and left their remains in the old cemetery opposite the Congregational church, where her remains were buried beside those of her husband. The wives of the two brothers were also buried here, and the entire eight were early members of the church in whose house of worship the funeral was held.

The deceased was born in Middleburg, Scoharie county, N. Y., January 14, 1811, where she grew up to womanhood. In her twenty-first year, December 4, 1831, she married her cousin and removed to his home in the historic town of Old Saybrook, Vt., where their ancesters had lived from the first settlement of the country. Here they remained some two years and a half and buried their first child, William Chancey. Starting west they spent two or three years with family friends at Middleburgh, N. Y., when they proceeded to Michigan, bringing with them an infant son, and arriving at Leroy just after the organization of the church, with which they united before the close of the year. Here they added to their family four sons and a daughter and here they lived and labored together twenty-two years and a half, when the husband died, September 5, 1870. The daughter having died by accident while young, the five sons were the stay and comfort of their widowed mother through nearly eighteen years, until she was caught, in falling asleep, in the arms of her youngest child.

The family to which Mrs. Bushnell belonged has an honored history. Of French Huguenot origin, probably, the earliest of the name in this country who came from England to America and were among the first settlers of Guilford and Saybrook, Conn.

As early as June, 1639—just 249 years ago this month—a record is found of one Francis Bushnell as "the third signer of the covenant for the settlement of Guilford," and at least three Congregational ministers of this name have been raised up in old Saybrook. Six other Congregational ministers of this name have a record in the ecclesiastical history of Connecticut, and one of these, Horace Bushnell of Hartford, has made a profound impression upon the christian world by his lip and pen. He was not a near relative of the deceased, though belonging to the same family, but his beautiful and greatly honored life makes it pleasant and fit to mention his name in this connection. The immediate relatives of Mrs. Bushnell are well known to a large circle of friends in Leroy, Calhoun county, and other parts of Michigan. Her parents, her two brothers and her remaining sister, Mrs. Louise Bevier, followed her to Leroy; and the completed lives of the dead, and the continuing life of the widowed sister, are perennial in their influence for good. They bear noble witness to the reality and practical worth of our christian religion and are a rich legacy to the church with which they identified themselves, and to the community in which they have lived so many years. The deceased became a christian the year she was married; for fifty full years she was an exemplary member of the church in Leroy, and she died firmly relying upon Christ as her Saviour. In her life she was quiet and steady, self-reliant and helpful, unselfish and self-sacrificing, and never

a burden to anyone. She had a capable head, hand and heart, and used them well in her home and church and society. She was a quiet but laborious worker, and the giving away of her physical organism, and not disease, caused her death. She had filled a worthy and substantial position long and well, and was ripe for the better land. She leaves an older sister to whom she had been eyes and hands for a long time, five sons and fourteen grandchildren. The oldest and two youngest sons were present at her funeral; the other two reside, one in Maryland and the other in Virginia.

PEMBROKE S. GRIMES.

This former well known citizen, one of the earliest dentists of Kalamazoo, and a resident since 1839, died January 9, 1889, after an illness of five months. To the older citizens of Kalamazoo, Mr. Grimes was one of the best known of our people. He was for many years the leading dentist of Kalamazoo, and did a thriving business. He went to Europe and remained nearly a year, in 1865, and was present at the world's exposition in Paris. After his return his health failed, and he has been an invalid ever since, for several years being unable to leave his home. For the past eight years he has been better, and able to be out almost daily in a carriage. Some five months ago he became quite ill, and death from tuberculosis resulted. His wife died about eleven years ago. He leaves one son, Frank, who has been with him for some time past. Deceased was 64 years old. When 15 years of age he left his native home, Naples, N. Y., for the West, alone. In 1839 he walked from Detroit to Kalamazoo. He took up painting as an occupation after coming here and followed this for years. He showed considerable talent, too, as an artist, as well as a house painter, and the writer remembers a number of his sketches in oil which showed a good degree of talent, and the promise that, had he pursued art study, he would have succeeded. But an opportunity occurring, he learned dentistry, and soon became proficient, and was very successful, becoming the leading dentist here, and amassing a considerable fortune. He married Miss Sylvia Hawkins of Paw Paw, and his domestic relations were very happy.

ELLERY F. BRIGGS.

This well known pioneer died at his home in Vicksburg, September 20, 1887, aged 75 years. He located on the place where he died nearly 50 years ago, and had secured a property valued at $25,000 to $30,000. He lived a bachelor until three years ago, when he married Miss Branch, of Long lake, who survives him. Deceased was born in Livingston county, N. Y. His funeral was held September 21.

BENJAMIN F. DOOLITTLE.

Benjamin F. Doolittle, who settled on Gulf Prairie, with his parents, in 1835, died at Plainwell, June 23, 1888, from apoplexy, while sitting in a chair on the lawn adjoining his residence, in that village. He had been at Kalamazoo during the afternoon, was in usual good health, and had just reached his home from a trip down town. Mr. Doolittle's age was 64. He leaves a wife and two sons.

HOLLAND GILSON.

Holland Gilson of Climax, one of the earliest pioneers of this county, died at his home July 30, 1888, aged 87 years and 8 months. He came to Michigan in 1834, from near Rutland, Vt., and settled in the village of Bronson. For ten years he lived here, and was among those who dug the race for Arcadia creek, diverting it from its original and meandering disposition, making the race for the Cooley water power and other small concerns below. This was in 1834. In 1836 he purchased of T. P. Sheldon of this place the southeast quarter of section 18 of Climax, and in the winter removed his family and household goods, by an ox team, to his new home, and all came near freezing to death. Mr. Gilson has lived on that farm ever since and added to its acres. Six children have been born to Mr. and Mrs. Gilson, only two of whom survive.

The deceased was one of the sturdy New England stock, that could always make his way through difficulties and always maintain a good name and the respect and esteem of neighbors. Mr. Gilson has been a warm partisan, in politics standing by the whig party while it continued, and by the republican to the end of his life. His wife, who is 85 years old, still lives.

PROF. C. W. HEYWOOD.

[From the Battle Creek Journal.]

Chester W. Heywood was born March 12, 1821, in Plainfield, Washington county, Vermont. The next year he removed with his parents to Ontario county, N. Y., and in 1823 to Mendon, Monroe county, in the same State. Here he lived until 1837, when he came to Schoolcraft, Kalamazoo county, Michigan, and resided there until 1843, when he removed to Rochester, N. Y., and some time after entered the University in that city. From that institution he graduated an A. B. in 1853, and an A. M. in 1859, with the second honors of his class. He was really a self-made man. He paid his college expenses by doing the janitor work of the institution, and serving as mailing clerk for the Rochester Daily Democrat.

He taught in Rochester two years. Since that time he has held the position of principal of the following schools: Kingsville Academy, Ohio, seven years; Conneaut Academy, Ohio, two years; Springfield Academy, Pa., one year; Western Reserve Eclectic Institute (now Hiram College, Ohio,) one year. He was professor in Hiram College while James A. Garfield was one of the trustees. He was a personal friend of Garfield, and was associated with him in both business and social relations.

He was superintendent of the high school in Kent, Cuyahoga county, Ohio, one year, book-keeper of Kent Glass Works one year, superintendent of East Cleveland schools two years, and salesman for the large coal firm of L. Crawford & Sons, in Cleveland for some time.

In 1876–78 he was principal of the old Geauga Seminary, Ohio; was principal of the Hartford union school, Van Buren county, Michigan, two years, and of the Galesburg union school one year, and of the Scott school in Pavilion one year. He removed to Battle Creek in 1887. He edited the Battle Creek Call for some time, and was editing the Kalamazoo Herald, when in the first part of February last he was struck by a fast driven horse while crossing Portage street in Kalamazoo. He was taken into the Kalamazoo house supposed to be dead. He soon revived and in a short time went to his home in Battle Creek, where he died on the morning of the 19th of April, 1888.

He was married in 1853 to Miss Clarissa B. Bannister, of LeRoy, N. Y. He leaves a wife and six children, one daughter and five sons. He has ever been a kind husband and father, governing by love and reason, never by force. He always discussed a question pro and con with his children, hearing their opinions, unbiased, giving due consideration to them, and then gave his own with the best paternal advice. At first he strongly objected to his son Alba's choosing his present business as a profession, but although Alba chose it against his wishes, he helped him in every way that he could. He wrote his most popular songs, trained him in elocution, and helped to fit him for some of his most difficult rolés, and when convinced of Alba's success he was pleased with his choice.

While a student in Rochester University Prof. Heywood became well acquainted with Fred Douglas, who was then editing the North Star in that city. Judge Albion W. Tourgee, the author, and his wife were both pupils of Prof. Heywood.

It was difficult to tell in what direction he evinced the most talent, he excelled in so many things. As an educator he was among the best. He had lectured, made political speeches, and edited newspapers, in all of

which he had evinced the man of broad views, the sound and able reasoner. Those who know him well found his society valuable.

Prof. Heywood was gifted as a conversationalist. His friends could learn more from his talk than from books. And what he had learned from men, books and study, he could reproduce in substance, and would often surprise his friends by giving passage after passage of an eloquent speech or poem he had read, or the full account of some historical event. His memory seemed to reproduce from the past anything he had read or heard, at his bidding.

The writer once asked him to give the meaning of the names of the old political parties of New York, which, like the plagues of Egypt, once afflicted that State. His reply was an interesting political reminiscence that would have entertained Thurlow Weed or Horace Greeley.

An old farmer friend said of him: "A man that appreciates a good thing would never get tired of Prof. Heywood's talk."

He was a republican in politics, and a Baptist in his religious convictions.

His son, Alba, writes me: "During father's sickness he has been a patient, gentle, uncomplaining sufferer. He is a thorough christian, and has expressed his readiness and willingness to go, many times. His feelings are expressed in the following lines from his own pen, written last summer:

"'Hence I no longer fear the last great change;
The shadowy vale no longer do I dread.
I shall not enter regions new and strange,
So thin the veil between us and our dead.

"'Within a few short years, or months, or days,
The loving friends, whose truth both worlds have tried,
Will gather round my couch, that thin veil raise,
And let it fall; I on the other side.'"

CAPT. BARNARD VOSBURG.

[From the Battle Creek Journal.]

Capt. Barnard Vosburg, well and favorably known in this community for many years, died at his late home, near Galesburg, on December 21, 1887. He leaves a widow and five grown up sons, to whom will fall the inheritance of a handsome property.

Barnard Vosburg was born in Copake, Columbus county, N. Y., in January, 1827. He came to Michigan in 1853, settling in the vicinity of Galesburg, on new lands, which he converted into a fertile and valuable farm. When the war for the Union began, he went to the front as captain of company A, Thirteenth Michigan Infantry. This was the regiment organized at Kalamazoo by the late Col. C. E. Stuart, of that place. Capt. Vosburg has been a prominent and influential member of the democratic party; enlist-

ing in its service in his youth, he was always true to its principles. He has been an active and useful member of the Kalamazoo County Agricultural Society, and also of the State society, and of many other associations of a public character. He was a man of vigorous intellect, clear intelligence and close observation. Observation had been a valuable instructor to him.

Thus trained in the political schools of life, Capt. Vosburg was a useful man in the community where he lived.

He was widely known among turf men, and was considered authority on the rules and regulations that govern the sports of the race-course.

If he was stern and inflexible as an opponent, he was the kindest and most generous of friends, when a difficulty had been explained away. His large heart welled over with sympathy at seeing a destitute old friend, or a poor family in want, and it was a sympathy that was wont to find expression in relieving such destitute and deserving ones.

At the annual meeting of the Kalamazoo County Pioneer Society, in August, 1887, Capt. Vosburg was elected its president. This was a tribute to the active interest he had always taken in this society, as well as to him as a public spirited citizen. He was a man of high social qualities, companionable, ready to converse on the varied topics of the day, and will be missed by a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

DANIEL CAHILL.

For nearly 60 years Daniel Cahill has been seen and known in Kalamazoo county. He died June 25, 1888, at his home in Portage, of paralysis, aged 76 years. He had been in feeble health for some time, and it has been several years since he was able to be about his farm as of old.

The deceased was born in Pennsylvania, June 14, 1812. He removed to Michigan in May, 1833, and began business in the making and selling of furniture on east Main street. His brother Abraham also came here about the same time and began business as a tanner, at a point just east of where Justice Jannasch lives. In 1839 Mr. Cahill removed to Dry Prairie, Portage township, and became a farmer, and his home has been there ever since. He was successful as a farmer and prominent as a citizen, not only of that township but of the county, always taking an active part in social, business and political affairs.

From the time he became a resident of Portage he was selected to hold local offices and in other ways was a leading and influential citizen. He was chosen several times as supervisor, as clerk, as highway commissioner, and always proved an excellent and efficient officer. He was a good farmer, an enterprising citizen and busy man. In politics he was an ardent whig until

the republican party was formed, when he became a devoted member and promoter of that organization.

In 1860 he was elected county clerk and held that office until 1866. After the close of his official service he returned to his farm and has not been in public life since. The results of a laborious life and the infirmities of age began to tell upon him years ago, and he had been in a feeble condition for some time. He outlived nearly all those who were his early neighbors, being among the last who settled in Portage in 1838. Mr. Cahill leaves a widow and six children.

ANDREW Y. MOORE.

[From the Kalamazoo Telegraph.]

A friend at Schoolcraft sends us the announcement of the death of this former prominent and highly respected citizen of Kalamazoo county—a man closely identified with the start and progress of the development of this part of the State. He was deeply interested in agriculture, and his farm in Schoolcraft was for many years regarded as a model. He was devoted especially to the raising of fine horses in the early days. He was one of the first presidents of the Kalamazoo County Agricultural Society and was for years one of its most zealous members. In 1855 he was chosen president of the State Agricultural Society. He was a gentleman of fine address and prepossessing appearance. His death occurred at Tulare, California. He was ill but a few days, having been seized with a bilious trouble on the previous Friday and died Wednesday. His condition was not considered alarming until an hour or two before his death, although he himself expressed the opinion that it would prove his last illness. He passed away peacefully and painlessly.

The Moore family, of whom we believe there are now none here, was formerly one of the leading families of the county. Col. O. H. Moore, a son living at Coldwater, is the only member now living in Michigan that we know of. A flood of recollections come up in the minds of old settlers at the announcement of Mr. Moore's decease, on Aug. 8, 1888.

The Tulare *Register* gives an extended and appreciative obituary of Mr. Moore: "His form and face were familiar to us all and every man, woman and child in Tulare respected the hale old gentleman who, though burdened with the weight of more than four score years, still went about the business of life, making every day a little richer to the world for his having been spared to see its close. Andrew Young Moore was born in New Jersey May 14, 1802. At an early day he moved with his family to Moorestown, Pa. In 1832 he removed to Schoolcraft, this county, and his life here and

his work is familiar to old citizens of the county. He was influential in establishing the State Agricultural College. Mr. Moore introduced the first gang plow into Michigan and the first combined harvester that cut grain and put it in the sack that was ever used in California, the latter being sent out there by him in 1854. Just before the breaking out of the war, Mr. Moore sold out his interests in Michigan and returned to Pennsylvania, settling at Wilkesbarre, where he went into mercantile ventures which were not fortunate and in 1877 came to Tulare, with very meagre resources and well advanced in years. By the aid of a brother then living he made wise purchases of realty which turned out advantageously. In all the relations of life he was a man whose example was worthy of following.

Before attaining his majority he was united in marriage with Elizabeth Baldey, who was 37 days his senior, and whom he laid away to rest on the 28th of March last, the worthy couple having journeyed along hand in hand for more than 65 years. Seven children were born to them, five sons and two daughters, two dying when quite young and the third many years ago."

REV. JAMES T. ROBE.

The Rev. James T. Robe, the pioneer preacher of southwestern Michigan and northern Indiana, died at his home in Kalamazoo, New Year's day, 1888, aged 81 years. He preached the first sermon in Kalamazoo county, entering that field as early as 1832. He was born in New Jersey, and began preaching at Richmond, Ind., in 1831. He was appointed by the Indiana conference, which was first organized in that year, and spread the gospel throughout the wilderness of southwestern Michigan, then just beginning to be opened. From that date till 1864 he was a most active and efficient worker, and there was not a hamlet in that part of the territory or in northern Indiana but felt the effect of his labors for the Master. He followed trails, forded streams, sometimes swimming with his horse the rivers and larger creeks, exploring a wide territory with only here and there a sparsely settled colony. He was an able and effective speaker and worker, a man of fine presence. In 1861 he was placed on the superannuated list, but still continued at work at Grand Rapids and other places. Though of late years he has not taken an active part, he has been a prominent figure at the quarterly meetings and conferences of the Methodists of this State, his tall and commanding form and venerable appearance always attracting attention. He will be long remembered all over the territory which was so long the scene of his useful labors.

A NOTABLE PIONEER FAMILY.

[From the Battle Creek Journal.]

Sherman Comings with his family, consisting of his wife, five daughters and one son, came from Berkshire, Franklin county, Vermont, in the year 1830, and settled on his new lands on Toland Prairie, Kalamazoo county. The parents died many years ago. The eldest daughter, Harriet, who became Mrs. Linus Ellison, died October 31, 1887. Nancy P. married L. J. Fox of Kalamazoo, where she spent over forty years of her life. She died February 13, 1888, at the home of her brother, J. K. Comings, in Comstock.

There are but three of this old pioneer family now living. James R. Comings now lives on the land his father located in 1830. Mrs. J. Storrs, a sister, lives in Missouri, and Mrs. A. E. Nichols, the youngest of the family, lives in Muskegon.

STILLMAN JACKSON.

This worthy pioneer died at his home in Richland, Kalamazoo county, Oct. 11, 1887, in the eightieth year of his age. He came from Vermont to Gull Prairie (Richland), in 1833. He leaves a wife, two sons and three daughters.

LUTHER H. TRASK.

Mr. L. H. Trask, one of the oldest citizens of Kalamazoo, passed away quietly, Nov. 14, 1888.

Luther H. Trask was born in Milbury, Worcester county, Mass., Feb. 15, 1807. He received a common school education. When 16 years of age he engaged in manufacturing pursuits for several years and then became a farmer. In 1828 he married Miss Louisa Fay of Southboro, Mass., by whom he had two children, George and Hannah. In 1834 Mr. Trask came to Kalamazoo and was so well pleased that he removed his family to this place which has ever since been his home. He at once became prominent in the village and county, in political, religious and social affairs. He acted as surveyor and proved of great service to the people at that time, and this business he gave much attention to in subsequent years, even up to a late period. He erected a number of houses and stores, among these his own residence, the first brick house in Kalamazoo. He was county clerk for the years 1839–40. In 1842 and 1843 he was receiver of the United States land office then located here. He was one of the inspectors of the State prison from 1855 to 1860. In 1853 he was appointed a trustee of the Michigan asylum and was president of the board till 1878.

Mr. Trask was active in the cause of education from the time he first came here through life. He was one of the founders of the Michigan Female Seminary at this place, and has been one of the chief promoters and a member of its executive committee from the first. Mr. Trask, almost as much as any citizen whom we ever had among us, has been identified with the growth and progress of Kalamazoo from the little hamlet he found here to the great city which it has become.

GERMAIN H. MASON.

[From the Kalamazoo Telegraph.]

Germain H. Mason, the subject of this sketch, was born of sturdy Puritan stock, at Rutland, Vt., August 8, 1832. In 1843 the entire family emigrated to the West, stopping first at Orland, Indiana, and finally settling at Mendon, St. Joseph county, Mich. The boy Germain remained at home engaged in farming pursuits until 1847, when, as a lad of 15 years, he entered a printing office to learn the business. Four years later we find him steadily engaged on the Centreville Advertiser, where he remained nearly one year. After working for a short time, first at Hillsdale and then at other places, he became connected with the Toledo Blade (then under the control of Hon. Joseph R. Williams, well known throughout Michigan), where he formed the acquaintance of the famous "Artemas Ward," with whom he was a great favorite. Health failing at Toledo, he returned to Mendon, and for a while was engaged with his brother-in-law in manufacturing business.

On the 15th of October, 1857, he was married to Miss Esther C. Bancker, who, with one daughter, Mrs. Maud Ranney, survives him.

His intellectual tastes led him, at last, to abandon mechanical pursuits, for which he had great natural aptitude, and in 1859 he began the study of law in the office of Hon. P. M. Smith at Centerville. He was admitted to practice in 1860, and formed a partnership with William Allison. His capacity to acquire legal knowledge and his ability to apply it to the purposes of his profession, together with his brilliant wit and attractive manners soon gave him a wide acquaintance and a valuable practice. He was elected circuit court commissioner in the fall of 1860, elected prosecuting attorney in 1862 and reëlected in 1864, serving in both capacities with ability and to the great satisfaction of court and people.

Soon after the war of the Rebellion had closed, he became the attorney for what is now known as the air line of the Michigan Central R. R., securing the right of way over its entire length, and performing the other duties incident to his official relation. This position he held for 12 or 15 years.

In 1872 he moved with his family to Kalamazoo, which has been ever since the family home and where he at once formed a law partnership with the late Hon. Dwight May. But in the winter of 1873–4 he was induced to leave this to engage with his elder brother, Marcus Mason, in a timber speculation in California. But civil war and revolution in Central America, which was to be the market of their timber, compelled the abandonment of the promising enterprise, and he returned to Kalamazoo. Here he remained, engaged in the practice of his profession (once a candidate for election as judge of probate and once as circuit judge, but defeated in both) until his health began to fail, from inherited causes, in 1882. Climatic influences finally compelled him to spend his winters in a more favorable clime. Leaving his wife and family behind, he started October 20, 1884, for Santa Tecla, in Salvador, Central America, where he engaged with his brother, Marcus, in the manufacture and sale of coffee cleaning machinery and in the coffee trade generally. After a lapse of eighteen months, during which his health was improved, he returned in June, 1886, to his home here. In the following December he returned south, going to South America, and engaged in business near Valencia in Venezuela. Coming home in July, 1888, he again returned to South America in November of the same year. In February of the present year, his old enemy, inflammatory rheumatism, attacked his kidneys, suspending their function, and causing his death on the 20th of the same month. Thus away from home, in a foreign land, with no friend near but his brother, this man of brilliant mind, extensive learning, honorable spirit, ambitious impulses, charming companionship, brilliant wit, faithful friendship, and strong domestic affections was cut down in mid career.

His memory will be cherished by all who ever knew him. His bright mental qualities, honorable impulses, social charms and faithful friendship will never be forgotten by the wide circle in which they were well known.

RUSSEL MUNGER.

Russel Munger was born June 5, 1805. He settled in the township of Prairie Ronde, Kalamazoo county, June 1, 1835, residing on the same farm 53 years, and died in the home he had made. He settled on a timbered farm, and for some years came to the village of Schoolcraft to do his trading; his wife, and generally a neighbor's wife, came with him, in a lumber wagon drawn by a yoke of oxen.

Mr. Munger was a very intelligent man for one of limited advantages; just the man to settle in a new country. If he had but little he could live

on it and be contented; a man honest in his dealings, a warm friend and a good neighbor. He had a noble woman for his wife, who did her full share in making the farm support them and their children, to whom they gave much better advantages than they themselves had. And when the time came for them to render an account of their lives' doings, they could well say: "We have endeavored to fulfil, as near as we could, all of earth's requirements."

Here are the prices of a few articles of merchandise in 1841, in Mr. Munger's account: Nails, 12½ cents per pound; calico, 25 to 31 cents per yard; unbleached cotton, 17 cents; sugar, 18¾; Y. H. tea, $1.25 per pound. These goods were paid for with pork at two dollars per hundred pounds, and yet the pioneers were happy.

AMOS DEACON ALLEN.

Amos Deacon Allen was born at Chester, Vermont, May 19, 1815; died at Kalamazoo, December 20, 1888, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. Capt. Allen emigrated to Michigan, in 1837, and settled in Schoolcraft. His first employment was clerking for T. & A. Beals; he then served that and the adjoining towns as constable for a number of years, then as justice of the peace until 1848, when he was elected county clerk of Kalamazoo county, and served eight years very acceptably to the court and to the people of both parties. Sometime after the breaking out of the late war he enlisted and was made commissary sergeant of the 13th Michigan infantry. He was promoted to the second lieutenancy of Company G, Dec. 24, 1862, and resigned his commission Oct. 23, 1863, on account of disability.

When the regiment came home as a veteran organization in February, 1864, he again enlisted and was made first lieutenant, March 19, 1864, and was afterwards appointed brigade commissary at Chattanooga, in which capacity he served until the close of the war. He received a brevet captain's commission.

Capt. Allen was a justice of the peace from 1875 to 1883, and was one of the best with which Kalamazoo was ever blessed. When Judge Wells was appointed chief judge of the Alabama Claims Court, Capt. Allen was made one of the clerks of that court, serving to the end with satisfaction to the court and credit to himself.

He was one of the oldest Masons in the city, a member of lodge 21, and was the first candidate to be initiated in that lodge; he was also a Knight Templar, by whom he was buried. He was a member of the county and State pioneer societies.

HENRY BISHOP.

CAPT. WRIGHT L. COFFINBERRY.

[Grand Rapids Eagle.]

Capt. Wright L. Coffinberry was born at Lancaster, Ohio, April 5, 1807. His father, George L. Coffinberry, was born in Berkeley county, Va. He was a farmer and cut the first road from Wheeling, W. Va., to Zanesville, Ohio, and drove the first team over it. He went to Chillicothe, Ohio, in its earliest days and four years later removed to Lancaster, at a period when it was first laid out. The mother of the deceased, Elizabeth (Little) Coffinberry, was a native of Berkeley county, Va. His parents fixed their residence at Mansfield, Ohio, in 1809, when their son was two years old. He received a common school education and at 18 years of age left the farm to learn the trade of millwright and carpenter which calling he followed thirteen years, winning a good repute as a mechanic. At the solicitation of the Civil Engineers' Corps of Ohio he enrolled himself in that body in 1836 and has seen much active service in civil engineering in the States of Ohio and Michigan.

In 1844 he went to St. Joseph, this State, and in 1846 came to this city, where he opened a watch and clock repair shop which he carried on for four years. In 1850 he was elected first city surveyor and three years later was engaged by the government as surveyor of lands in the northern part of the State. In 1854 he was again elected city surveyor and held the position three years. He has platted about one hundred and fifty additions to the city. In 1859 he surveyed a State road from Grand Rapids to Northport, in the extreme north of Leelanaw county, the location of which cost a month's travel on foot carrying a knapsack. In 1860 he fulfilled a contract to construct a road forty miles long north of Newaygo, cutting and bridging it. In 1861 he enlisted and raised a company of 100 men in this city (Co. C, First Regiment Michigan Engineers and Mechanics). He served as captain one and one half years during the war of the Rebellion, when he resigned.

His collection of plans and drawings and curious remains of his career in his profession is novel and affords matter for much entertainment. In 1881 he was elected county superintendent of the poor, which position he held for six years, discharging the difficult and delicate duties with marked ability and faithfulness.

He was married August 18, 1831, near Mansfield, O., to Jane Beach, who was born in Pennsylvania and reared in Ohio. August 18, 1881, they celebrated their golden wedding. Mrs. Coffinberry survives him, aged nearly 84 years. They have had four children: Emma, who died in 1844; Andrew

B., married and residing in this city; Rebecca J. and Julia F., who have long been widely useful teachers in the city schools.

Mr. Coffinberry had had an experience covering a list of vicissitudes equal to most men who were representatives of the old pioneer period. He began the work of temperance here many years ago and labored unremittingly in its interest. He was one of the earliest members of the republican party, and never swerved from fealty to that party.

He had been connected with the Odd Fellow and Masonic orders for many years. During his early residence in this city he was a member of the lyceum. This was superseded by the Lyceum of Natural History. During the war the latter barely existed, and finally was merged in the Kent Scientific Institute, which is an important institution of the city. Of this he has always been an active member, serving at different periods as the president of all these societies, and for several years he was chairman of the committee on archæology. He had made many explorations in that line, collecting many valuable relics in archæology.

He was a man of abounding kindness of heart, of the most absolute integrity, with profound religious convictions which actuated his every moment of life, and with a reputation as a man and a citizen which is a rich legacy for his family. His death will be mourned in many a household besides his own, and his wise counsels and exemplary life will be remembered with pleasure by all who have had the rare good fortune to know him.

Mr. Coffinberry left his home in Grand Rapids, Mich., Tuesday morning, March 26, 1889, in his usual health, and expired in a street car, without a moment's warning. Mr. Coffinberry was a gentleman of unusual vigor, both of body and mind, and this continued until the day of his death.

LENAWEE COUNTY.

BY F. A. DEWEY.

Name.	Date of Death.	Residence.	Age.
	1888.		
Clarisa Blowers	June	Cambridge	65
James Lanning	"	Raisin	78
Michael Van Sickle	"	Seneca	97
Moses B. Hoyt	"	Adrian	77
Cecil Clark	"	Ridgeway	91

LENAWEE COUNTY.—CONTINUED.

Name.	Date of Death.	Residence.	Age.
Mrs. S. E. Dewitt	June	Ridgeway	53
Susan Hair	"	Tecumseh	78
Lewis Hubbard	"	Adrian	77
Sarah B. Hoag	"	Adrian	86
John Cobb	"	Adrian	93
Japeth Cross	"	Adrian	78
Eliza Pomroy	"	Adrian	88
Asa Beckey	"	Rome	60
Anna C. Marshall	"	Hudson	90
Eunice Wilber	"	Fairfield	71
John Beckly	"	Macon	72
Margaret W. Brazee	"	Rollin	58
John J. Adam	July	Tecumseh	80
Elizabeth Whitney	"	Tecumseh	62
Giles Cleveland	"	Tecumseh	75
Norman Terry	"	Blissfield	81
Prudence E. Gement	"	Ogden	63
Mrs. G. F. Fisk	"	Adrian	74
Daniel Mickly	"	Adrian	78
M. Sutherland	"	Ridgeway	75
Caroline Arner	"	Ridgeway	65
Ephraim Hall	"	Deerfield	75
Melissa Grow Walker	"	Fairfield	58
Sylvenas Bacon	"	Fairfield	74
Isaac Turner	August	Madison	57
John S. Vandergrift	"	Adrian	77
Mrs. M. Marks	"	Tecumseh	70
Margaret Green	"	Adrian	91
Ed. V. Hodgeson	"	Adrian	70
Wm. Houghtly	"	Ogden	67
Mrs. Charles Wells	"	Franklin	75
Ezra Bertram	"	Rome	80
Samuel Rappleye	September	Ridgeway	78
Mrs. P. W. Adams	"	Tecumseh	52
George Turner	"	Adrian	75
George McConnell	"	Clinton	55
Laura Egbert	"	Clinton	70
Job Graves	"	Clinton	89
Mary Eddy	"	Blissfield	88

LENAWEE COUNTY.—CONTINUED.

Name.	Date of Death.	Residence.	Age.
James F. Morse	September	Fairfield	72
James Green	"	Jasper	84
Mrs. Caleb Baker	"	Jasper	75
Thomas Keredyne	"	Deerfield	80
James Updyke	"	Tecumseh	82
Mat. Graves	October	Raisin	68
Julia Roberts	"	Riga	72
Elizabeth Kingsly	"	Clayton	66
John Brown	"	Rollin	82
Wm. Wells	"	Adrian	75
John Allshouse	"	Adrian	74
Mrs. Miles Morton	"	Cambridge	70
Clark Ames	November	Hudson	92
Judge C. A. Stacy	"	Tecumseh	72
Mary White	"	Morenci	89
Cyrene Farley	"	Medina	82
John Carney	"	Ogden	70
Clark Boone	"	Morenci	70
Mrs. M. Nimock	"	Clinton	70
Susan Pratt	"	Cambridge	60
Mr. Houseman	"	Ridgeway	80
Lyman Montgomery	"	Tecumseh	80
Cynthia Ferguson	"	Fairfield	72
Edmond Hall	"	Raisin	82
John O'Brien	December	Palmyra	88
Patrick Lennon	"	Palmyra	76
Wm. Whelan	"	Franklin	82
Hugh Heaney	"	Clinton	60
Nicholas Smith	"	Macon	71
Mary Wilgus	"	Woodstock	85
John D. Phelps	"	Hudson	80
	1889.		
Melvin Nickerson	January	Hudson	70
Danforth Keyes	"	Clinton	77
Welcome Sherman	"	Tecumseh	81
Daniel Griffin	"	Clayton	80
Mrs. Isaac Frost	"	Medina	77
Geo. Enery	"	Rome	80
Mrs. Thompson	"	Adrian	80
Daniel Sampson	"	Fairfield	89

LENAWEE COUNTY.—CONTINUED.

Name.	Date of Death.	Residence.	Age.
Elvin Tuttle	"	Rollin	68
John Kading	"	Riga	70
Samuel Kimball	"	Adrian	75
Mary Mills	February	Adrian	83
Anna Wehle	"	Franklin	70
Sarah Pixley	"	Hudson	83
Frank Silvers	"	Tecumseh	52
Mrs. Alfred James	"	Tecumseh	65
Mrs. Aaron Price	"	Adrian	88
Mrs. Drew	"	Blissfield	82
Mr. Drew	"	Blissfield	85
John Johnson	"	Hudson	61
Charlotte Stowell	"	Hudson	82
Chester Carpenter	"	Blissfield	78
Sylvanus Seward	March	Fairfield	79
Mrs. O. W. French	"	Deerfield	70
J. G. Dewey	"	Medina	72
Mrs. Isaac Deane	"	Adrian	76
I. S. Alvord	"	Adrian	79
C. F. Smith	"	Tecumseh	69
Adam Dutcher	"	Addison	110
Geo. Hunt	"	Rome	77
Wm. Card	"	Franklin	80
John G. Bennett	"	Clayton	70
Christopher Tredway	"	Palmyra	80
Edwin Mudge	"	Adrian	80
Mary Kelley	"	Adrian	96
Mrs. Chas. Gilmore	"	Blissfield	72
Jessie Warren	"	Dover	70
Harry Cutherd	April	Rome	79
Olive H. Hood	"	Hudson	85
Jane Boyce	"	Clinton	86
Smith S. Wilkinson	"	Adrian	81
D. R. Cornell	"	Adrian	87
Wm. Armstrong	"	Franklin	86
Orsin Knight	"	Adrian	75
Alvena Dewey Burroughs	"	Adrian	54
Mrs. Badgely	"	Clayton	80
Joseph E. Wadsworth	"	Adrian	86

LENAWEE COUNTY.—CONTINUED.

Name.	Date of Death.	Residence.	Age
Alfred Budlong	April	Adrian	80
Elizabeth Leek	May	Clinton	69
Truman Gordon	"	Fairfield	74
Geo. Wilson	"	Clinton	77
Caroline Cole	"	Tecumseh	72
Stephen Carpenter	"	Madison	62
Ruth Nuder	"	Rollin	80
Robert M. Cook	"	Clinton	83
Wm. Brighton	"	Cambridge	87
Sanford Clark	"	Adrian	72
James Welch	"	Fairfield	80
John Orr	June	Tecumseh	64
T. H. Swartout	"	Woodstock	71
Joseph Kies	"	Clinton	72
Mrs. C. C. Bowerman	"	Raisin	70
Wm. Queal	"	Cambridge	80
John Swartz	"	Riga	90
Mrs. I. P. Slayton	"	Tecumseh	70
Mrs. J. Long	"	Deerfield	80

The whole number of pioneers who have left Lenawee county to be here no more is 141; there were 53 over 80 years of age; one 110; the average age a little over 80 years.

LIVINGSTON COUNTY.

CHARLES M. WOOD.

Mrs. Chas. VanKuren was born in Orange county, N. Y., October 21, 1797; settled in Oceola in 1837; died August 2, 1888, aged 90 years and 10 months.

Mrs. Robert Holland was born in England; died in Marion, August 4, 1888, aged 82 years.

Mr. John Jackson was born in New York; settled in Unadilla in 1837; died at Pinckney, November 10, 1888, aged 74 years.

Dio Jesse J. Hause settled in Putnam in 1837; died November 14, 1888, aged 80 years.

Mr. Seth G. Wilson was born in Vermont, November 30, 1798; settled in

Iosco in 1836, and died on the farm he bought from the government, December 12, 1888, aged 90 years.

Mr. Aaron Westfall was born in New York; settled in Michigan in 1838; died November 27, 1888, aged 54 years.

Mrs. Mary Moore was born in New York in 1812; settled in Michigan in 1833; died in Unadilla, December 10, 1888, aged 76 years.

Mrs. Mary A. Mercer was born in London, England, August 26, 1813; settled in Michigan in 1835; died at Hamburg, December 22, 1888, aged 75 years.

Mr. Geo. Green was born in England in 1805; settled in Michigan in 1836; died in Deerfield, June 1, 1889, aged 84 years.

Mr. John Lakin was born in England in 1819; settled in Michigan in 1844; died in Putnam, January 30, 1889, aged 70 years.

Mrs. Sarah Gordon was born in 1823; settled in Michigan in 1840; died in Conway, January 27, 1889, aged 66 years.

Mrs. Rachael Taft was born in 1805; settled in Michigan in 1841; died in Oceola, February 16, 1889, aged 84 years.

Mrs. Hiram Persons, a resident of Michigan over 40 years, died at Fowlerville, February 10, 1889, aged 64 years.

Mr. David Rolason was born in 1812; settled in Michigan in 1847; died in Hamburg, February 21, 1889, aged 77 years.

Mrs. Hannibal Lee was born in 1811; settled in Michigan in 1830; died in Green Oak, March, 1889, aged 78 years.

Mr. T. R. Burden was born in 1810; was a resident of Michigan over 50 years; died in Howell, March 31, 1889, aged 79 years.

Mr. Gabriel Alleson was born in 1826; was a resident of Michigan over 45 years; died in Iosco, April 17, 1889, aged 63 years.

Mr. Chas. A. Cordley was born on the farm where he died, in the town of Hamburg, June 9, 1839; died May 7, 1889, aged 50 years.

Mrs. L. L. Derby was born in 1815; was a resident of Livingston county 53 years; died May 9, 1889, aged 74 years.

Mr. Edward Ellsworth was born in 1809; was a resident of Livingston county over 50 years; died in Conway, May 9, 1889, aged 80 years.

John W. Ball was born in 1832; resided in Livingston county 53 years; died May 27, 1889, aged 57 years.

MONROE COUNTY.

J. M. STERLING,

Name.	Date of Death.	Age.
Mrs. Martha B. Choat	June 11, 1888	79
Mrs. David Bead	" 12, 1888	70
Mrs. John Geork	" 14, 1888	60
Philip Nufer	" 17, 1888	79
Mrs. Geo. Calkins	" 26, 1888	68
Anthony Lembach	" 29, 1888	51
Mrs. Peter O'Neill	July 6, 1888	78
Constant Routland	" 8, 1888	70
Aaron Gamber	" 15, 1888	42
Mrs. Geo. S. Wakefield	" 15, 1888	46
Mrs. Wm. Gilday	" 15, 1888	74
Mrs. Benj. F. Adams	" 18, 1888	82
Mrs. Michael Miller	" 23, 1888	70
Mrs. F. F. Hennick	" 29, 1888	51
Jacob Seitz	August 2, 1888	76
Eleazer Barns	" 4, 1888	81
Mrs. Andrew Klehman	" 9, 1888	62
Francis Gee	" 16, 1888	78
Mrs. Jacob Burton	" 17, 1888	86
Patrick Maynes	" 17, 1888	58
Mrs. Wm. Kelly	" 21, 1888	87
Peter Rode	" 26, 1888	64
Mrs. Alfred Boice	September 8, 1888	69
Clarissa Barnon	" 11, 1888	76
Isaac Deneau	" 11, 1888	80
Nathan Turner	" 17, 1888	50
Mrs. Margaret Schuetz	" 20, 1888	82
Mrs. Michael Buckley	" 23, 1888	97
August Giersclike	October 14, 1888	52
John M. Weidlicht	" 19, 1888	74
Mrs. Fred Geckle	" 19, 1888	52
Mrs. John Zimmerman	" 21, 1888	66
Charles Vincent	November 5, 1888	39
Mrs. Henry Meier	" 9, 1888	51
Gilbert Duvall	" 13, 1888	64
Mrs. Catharine Kuab	" 18, 1888	62

MONROE COUNTY.—CONTINUED.

Name.	Date of Death.	Age.
Stephen Boudine	November 27, 1888	99
John J. Schmidt	" 30, 1888	75
Mrs. Mary Ann Doederlein	December 3, 1888	63
Mrs. Joseph Teal	" 4, 1888	87
Miss Louisa Choate	" 13, 1888	55
Wm. Gilday	" 20, 1888	82
Mrs. Susan Tatroe	" 25, 1888	61
Miss Jane Ann Toll	January 4, 1889	60
Mrs. Martha Garnrod	" 16, 1889	74
Mrs. Xavier Navarre	" 21, 1889	56
Michael Kavanaugh	" 28, 1889	76
Mrs. Catharine Dewey	" 28, 1889	79
Patrick Hughes	" 30, 1889	72
Mrs. Eva Grauf	February 2, 1889	84
Geo. Weikest	" 11, 1889	64
Henry Manon	" 14, 1889	77
Mrs. Rosina Lahrisch	March 11, 1889	79
John Zink	" 10, 1889	83
James L. Kellogg	" 15, 1889	53
Mrs. Mary A. Schell	" 17, 1889	69
John Hehl	" 21, 1889	79
Mrs. Mary McCormick	" 20, 1889	70
Mrs. Amanda Bentley	April 18, 1889	88
Mrs. Paul Finzel	" 19, 1889	73
Mrs. John Davis	" 19, 1889	53
Mrs. John Fogg	" 25, 1889	63
Mrs. Joseph Fix	" 27, 1889	64
Michael Welch	" 27, 1889	73
Mrs. Robt. Cooper	May 2, 1889	50
Christian Lappel	" 10, 1889	71
Peter Souva	" 26, 1889	80
Mrs. Clarinda Durkee	" 31, 1889	68

MRS. JOHN DAVIS.

[Monroe Commercial, April 26, 1889.]

April 19, 1889, died, Elizabeth Naoma Nichols, wife of John Davis, at the residence of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Maurer, in the city of Monroe. Mrs. Davis was an invalid twenty-eight years. She

was a daughter of the late Alvin K. and Naoma Nichols, of Deerfield, Lenawee county, Michigan. She was born at Farmington, Oakland county, Michigan, January 4, 1832, and married to Mr. Davis at Monroe, September 22, 1851. She leaves as her nearest relatives a husband, one son and two daughters, also one brother and two sisters. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. E. D. Kelley, of St. Francis college. In his sermon he tenderly alluded to her long life of patient suffering and christian fortitude; and of her spiritual life as one of the millions of meandering streams winding its way through the rough and rugged places till it reached and became a part of the great ocean; that her last words to him as her spiritual adviser were, "I am going home;" and her last message to all of her relatives present and absent were, "Try to meet me in heaven."

MRS. AMANDA BENTLEY.

[Monroe Commercial, April 26, 1889.]

Mrs. Amanda Bentley died Thursday morning, April 18, 1889. She was born in Fairview, Erie county, Penn., Dec. 9, 1800. After spending the first fifteen years of her life in that place, she came with her step-father, who moved the family, consisting of himself, wife and four children, to Monroe, Michigan, May 15, 1815. In Monroe, at that time, tha wolves had their lairs, and the Indians their wigwams. The soil was almost red with the blood of patriots, shed by Tecumseh and his savages, but for whose cruel acts the infamous and cowardly Proctor must forever be held responsible. Mrs. Bentley, whose maiden name was Amanda Barker, married James Bentley, January, 31, 1816. He was an uncommissioned officer in the Army of the West, under the command of General Winchester, who was superceded by General Harrison in the war of 1812. After the war was over Mr. Bentley settled on a farm about two miles and a half west of Monroe, on Plum Creek. There they lived until he died in 1864. Mrs. Bentley was the mother of twelve children, five sons and seven daughters, three of whom, one son and two daughters, had preceded their father to the world into which we all are hastening. She lived on the farm for twelve years after she became a widow. Then, in 1878, she and her daughter Eunice moved into the city, where she has resided ever since. She was a woman of great vitality and usually enjoyed good health. In August she accidentally fell and broke her hip bone. From that time she never was her former self. Her hold of life was very tenacious, but she became willing to go and waited patiently for the time of her departure. Her remains were buried in Monroetown. She has left nine children, thirty-two grandchildren, and

fifteen great grandchildren behind her. Thus one of the very few remaining witnesses of the war of 1812 has left us. She saw General W. H. Harrison, whose grandson is now president of the United States, passing through her native place with a detachment of soldiers under his command. When the election of Harrison was celebrated last fall, in this city, she had to be carried from her bed to the window to see the procession passing by.

MONTCALM COUNTY.

J. P. SHOEMAKER.

Name.	Date of Death.	Place of Death.	Age.
Stephen Rossman	July 24, 1887	Eureka	68
Peter Despelder	August 6, 1888	Montcalm township	65
Mrs. Daniel Smith	May 12, 1889	Greenville	65

STEPHEN ROSSMAN.

[Greenville Independent.]

Stephen Rossman died at his home in Eureka, Sunday morning, July 24, 1887, aged 68 years, 11 months and 4 days.

Mr. Rossman was born in Middleburg, Schoharie Co., N. Y., Aug. 20, 1818. He came to Michigan in 1831, residing at Oxford, Oakland county, until 1847, when he came to Greenville. And he resided in Greenville or its vicinity until his death, a period of thirty years.

In 1846 he built a residence on the site where the Webster House now stands. This building in 1850 was converted into a hotel called the Rossman house. Afterwards it was burned.

In his younger days Mr. Rossman was one of the most successful hunters in Montcalm county.

He was always prominent in public affairs. In 1850 he was under sheriff of the county when Gibson S. Fargo was sheriff. He was one of the county superintendents of the poor in 1851.

He was master of Montcalm Grange at its organization March 9, 1874, and always prominent in its affairs. He was one of the original officers of the Northern Michigan Agricultural Society at its organization in 1877 and always deeply interested in its success. He was always closely identified

with the interests of the farmer in every way. He was supervisor of Eureka in 1852 and 1855, and supervisor of Montcalm in 1857, 1858, 1859, and 1870, and was a justice of the peace at the time of his death. In politics he was a whig in earlier years and afterwards an ardent republican.

Mr. Rossman was always highly esteemed for his probity of character and his strict morality. He declined being supervisor finally because he could not conscientiously assess property as is almost the universal custom throughout the State.

The deceased was a son of "Uncle Fite" Rossman, and his brothers and sister are well known: Hiram Rossman of Greenville, Leonard and Harmon Rossman of Winfield township, and Mrs. E. R. Ellenwood of Lakeview.

PETER DESPELDER.

It is with pleasure that I comply with a request to communicate a few words as to the life of our dear brother, Peter Despelder, who died at his home in Montcalm township, August 6, 1888, aged 65 years.

It is over thirty years since I made his acquaintance, and that of his esteemed wife. Shortly before his death, which was sudden and unexpected, brother Despelder made the following statements: "I was living in the Netherlands, province of Zeeland, on the 9th of July, 1823. I was brought up by christian parents, and instructed in the Calvinistic doctrines, but soon became a sceptic, because I then thought that doctrine and the Bible did not correspond. Consequently, I believed neither, at least I made myself believe that I was right and that Calvin and the Bible were wrong. But the Lord was very merciful to me, not cutting me off in the midst of my days, but giving me time to repent of my tremendous folly. My parents gave me a good common school education, and finally my choice whether I would stay with them and learn my father's business and finally succeed him, or learn a trade. I thought best to learn the carpenter's trade, in order to be away from my father's supervision. In 1845 I became acquainted with Miss Dinah Debree, and we were married, wholly unprovided for such an important event.

"Then my thoughts turned toward America, although emigration was exceedingly unpopular. My parents, being unwilling, gave me another choice: I might have $200, with which to emigrate to America, or be put into business at a cost, to them, of $1,000. I chose the first offer, and sailed in May, landing in New York on the 5th of July, 1846, nearly penniless. Moved the same month to Southfield, Oakland county. Remained there about eight years, scraped together about $500, and came to Montcalm county in 1854. Raised a family of seven children, cleared up the farm we

live on and made it my home. The history I have made here is known to you all, except, perhaps, that under the preaching of Elder Spooner I became a christian, or rather, returned home, because, according to the promise given to christian parents, I was born a christian. And now, neighbors and friends, as I hope that the Almighty has forgiven all that I have done amiss in the midst of you and against you, I gladly forgive you all that you have trespassed against me."

"Understandest thou what thou readest?" An eventful life of 65 years has now terminated, and we pay our respects to the worthy dead, sympathize with the family and friends, and gather up impressive lessons of instruction, admonition and encouragement.

C. SPOONER.

MUSKEGON COUNTY.

H. H. HOLT.

MAJOR CHAUNCEY DAVIS.

Major Chauncey Davis was born in Jefferson county, N. Y., March 15, 1812; he was of English parentage. When he was seventeen years of age his father died, and three years later he was left motherless, and was thus compelled to care for himself, which he did by teaching school, teaching four winter terms and one summer term, of four months each.

In 1835 he left his home in New York State and removed to Kenosha, Wisconsin, where he remained until 1848, when he removed to Muskegon, Mich. While a resident of Kenosha he was an active business man, and was much respected by those with whom he was acquainted. In 1850 he formed a partnership with Theodore Newell and A. D. Loomis, for the purpose of manufacturing lumber at Muskegon. This was carried on in a steam mill known as the C. Davis & Co. mill, and was continued by this firm for a time, and afterward by Mr. Davis alone, until October, 1880, when he retired from the lumber business.

In the development of the city of Muskegon, Mr. Davis took a prominent part and contributed as much to its permanent prosperity as any of her citizens. He superintended the building of the first schoolhouse in that city, in 1849. The building was occupied for a number of years for school purposes as well as for religious and other public meetings and elections. Later it was sold, and was known as Holt's Hall, and was burned in the fire of 1874. He was always a liberal contributor to the various churches of the city, and

a careful estimate shows that his contributions for such purposes, after he became a resident of Muskegon, amounted to more than ten thousand dollars.

In 1860 he was elected to represent Muskegon county in the State house of representatives, and was re-elected in 1862, thus serving through the stormy period of the war.

In 1870, at the first election under the city charter, he was elected mayor, and in 1872 was re-elected, against a large democratic majority in the city. At the organization of the Lumberman's National Bank, in 1873, Mr. Davis was chosen as its first president, and visited Washington to secure a charter and currency. He continued to hold this office till the time of his death.

Mr. Davis was married three times, his third wife dying in 1861, and his only child in 1864. His death occurred February 9, 1888.

OAKLAND COUNTY.

O. POPPLETON.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen of the State Historical and Pioneer Society of Michigan:

Another cycle of time has passed since the organization of your honorable body. Recognizing the constitution and by-laws of the Society, and my obligation to them I beg leave to submit this, my annual memorial report as Vice President for Oakland county, of the deaths of the aged people and pioneers, from June 1, 1888, to June 1, 1889, with such other matters of note as would seem pertinent and of interest to your Society.

The mortality has not been as great the past year as for the previous one.

For the year closing June 1, 1889, there were 120 deaths, while for the previous year the number was 139. Of these 120 deaths during the year just closed, 3 were between 50 and 60, 11 were between 60 and 70, 50 were between 70 and 80, 41 were between 80 and 90, 5 were between 90 and 100, and 3 over 100; their average age being 79 1-6 years.

There has been one death each at the following ages: 48, 57, 64, 84, 91, 93, 95, 101 years and 3 months, 103 years and 7 months, 110 years and 1 month and 20 days.

Two each at 58, 60, 62, 73, 87, 90.

Three each at 65, 69, 72, 81, 89.

Four each at 78, 85, 86, 88.

Five each at 71, 74, 75.

Six each at 70, 76, 79, 80, 83.

Eight each at 77, 82.

Of unknown ages, six.

The greatest mortality has been at the ages of 77 and 82; the number being eight. The previous year's report showed that the greatest mortality was at the age of 76; twelve having died at that age.

From these statistics for these two years I assume the average mortality of the early settlers of Oakland county to be between 78 and 79 years. Of the different nationalities and States from which these pioneers came, one each was born in France, Germany, Wales and Nova Scotia; two each in Michigan and Scotland, three each in Massachusetts and Connecticut, five in Pennsylvania, seven in England, eight each in Ireland and Vermont, nine in New Jersey, fifty-nine in New York and ten unknown.

The foregoing statistical exhibit as well as the following dates of births and place of the same, and date and place of first settlement in Michigan has been prepared with care, from the most reliable sources attainable, yet I would not guarantee them to be absolutely correct, although I submit them with full confidence of their reliability.

I have added to this report the total of deaths of all ages, births and marriage licenses issued in the county for 1887, that for 1888 being incomplete with our county clerk. Deaths, 383; births, 620; marriage licenses issued, 336.

OAKLAND COUNTY.—CONTINUED.

Names.	Place of Birth.	Date of Birth.	Place and Date of First Residence in Michigan.	Place and Date of Death.	Age.		
					Years.	Months.	Days.
Ackley, John	England	1819	1833	Grand Rapids, June 30, 1888	70	----	----
Adams, Mrs. Aaron	----	1817	Highland, Oakland Co.	Highland, Dec. 25, 1888	72	----	----
Atwood, Mrs. Barbara A. M.	Herkimer Co., N. Y.	1810	Rose, Oakland Co., 1855	Rose, April 12, 1889	79	----	----
Austin, Mrs., widow	----	1814	----	Groveland, June 30, 1888	75	----	----
Buckland, Don Carlos	Tunbridge, Vt.	Aug. 22, 1813	Pontiac, Oakland Co., 1825	Pontiac, Sept. 21, 1888	75	----	----
Bennett, Mrs. Sarah Scott	Ridgefield, Conn.	Feb. 24, 1810	Lodi Plains, Washt'w Co., 1838	South Lyon, Dec. 26, 1888	78	10	2
Bradley, Mrs. Clarissa, wife of Jas. B. Bradley	W. Bloomfield, Ont. Co., N. Y.	Sept. 23, 1818	Lyon, Oakland Co., 1837	Waterford, Jan. 11, 1889	70	3	18
Bateman, James D.	Eggport, Monroe Co., N. Y.	Nov. 19, 1830	Farmington, Oakland Co., 1833	Walled Lake, Nov. 21, 1888	58	----	2
Baker, Jehiel	Herkimer Co., N. Y.	1826	Oxford, Oakland Co., 1844	Oxford, Jan. 29, 1889	64	----	----
Bird, Thomas	Sunset, N. Y.	Apr. 24, 1816	Independ'ce, Oakland Co., 1842	Independence, Feb. 11, 1889	72	9	17
Benedict, Eri	Greenfield, Saratoga Co., N. Y.	Mar. 20, 1799	Detroit, Wayne Co., 1844	Birmingham, March 21, 1889	90	----	1
Burrar, Valentine	----	1817	----	Brandon, March 23, 1889	72	----	----
Baldwin, Edwin	Vergennes, Vt.	Aug. 2, 1802	Detroit, Wayne Co., 1817	Birmingham, April 3, 1889	86	8	1
Baldwin, Charles	New Bedford, Conn.	Oct. 9, 1803	Avon, Oakland Co., 1830	Pontiac, May 25, 1889	85	7	16
Beardslee, George	Sussex Co., N. J.	Oct. 22, 1803	Southfield, Oakland Co., 1830	Southfield, April 25, 1889	85	6	3
Bently, Aly Jane	Cayuga Co., N. Y.	1818	Green Oak, Livingston Co., 1854	South Lyon, Oct. 15, 1888	70	----	----
Buzzard, Mrs. Mary	Tompkins Co., N. Y.	----	Independence, Oakland Co.	Independence, May 27, 1889	77	----	----
Calhoun, Matthew	Donegal, Ireland	Nov., 1808	Commerce, Oakland Co., 1836	White Lake, June 30, 1888	79	7	----
Crawford, Mrs. Rob't	Tunbridge, Vt.	1817	Commerce, Oakland Co., 1836	Commerce, July 23, 1888	71	9	----
Chatfield, Mrs. Susanna J.	Kortright, Delaware Co., N. Y.	May 25, 1799	Troy, Oakland Co., 1832	Troy, Oct. 7, 1888	89	4	12
Covey, Hiram	Duchess Co., N. Y.	1802	Lyon, Oakland Co., 1836	Lyon, Oct. 23, 1888	86	----	----
Campbell, Welcome	Paris, Oneida Co., N. Y.	July 20, 1810	Oxford, Oakland Co., 1834	Royal Oak, Nov. 11, 1888	78	4	9

Crawford, Mrs. Sarah		1800	Commerce, Oakland Co.	Highland, Jan. 9, 1889	89		
Crawford, William	Greenock, Scotland	Apr. 4, 1804	Lyon, Oakland Co., 1840	Pontiac, March 10, 1889	84	11	6
Carpenter, Benedict K.	Newburg, Orange Co., N. Y.	Apr. 17, 1810	Orion, Oakland Co., 1835	Waterford, Jan. 29, 1889	78	9	12
Chipman, Wm. F.	Richmond, Ontario Co., N. Y.	1807	Avon, Oakland Co., 1821	Berlin, Wis., Feb., 1889	82		
Cotcher, Mrs. John	Isle of Man, England		Pontiac, Oakland Co.	Ball Mountain, March 6, 1889	86		
Conway, Mrs. Susan	Ireland	1786	Oakland Co.	Detroit, April 10, 1889	103	7	
Cassada, Edw'd F.		1829	Brandon, Oakland Co.	Brandon, April, 23, 1889	60		
Cantrell, Mrs. David	Ireland		Birmingham, Oakland Co.	Lapeer Co., April 10, 1889			
Canlee, James	Washington Co., N. Y.	1808	Springfield, Oakland Co., 1857	Springfield, May 29, 1889	81		
Dart, Albert	Vermont	Feb. 25, 1820	Brighton, Livingston Co., 1827				
Dennison, Dan'l A.	Scrupronius, Cayuga Co., N. Y.	July 23, 1815	Troy, Oakland Co., 1831	Troy, Dec. 5, 1888	73	4	12
Daniels, Hiram	Rutland, Rutland Co., Vt.	Jan. 24, 1801	Bloomfield, Oakland Co., 1831	Bloomfield, Jan, 23, 1889	88		
Daniels, William	Wales	July 2, 1807	Independ'ce, Oakland Co., 1835	Independence, April 5, 1889	81	9	3
Eldred, Benj.	Washington Co., N. Y.	May 28, 1799	Commerce, Oakland Co., 1835	Troy, Nov. 22, 1888	89	5	24
Elliott, Mrs. W. H.	Spencer, N. Y.	Jan. 2, 1824	Springfield, Oakland Co., 1836	Pontiac, April 18, 1889	65	3	17
Frederick, Rich'd	Rochester, Monroe Co., N. Y.	1813	Oakland Co., 1835	Pontiac, June 2, 1888	75		
Ferguson, Embree	Auburn, Cayuga Co., N. Y.	Aug. 8, 1806	White Lake, Oakland Co., 1837	Lowell, Nov. 26, 1888	82	3	18
Ferguson, John	Irvine, Scotland	Feb. 22, 1809	Pontiac, Oakland Co.	Pontiac, July 14, 1888	79		
Finegan, Edw'd		1806	Oakland Co.	Highland, Dec. 22, 1888	82		
Fielden, Armistead	Nova Scotia	Mar. 18, 1779	Highland, Oakland Co.	Milford, May 8, 1889	110	1	20
Frances, Wm.	New York		Oakland Co.	July 28, 1888	80		
Gillich, Thomas	County Meath, Ireland	1817	Commerce, Oakland Co., 1834	Commerce, 1889	72		
Gladden, Joshua	Massachusetts	Jan. 25, 1807	Macomb Co.	Oxford, Jan. 12, 1889	81	11	12
Gillett, A.		Apr. 15, 1805	Lyon, Oakland Co.	Lyon, March 18, 1889	73	11	3
Glazier, Mrs.	Michigan	1800	Royal Oak, Oakland Co.	Royal Oak, Sept. 14, 1888	88		
Goodrich, Mrs. Emily	Scipio, Cayuga Co., N. Y.	1812	Troy, Oakland Co., 1828	Northville, Oct. 6, 1888	76		
Gordon, George	New York	July 28, 1793		Avon, Feb. 26, 1889	95	6	28
Houghton, Elizabeth Van S.	Ovid, Seneca Co., N. Y.	Aug. 1, 1812	Lyon, Oakland Co.	Lyon, April, 18, 1889	77		

OAKLAND COUNTY.—CONTINUED.

Names.	Place of Birth.	Date of Birth.	Place and Date of First Residence in Michigan.	Place and Date of Death.	Age.		
					Years.	Months.	Days.
Houghton, Michael C.	Hector, Schuyler Co., N. Y.	Jan. 7, 1809	Lyon, Oakland Co., 1834	Lyon, Nov. 13, 1888	79	11	9
Harmon, Benj.	North of England	May 3, 1807	Troy, Oakland Co., 1837	Troy, June 19, 1888	81	1	16
Harmon, Mrs. Benj.	North of England	Feb. 21, 1817	Troy, Oakland Co., 1834	Troy, July 27, 1888	71	5	6
Holman, Samuel	Chautauqua Co., N. Y.	1818		Birmingham, July 16, 1888	70	----	----
Henchen, Wm.	Yarmouth, England	July 25, 1812	Milford, Oakland Co., 1838	Milford, July 13, 1888	76	----	----
Hamlin, Mrs. Mariam W.	Lima, Livingston Co., N. Y.	Aug. 19, 1806	Avon, Oakland Co., 1831	Pontiac, Aug. 11, 1888	82	----	----
Howell, Charles	Chautauqua Co., N. Y.	June 30, 1840	Pontiac, Oakland Co.	Pontiac, Sept. 38, 1888	48	----	----
Hewitt, Dr. Oliver W.	Canaan, Litchfield Co., Conn.	Sept. 4, 1819	Farmington, Oakland Co., 1855	Birmingham, Oct. 9, 1888	69	----	----
Hilton, Mrs. Sarah H.	Vermont	Nov. 11, 1800	Oakland, Oakland Co., 1826	Ypsilanti, Oct. 29, 1888	88	----	----
Hatfield, Mrs. Sintha	Steuben Co., N. Y.	Mar. 25, 1806	Iosco, Livingston Co., 1839	Rose	80	----	----
Hamlin, Mrs. Nicholas		1802	Independence, Oakland Co.	Lapeer county, April 9, 1889	87	----	----
Hodges, Mrs. Mary Ann	Concord, Mass.	1807	Waterford, Oakland Co., 1818	Pontiac, Jan. 21, 1889	82	----	----
Harger, Elizabeth	Germany	Nov., 1787	Southfield, Oakland Co.	Southfield, Feb. 18, 1889	101	3	----
Hagerman, John	Portland, Northampton Co., Pa.	June 11, 1808	Bloomfield, Oakland Co., 1863	Birmingham, May 17, 1889	81	----	----
Johns, Horace	Genesee Co., N. Y.	June 18, 1813	Farmington, Oakland Co., 1825	Lyon, June 14, 1888	75	----	----
Jones, Bergoyne	Warren Co., N. J.	Oct. 13, 1811	Oakland, Oakland Co., 1837	Lyon, Sept. 25, 1888	77	----	----
Kelly, Thos. M.		1815	Addison, Oakland Co.	Addison, Jan. 30, 1889	74	----	----
Lee, Mrs.		Apr. 22, 1806	Oakland Co.	Oxford, April 4, 1889	83	----	----
Linabury, Henry C.	Morris Co., N. J.	Apr. 22, 1811	Pontiac, Oakland Co., 1839	Pontiac, June 16, 1888	77	----	----
Lovwell, Mrs. B. B.	Berlin, Vt.	Sept. 4, 1811	White Lake, Oakland Co., 1852	Reed City, July 11, 1888	76	10	7
Lightbody, Gordon	Syracuse, N. Y.	Apr. 15, 1826	Oakland Co.	Colorado, July 25, 1888	62	3	----
Miller, Elizabeth, widow of Ab'm Miller	Lower Mt. Bethel, Northampton Co., Pa.	Mar. 21, 1797	Avon, Oakland Co., 1845	Avon, June 20, 1888	91	3	----

Miller, Margaret	Ulster Co., N. Y.	Jan. 4, 1813	Holly, Oakland Co., 1836	Bloomfield, Sept. 7, 1888	75	8	----
Martin, Betsey	Franklin, N. Y.	----------	Pontiac, Oakland Co., 1824	Pontiac, Feb. 25, 1889	----	----	----
Merrithew, Walter	Ireland	1809	Commerce, Oakland Co.	Commerce, June 30, 1888	79	----	----
Nusbaumer, Mrs. Catherine S.	Alsace on the Rhine, France	Nov. 9, 1813	Pontiac, Oakland Co., 1835	Pontiac, Feb. 25, 1889	76	3	16
Olmstead, Mrs. Rhoda	Homer, Tompkins Co., N. Y.	Oct. 4, 1828	Pontiac, Oakland Co., 1835	Independence, March 12, 1889	60	5	8
Price, L. B.	Rush, Monroe, Co., N. Y.	1812	Addison, Oakland Co., and Utica, Macomb Co.	Romeo, July 26, 1888	76	----	----
Pattison, Julia A.	----------	----------	Detroit, Wayne Co.	Bloomfield, July 21, 1888	69	----	----
Parker, Mrs. Mahala	W. Bloomfield, Ont. Co., N. Y.	July 13, 1811	Lyon, Oakland Co., 1833	Lyon, July 12, 1888	77	----	----
Parker, John D.	Hampden Co., Mass.	Dec. 12, 1804	Holly, Oakland Co., 1837	Holly, June 12, 1888	83	6	----
Petty, Jonathan	Sussex Co., N. J.	June 16, 1805	Springfield, Oakland Co., 1834	Springfield, Aug. 31, 1888	83	2	15
Pearsall, Mrs.	----------	1803	Bloomfield, Oakland Co.	Bloomfield, Oct. 21, 1888	85	----	----
Pritchard, Mrs. Fannie	Pennsylvania	1813	Hillsdale Co., 1836	South Lyon, Nov. 8, 1888	75	----	----
Pearsall, Mrs.	Pennsylvania	1812	White Lake, Oakland Co., 1836	South Lyon, Nov. 20, 1888	76	----	----
Pollock, Mrs.	Pennsylvania	1803	Novi, Oakland Co.	Novi, Oct., 1888	85	----	----
Pike, Hiram	Lyndon, Caledonia Co., Vt.	Aug. 1, 1809	Franklin, Oakland Co., 1838	Franklin, Jan. 24, 1889	79	5	23
Perry, Adam	Clinton Co., N. J.	June 2, 1804	Oakland, Oakland Co., 1830	Fenton, March 20, 1889	84	9	18
Patrick, Franklin	Scipio, Cayuga Co., N. Y.	Apr. 20, 1799	Bloomfield, Oakland Co., 1831	Port Austin, April 8, 1889	90	----	----
Postal, George	Pennfield, N. Y.	Feb. 2, 1806	Avon, Oakland Co., 1819 Detroit, Wayne Co., 1817	Avon, April 27, 1889	83	2	25
Packard, Mrs. Prudence D.	Palmyra, Wayne Co., N. Y.	1801	Salem, Washtenaw Co., 1832	South Lyon, May 4, 1889	88	----	----
Rikerd, John L.	Duchess Co., N. Y.	Jan. 11, 1810	Troy, Oakland Co., 1831	Troy, Aug. 20, 1888	78	7	9
Reynolds, Asa	Greenville, Schenec'y Co., N. Y.	Nov. 25, 1810	Rose, Oakland Co., 1836	Fenton, Sept. 9, 1888	77	9	14
Rose, Mrs. Betsy	Moriah, Essex Co., N. Y.	Jan. 10, 1815	Lyon, Oakland Co., 1837	Lyon, Jan. 18, 1889	74	----	8
Reynolds, Abel	Syracuse, N. Y.	1808	----------	1888	80	----	----
Sipple, Hannah M.	Frankfort, Sussex Co., N. J.	Mar. 20, 1819	Romeo, Macomb Co., 1854	Orion, July 6, 1888	69	3	16
Souls, Lester V.	Middlebury, Genesee Co., N. Y.	Aug., 1811	Washington, Macomb Co., 1824	Addison, July 25, 1888	77	----	----
Simpson, John	Wheatland, Monroe Co., N. Y.	July 8, 1826	Milford, Oakland Co., 1839	Laingsburg, Oct. 16, 1888	62	3	8
Sliter, Miss Perlina	Nassau, Renssalaer Co., N. Y.	Apr. 15, 1805	Troy, Oakland Co., 1840	Utica, Nov. 8, 1888	83	6	23
Sage, Mrs. Sarah A.	Manchester, Ontario Co., N. Y.	Aug. 12, 1814	Farmington, Oakland Co., 1833	Bath, Mich., Dec. 19, 1888	74	4	7

OAKLAND COUNTY.—CONTINUED.

Names.	Place of Birth.	Date of Birth.	Place and Date of First Residence in Michigan.	Place and Date of Death.	Age.		
					Years.	Months.	Days.
Snover, Jacob	New Jersey	1817	Avon, Oakland Co.	Avon, Jan. 2, 1889	72	----	----
Smith, O. B.	Richmond, Ontario Co., N. Y.	1816	Farmington, Oakland Co.	Farmington, Nov. 27, 1888	72	----	----
Shulters, Henry	New York	Aug. 8, 1805	Oxford, Oakland Co., 1833	Oxford, March 9, 1889	83	7	1
Simerson, Mrs. Mary	New Jersey	1796	Independ'ce, Oakland Co., 1839	Independence, Feb. 15, 1889	93	----	----
St. John, Mrs. Germana	----	----	Highland, Oakland Co.	Highland, April 1, 1889	----	----	----
Sherwood, Wm. J.	Somerset, Niagara Co., N. Y.	Nov. 25, 1830	Brandon, Oakland Co., 1834	Brandon, May 13, 1889	58	5	18
Sibley, Mrs. Almira	Oneida Co., N. Y.	----	Oakland Co., 1830	Novi, March, 1889	82	----	----
Terry, Jacob	New York	Dec. 17, 1816	Waterford, Oakland Co., 1835	Waterford, July 3, 1888	71	6	16
Taylor, Mrs. Katherine	Lysander, Cayuga Co., N. Y.	May 5, 1824	Novi, Oakland Co., 1846	Walled Lake, April 2, 1889	65	----	----
Trowbridge, Chas. A.	Horseheads, Chemung Co., N.Y.	Aug. 5, 1817	Troy, Oakland Co., 1821	New York City, April 13, 1889	71	8	8
Trowbridge, Rev. Tillman C.	Troy, Oakland Co., Mich.	Jan. 28, 1831	Troy, Oakland Co., 1831	Marash, Turkey, July 20, 1888	57	5	22
Terry, Demick	Rose, N. Y.	1823	Pontiac, Oakland Co., 1835	Pontiac, Aug. 17, 1888	65	----	----
Tindall, Mrs. James	Nolton, Warren Co., N. J.	1807	Waterford, Oakland Co., 1834	Orion, May 9, 1889	83	----	----
Van Wagoner, Alonzo	Saratoga Co., N. Y.	1818	Avon, Oakland Co., 1834	Oxford, Jan. 25, 1889	70	----	----
Wendall, Evart	Saratoga Co., N. Y.	Jan. 15, 1814	Rose, Oakland Co., 1832	Rose, July 31, 1888	74	6	----
Weaver, Robert	Ella, Suffolk Co., England	July 11, 1808	Milford, Oakland Co., 1836	Milford, Sept. 11, 1888	80	2	----
West, Benedict	Cayuga Co., N. Y.	1810	Waterford, Oakland Co., 1835	Waterford, Nov. 11, 1888	78	----	----
Whitfield, Wm.	Hampshire, England	June 8, 1810	Waterford, Oakland Co., 1835	Waterford, Nov. 27, 1888	78	5	19
Worden, Mrs. Mary A.	Hartland, Niagara Co., N. Y.	July 21, 1819	Troy, Oakland Co., 1831	Birmingham, April 23, 1889	70	----	----
Walton, Allen A.	Ogden, Monroe Co., N. Y.	Mar., 1818	Bloomfield, Oakland Co., 1834	Bloomfield, April 25, 1889	71	----	----

MRS. MARY ANNA HODGES.

[From the Pontiac Gazette.]

On Monday morning, January 21, 1889, there passed into the unknown the oldest resident of the city of Pontiac, with whose growth and progress she has been identified for upwards of 70 years. Mrs. Hodges was born at Concord, Mass., in the year 1807, and was about 82 years old at the time of her decease. In 1818, with her parents, she came to Pontiac, where she has made her home to the day of her death. On January 20, 1828, she was married to Schuyler Hodges, who built that old landmark, the Hodges house, which for over 50 years has remained in the possession of Mrs. Hodges, and for the greater part of this time, since the decease of her husband, which occurred in 1845, has been run under her personal supervision. For all this time, and until the recent purchase of the hotel property by Mr. T. A. Smith, Mrs. Hodges occupied one suite of apartments, from which coigne of vantage she has watched the slow development from wilderness to town and city, from the stage coach to the modern methods of travel, has watched generation after generation grow up and pass away, and where she has entertained the great grandchildren of the friends of her youthful days. When the property changed hands, she went to the old homestead on Mt. Clemens street, to live with her grandson, Schuyler Hodges, and passed the last hours of her life in the home of half a century ago.

Mrs. Hodges bore wonderfully well the weight of her many years. Up to the time of her death she was active, mentally and physically, and showed few traces of age. Her hair was but slightly tinged with gray, and her keen black eyes would light up with youthful brightness when engaged in conversation. She was fond of company, and until the last few years, no round of New Year's calling was complete until Mrs. Hodges had been presented with the compliments of the season, and had reciprocated with the pleasantest of acknowledgments and the best of cheer. Being possessed of a wonderfully retentive memory, and having at command an inexhaustible fund of story and anecdote, relative to the early days, she was an attractive conversationalist, and was, when in a reminiscent vein, a most delightful companion.

Mrs. Hodges was the sister of B. O. and Alfred Williams of Owosso, Ephraim Williams of Flint, and Alpheus and James Williams of Oakland, Cal. Of her own family, there survive her, two grandsons, and two great grandchildren.

GEORGE POSTAL.

[From the Pontiac Gazette.]

The venerable George Postal, at the age of 83 years, 2 months and 25 days, passed away on the 27th of April, 1889. He was among the earliest settlers in this county, and his end was sudden though not unexpected. Mr. Postal was born in Penfield, N. Y., February 2, 1806. In 1815 his parents moved to Mount Pleasant, Upper Canada, where they lived for two years, and thence to Detroit in 1817, and in 1819 settled in what is now the township of Avon. While the family resided in Detroit, he was a member of the family of Judge Thomas Witherell, who desired to adopt him. With his father's family he went through all the privations and hardships of the early pioneers of the county, hewing out homes and clearing farms. Mr. Postal had a very retentive memory, and was wont to vividly narrate incidents in the experience of the pioneers. The horse his parents brought from Canada was one that General William Henry Harrison rode in his pursuit of Proctor; the horse, becoming lame, was exchanged, and fell into the elder Postal's hands. The mother of Mr. Postal was a daughter of a revolutionary officer, Capt. Fullam, a Scotchman, who served in the line with Washington. His father was of Dutch descent, and a carpenter and ship builder by trade.

George Postal was a contemporary of the Grahams, who came to Avon a short time previous to the coming of his father, also the families of Willits and Hoxie, who were located at Rochester. Rev. Smith Weeks and the Chamberlains came from Monroe, N. Y., in 1828, and settled in Avon, and Mr. Postal married Mr. Weeks' daughter, Mary Ann, in 1828. Mrs. Postal died in 1837, leaving four children, three daughters and one son. He married again in 1838, the second wife dying in 1880, leaving no children.

George Postal was a remarkably fine appearing gentleman of the old school, tall and straight as an arrow, even in his old age. Always courteous, kind and accommodating, he was respected and loved by everybody.

DON CARLOS BUCKLAND.

[From the Pontiac Gazette.]

Don Carlos Buckland, an early settler of Oakland county, and a prominent and wealthy citizen, died at his home in Pontiac, Sept. 21, 1888, of paralysis, aged 75 years. About three months before, when on the street, Mr. Buckland was stricken with paralysis. He was assisted to his home by neighbors, and from that time to his demise, it had been a death struggle.

Mr. Buckland came to Michigan and to Oakland county in the twenties, and from early manhood made life a struggle and continued the battle in

later years, with all the vigor and effort of the early conflict, a period of life when he ought to have loosened his grip and settled down to the repose and quiet which his accumulations guaranteed; but it was not his nature; he would not let go, and pushed on to an earlier death than was necessary with his strong constitution. No man in this section possessed more strongly marked personal idiosyncrasies. In public life he was of a positive, unyielding character, resentful to real or assumed injuries. Socially he was not cosmopolitan, but clung close and sacrificingly to chosen associates and companions. This trait of his character was manifested in his watchfulness and interest in his friend, Dr. H. A. Dewey, to whom during his sickness, he made regular visits, and manifested in his absence an inquiring anxiety concerning his welfare. The day of his fatal attack he was returning from a visit to the doctor.

In his relation with his family, in the quiet of home life, freed from external antagonism, he was a tender hearted, sympathizing husband, and devoted parent. In this, the nearest and dearest of all earthly tests, he was faithful and self-sacrificing, ever trusting, consulting and advising with his wife, in whom he had the greatest confidence. In his extensive business relation no man was nearer to him than his son-in-law, Jacob Seligman, in whom he trusted as a wise counselor and adviser. Among his last utterances was a call "for his son" Jacob, as he trustingly called him.

At his home he was a generous and hospitable entertainer, sparing nothing to make his home a pleasant resort to calling friends and invited guests. His eccentricities made him a marked character, one that will be remembered.

Mr. Buckland was born in Tunbridge, Vermont, August 22, 1813, came to Michigan and Oakland county, with his parents, in June, 1825, a boy in his thirteenth year.

He was a grandson of Col. Stephen Mack, who was the founder of the then village of Pontiac, and is said to have built the first flouring mill in Michigan. Many of the early deeds of Pontiac bear his signature. He donated the land for the original cemetery, and many of the lots upon which stand scores of the public buildings. All of Mr. Buckland's manhood had been spent in Pontiac, and as a home he was greatly attached to the place, and watched the progress and improvements made with great interest. He was a member of the common council of the village, when Saginaw street was paved, and was the managing man of this public enterprise and improvement.

He has been a member of the present cemetery board since its organization, and has taken an active interest in the improvements made.

He gave more to the truly needy than the world gives him credit for. His benefactions were made in a quiet, unassuming spirit. There are many hearts who would, if necessary, bear willing testimony to his charity and kindness of heart.

Of his immediate family he leaves a widow, and an only child, Mrs. Jacob Seligman, of East Saginaw.

WILLIAM WHITFIELD.

[From the Birmingham Eccentric.]

William Whitfield, one of the early settlers of Waterford, a prominent farmer and stock raiser, died at his farm home, Nov. 27, 1888, at the age of 78 years. Mr. Whitfield was born at Hampshire, England, and with his wife and one child came to America and Michigan in 1835. In 1836 he purchased 80 acres of land, a portion of the farm upon which he died. The deceased was thoroughly English, and in habits of life and mannerisms clung tenaciously to English customs and dialect. He was a first class farmer, and in stock raising a specialist, and was among the first to import from his native country, Devon cattle and Southdown sheep, and from his breeding has been disseminated largely the Shorthorn breed of cattle. During all his life he has been an exemplar of English hospitality, of which many will bear witness to his receptions at his beautiful rural home on the banks of "Williams Lake." The deceased leaves a wife and three children.

DR. O. W. HEWITT.

[From the Birmingham Eccentric.]

Dr. Oliver W. Hewitt died at his home in Birmingham, Mich., October 9, 1888. He was born at Canaan, Litchfield county, Conn., September 4, 1819. He received a thorough classical and literary education of the best instructors of his time, and then began to cast about him for a favorable location to begin the active business of life. In 1835 he removed to Mt. Morris, Livingston county, N. Y., where for three years he was engaged in teaching, after which he commenced the study of law. He was admitted to the bar, at Rochester, N. Y., and in October, 1841, was admitted to practice in the supreme court of the State. Soon after his admission he went to Allegheny county, N. Y., where he was engaged in the practice of his profession nine years, with success, winning the confidence of his patrons and associates by the fidelity, ability and thoroughness which he exhibited in his preparation of trial cases, and perseverence in trying them. He was a diligent, painstaking, accomplished student; a man of rare literary accomplishments; a student at Princeton and Williams colleges, but whether he was a

graduate of either is not known. Four of his wife's brothers were skilled physicians, and, having an aptitude and taste for that profession, he abandoned the law for a time, studied medicine, attended lectures at Castleton Medical College, Vermont, in 1854, and was graduated from the Buffalo, N. Y., Medical College, in 1855.

He then came west and located in Farmington, Oakland county, Mich., where he resided a year. From there he came to Birmingham, where he has since lived, with the exception of a brief residence at Hudson and Detroit. In 1871 the doctor abandoned the practice of medicine and resumed the profession of law, which he pursued with an energy, zeal and studiousness that developed a legal and judicial mind of no ordinary compass and ability.

In his social relations with the community in which he lived he was always found a courteous, dignified gentleman. His sensitive, nervous organization and retiring demeanor did not bring him prominently before society, or those in his profession. He was temperate and abstemious through life, joining the Cadets of Temperance at Amity, in New York, in March, 1849. At his home, in the privacy of his family, the doctor appeared to the best advantage. Ever tender and solicitous for their comfort, pleasure and welfare, he watched over and cared for them as a mother would a child.

The doctor was twice married; first to Eliza Morris in 1850, who died in 1855. Two years later, in 1857, he married Mrs. P. J. Westover, his wife's sister, who with a daughter, Mrs. Hemmingway, still survive him.

The doctor was a close student of the Bible, with a firm belief that it was the inspired word of God. During his sickness the attending minister said to him: "You are still trusting in Christ, doctor?" "Yes," he answered, "there is no other to trust in."

EVART WENDALL.

[From the Holly Sentinel.]

Evart Wendall, of Rose, died July 31, 1888, aged 72 years, 6 months and 17 days. Mr. Wendall was born in Saratoga, New York, 1816, and moved with his parents to Michigan, in 1832. Was made a mason in 1852 at Fenton, Michigan; has always resided in the town of Rose and was one of the oldest pioneers in that township, if not in Oakland county. He was a democrat from principle and voted for Martin Van Buren and has voted for every democratic nominee since that time, and was one of the kind of men that never scratched the ticket, right or wrong; true to his party; true to his friends, and true to his manhood, he was respected by all who knew him, whether of his faith and belief or not. He was buried by the masonic fraternity.

EDWIN BALDWIN.

[From the Birmingham Eccentric.]

Edwin Baldwin, one of the earliest pioneers of Oakland county, a man ripe in years and experience of the early settlement of the county and State, passed quietly away April 3, 1889, at his home in Birmingham.

Mr. Baldwin was born at Vergennes, Vermont, August 2, 1802, being at the date of his death 86 years, 8 months and 1 day old.

In the winter of 1811 with his parents he removed to Black Rock, N. Y., near Buffalo, making the journey with sleighs. He witnessed the burning of Buffalo by the English and was on the border at the time of the battle of Lundy's Lane and Queenstown during the war of 1812.

In 1817 he came to Detroit, shipping on board a sailing vessel at Buffalo freighted with supplies for old Fort Dearborn, situated upon the present site of Chicago.

In the autumn of 1818 he established the first ferry on the Detroit river, passing to and from Windsor to Detroit as business required, using for navigation purposes a canoe and scow and later a sail boat, but the latter was not a favorite with the French, as they deemed it a Yankee contrivance, unsafe to navigate the river, with its uncertain undertow and air currents. At this time there were no wharves at either landing. There was a cribbing out into the river at the foot of Woodward avenue. At Windsor there was nothing, the landing being made on the clay banks as nature had formed them. At the time Mr. Baldwin established the ferry, the project was regarded by many prominent residents as visionary, impracticable and in advance of the wants of the people and the times, but with the energy and perseverance for which the people of the Green Mountain State are noted, he pushed his enterprise and made it a success. The citizens of Detroit of today now witness the magnitude of the immense traffic, which has grown out of that primitive beginning during these 72 years past.

The river Savoyard was navigable for "batteaux" and canoes from the foot of Third street to the corner of Bates and Congress. Mr. Baldwin was in Detroit when the first steamboat "Walk-in-the-Water" came steaming up the river and heard the French and Indians declare it to be "the devil spitting fire and smoke."

His first trip and experience in the interior of Oakland county and the territory, was on December 30, 1819. His father had previously located the southeast quarter of section 13, in town 2 north, range 10 east, now Bloomfield township, under the "two dollar act" and moved upon it with his family. Mr. Baldwin soon after located the east half of the south-

west quarter of the same section and settled upon it, where he resided until 1859, when he removed to Birmingham.

On October 1, 1837, he married Aurilla Patrick, daughter of Hon. Wm. Patrick of Troy, by whom he had one child, a daughter, who, with the mother, survives him.

In the fall of 1822 he accompanied a surveying party under John Mullett, engaged in that work in Shiawassee and Saginaw counties, and subsequently in the southern and southwest part of the State with Sylvester Sibley in 1826, who was engaged in subdividing townships in Barry, Calhoun and Eaton counties. He frequently passed through the surveyors' camp of his old employer Mullett, who, with his party, had a conflict with two Indians in March, 1825, and at which time his brother Edward and a Mr. Taylor had a desperate struggle, escaping with their lives only through the courage and superior physical power of his brother. It was from this occurrence that Battle Creek received its name.

Edwin Baldwin, while packing provisions on ponies in one of these surveying trips, encountered the Indian, Simo, one of those brained by his brother, who suddenly hid in a clump of bushes some distance ahead. When approaching the point where he last saw him, he was suddenly covered by the Indian's gun, poised as if to shoot. He met the Indian's demoniacal look with a fearless, unconcerned gaze, with his eyes constantly riveted upon him while approaching, and called in French: "Come here!" The Indian replied that he was deaf. Mr. Baldwin then beckoned for him to come, which he did, carrying his rifle at half rest. Upon reaching him, Simo exclaimed: "You not the Chemuckaman who crushed my skull in with a gun many moons ago," at the same time lifting a piece of buckskin from the top of his head, exposing the wound inflicted by his brother, Edward. The brain was discernible through a thin white tissue which had closed over it, and the pulsations were visible. There was a strong family resemblance between the brothers, together with his wearing the same vest his brother wore during the struggle, and which had been nearly cut in two by one of the Indians discharging his gun at Edward, and which had been mended by his mother in the meantime, and all had led Simo, at first sight, to believe him to be the same white man who had crushed in his skull during the conflict at the Mullett camp.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin was always a welcome shelter for the orphan, the homeless and the needy. Their doors were never closed upon those who were friendless and sought encouragement and aid. The latch string was ever out, and many persons still survive whose hearts swell with emotion over the recollections of the fatherly and motherly kindness, coun-

sel and watchfulness over them. One of these was Judge A. C. Baldwin of Pontiac—not a relative—who came to Michigan in an early day, a youth, inexperienced and without friends. He made Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin's acquaintance, and found a home under their roof, and to the present day holds them in grateful remembrance for their counsel and friendship.

In politics Mr. Baldwin was a firm Jeffersonian democrat, an indefatigable worker in the cause and principles he believed to be right, and deeming it the first duty of an American citizen to attend the polls and cast his ballot according to his convictions and belief.

He lived to see the border hamlet of Detroit a populous city with its numerous manufactories, public buildings, churches and educational institutions, and its railroads centering there from all points of the compass, with its river and lake craft far exceeding the most sanguine predictions and expectations of his early life. He witnessed the wonderful development of his adopted home, the county of Oakland, from a trackless wilderness until it ranks second to none in the State for the intelligence, thrift, morals and records of its people. He witnessed the ceaseless tide of emigration pass westward and beyond his Michigan. He witnessed the astonishing and rapid settlement of our unknown western world, then peopled with roving bands of savages, where has been erected an empire of States, a grand addition to our original thirteen, whose people are now counted by the millions.

Thus closes the life of another early pioneer. Peace be to him and cherished be his memory.

MRS. ELIJAH HAMLIN.

[From the Pontiac Gazette.]

Marana W. Frost, the widow of the late Elijah Hamlin, died at her home, Aug. 11, 1888, of the decline incident to old age. Had she lived until the 19th of August she would have reached the ripe old age of 83 years.

Mrs. Hamlin was born at Lima, New York, Aug. 19, 1806. She was married to Elijah Hamlin, April 5, 1825. In company with her husband she came to Michigan in the spring of 1831, living first in a log house on the Kearsley farm in Avon. Shortly after coming here her husband bought 80 acres on the opposite corner; later he purchased two lots adjoining the Geo. Postal farm, and on this place Mr. Hamlin lived until he died, 19 years ago. Mr. Hamlin was the owner for a time of the Auburn mills. Mrs. Hamlin came to Pontiac in 1869, where she has resided ever since. During her residence in Pontiac she went east and took care of her mother, who died at the advanced age of 93 years. She is the last one of her family

to pass over the silent river. She was the mother of eight children, five of whom survive her.

She was a woman of great energy and industry and her life was devoted to good deeds and charitable acts. For many years she was a member of the Troy Presbyterian church, and when she moved to this city, her relation was changed to the Pontiac church, of which she was in constant and devoted affiliation until her death.

MRS. S. J. CHATFIELD.

[From the Birmingham Eccentric.]

Another old pioneer of Troy has passed away.

Mrs. Susanna Johnson Chatfield, widow of Stephen Chatfield, passed peacefully away October 7, 1888. She was born in Kortright, Delaware Co., N. Y., May 20, 1799. Removed from there with her parents to Richmond, Ontario Co., N. Y., where she was married to Mr. Chatfield in 1822. In 1832 they came to Michigan and settled on the southwest quarter of section 17, in the township of Troy, Oakland Co. Her husband began at once to fell the heavily timbered forest for an opening to erect a log house to protect themselves and their children from the inclemencies of the weather, and to ward off, if possible, the prevalent chills and fever.

In 1856 Mr. Chatfield was gored to death by a vicious bull in his own field, which occurrence gave her nervous system a shock from which she never recovered, showing itself quite plainly by a lack of the physical and mental vigor she so forcibly exhibited in former years.

Mrs. Chatfield was converted in early life, in Richmond, Ontario Co., N. Y., and soon after her marriage joined the M. E. church of Richmond. Upon her removal to Michigan she joined the same society in Birmingham, after their settlement in Troy, and has been an honored, modest, unassuming, conscientious, consistent christian woman throughout all these years of life's vicissitudes and trials.

JAMES D. BATEMAN.

[From the Pontiac Gazette.]

In the circuit court for the county of Oakland.

At a session of said court, held at the court house, in the city of Pontiac, in said county, on the second day of January, A. D. 1889, Levi B. Taft, Aaron Perry and J. W. Robbins having previously been appointed by said court to draft and present to said court, a testimonial of the life of James D. Bateman, deceased member of the bar of said county:

Such committee respectfully submit the following, and request that the same be entered upon the minutes of this court, and that a certified copy thereof be sent to the widow of our deceased brother:

James D. Bateman, formerly clerk of this court, departed this life on the 21st day of November, A. D. 1888, aged 59 years, at Walled Lake, Oakland county, Michigan. His career is closely interwoven with the history of Oakland county. He was a man of considerable talent, but his eccentricities, professionally and otherwise, detracted somewhat from his practical usefulness. He possessed as large a heart and a keener intellect than is ordinarily given to human nature. He comprehended at a glance all questions presented to him and rapidly applied the rule of law to them. In the examination of witnesses he had no superior. In conciseness and perspicuity of expression, in terseness and directness of style, in compactness and force of logic, he had few equals.

Careful and deliberate in the formation of his conclusions, he was from the very strength of his convictions, tenacious and confident of their correctness, and courageous and resolute in their expression. The suavity of his manners, and the kindness of his heart, rendered him a general favorite of those of the bar who best knew him. In social life he graced the circle in which he moved, and was always a welcome guest. And we deem it appropriate to render this special tribute to his talents and worth.

LEVI B. TAFT.
AARON PERRY.
J. W. ROBBINS.

CHARLES HOWELL.

[From the Pontiac Gazette.]

Who that knows our gentle, genial friend will not drop a tear over his departure. He was as pure as the snow is pure, without guile, gentle as a woman, with a soul that embraced only the good of this world and sent out only blessings to his fellowmen. He met with tolerable success in life's pursuits, was esteemed by everybody as a man among men, but the rough-and-tumble career of a legal and business life, jostling against selfishness, illiteracy and boorishness, was ever a source of unhappiness to his fine sensibilities, and caused him to shrink from a too open conflict for place, power or pelf. The Detroit Tribune says:

The death of Charles B. Howell, which occurred at his residence, 17 Pitcher street, yesterday, Sept. 30, 1888, at 3 P. M. removes a prominent character from Detroit's professional and political life. As a lawyer, author and public speaker he was widely known.

"He was in many respects a remarkable man," said Silas Farmer last evening. "He possessed a brilliant mind that was never idle. Of genial disposition and warm, sympathetic feelings he won friends easily and kept them. He was particularly devoted to his home and passed peacefully away in the presence of his family.

The deceased was born in Chautauqua county, N. Y., June 30, 1840, and came to Michigan with his parents when 9 years of age, settling at Pontiac, where, while yet quite young, he engaged with his brother, M. E. N. Howell, in the publication of the Pontiac Gazette. In 1865, through the influence of Senator Chandler, he was appointed to a position in the Detroit postoffice. In 1864 he was graduated from the law department of the University at Ann Arbor, and went to Washington, D. C., where he soon became one of the most efficient and best posted employés of the general land office. The year 1868 found him in Minnesota, where he took an active part in political matters, serving two terms as probate judge and one term as county attorney.

In 1874 he came to Detroit and engaged in the practice of law, in which he continued until two years ago, when he was obliged to abandon his profession because of a paralytic affection of his vocal organs. He then turned his attention to literary pursuits, publishing a law volume entitled "Michigan Nisi Prius Cases," which is highly recommended. A small volume of poems bearing the title "Next Door," possessed unusual merit. He was a member of the Central M. E. church, and a director of the Y. M. C. A. His malady was a peculiar one, causing a gradual wasting away of the body, while the mind remained clear and bright to the last. He leaves a widow and daughter, the latter a teacher in the city schools.

ERI BENEDICT.

Eri Benedict, an old and much respected citizen, passed away on the morning of March 21, 1889, at his home in Birmingham, at the extraordinary age of 90 years and one day.

He was born at Greenfield, Saratoga Co., N. Y., March 20, 1799, and came to Michigan in 1844, settling in Detroit where he remained until 1854, when he removed to Bloomfield, Oakland Co., and located on the Deacon Fish or Maple Grove farm. He removed to Birmingham in 1879.

He was married to Delia Darrow at Saratoga Springs in 1823, who died in 1886. They had, consequently, been married 63 years, a number of years rarely attained.

Mr. Benedict was a carpenter by trade and built the old "Congress Hall" hotel at Saratoga Springs, which has always been noted as a resort and headquarters for noted politicians and statesmen down to the present time.

Mr. Benedict leaves three sons and one daughter.

He was an upright, honorable, conscientious citizens of "ye olden time" and will be greatly missed.

CHARLES A. TROWBRIDGE.

[From the Pontiac Gazette.]

A dispatch from New York announced the death from heart disease, in that city, of Charles A., eldest brother of Guy M. Trowbridge and Mrs. W. S. Albertson, of this city, and General L. S. Trowbridge, of Detroit. Mr. Trowbridge, the eldest son of the late Stephen V. R. Trowbridge, was born August 5, 1817, in Horseheads, near Elmira, N. Y. Came to Troy with his parents in 1821. Attended school winters and worked on the farm summers until he was sixteen years of age, when he went to Detroit to live in the family of his uncle, C. C. Trowbridge, and soon became interested in the wholesale grocery business, opening a store on Jefferson avenue with S. B. Brady. In 1855 he became largely interested in the organization of the Collins Iron Co., a mining company which went under in the panic of 1873. In 1864 he crossed the continent in the interest of an enterprise to build a Pacific railroad. Soon after this he went to New York, where he has since resided.

At the time of his death Mr. Trowbridge was secretary of the Silver Islet Mining Company, and was interested in a number of similar corporations, including a South American silver mine. For the last four or five years he had been in poor health, and passed away on Saturday, April 13, 1889. He leaves a widow and one child.

REV. DR. TROWBRIDGE, PRESIDENT OF CENTRAL TURKEY COLLEGE.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

Intelligence has just been received of the death of Rev. Tillman C. Trowbridge, D. D., at Marash, Turkey. He was in attendance upon the annual missionary meeting of the Central Turkey Mission, and had assisted at the communion service, when he was stricken for the third time with apoplexy. He lingered for several days, not, however, regaining consciousness, and finally passed peacefully away on the 20th of July, 1888. Loving friends carried his remains to his home at Aintab and tenderly laid them at rest in a corner of the grounds of the college which he had loved so much, and to which he had given the best energies of the last ten years of his life. Thus has closed another noble life; a life so true, so brave, so beautiful and

unselfish as to make a lasting impression on all who came within reach of its influence.

Dr. Trowbridge was the fifth son of Hon. Steven V. R. Trowbridge, one of the pioneers of Oakland county, in this State. He was born in Troy, Oakland county, Mich. His brothers, Chas. A. Trowbridge of New York, W. P. Trowbridge, professor in Columbia college, New York, G. M. Trowbridge of Pontiac and Gen. L. S. Trowbridge of this city, are known to many of our citizens. He was educated at the University of Michigan and Union Theological Seminary of New York. He went to Turkey, as a missionary, in 1855, and has remained in that work ever since, for the last ten years or more being president of the Central Turkey college at Aintab. He married a daughter of Dr. Riggs, one of the most noted men in the missionary field. His widow and five children, three of them in this country, remain to mourn him.

HIRAM P. DANIELS.

[From the Pontiac Gazette.]

Hiram P. Daniels quietly passed away at Birmingham, January 23, 1889. He was born in Rutland, Vermont, January 24, 1801, and lacked but one day of being 88 years old. He came to Michigan, in company with his parents and sisters, in 1831, and located with a sister on the east half of the southwest quarter, and the west half of the southeast quarter of section 36, in Bloomfield, Oakland county, Michigan, which he settled upon in 1832, and where he lived until the time of his death. Mr. Daniels was married to Rhoda Bingham in 1836, who was also from Vermont, and by whom he had five sons.

Mr. Daniels had been in feeble health for some years, and his death was not unexpected, yet, when an old resident pioneer passes away, the associates of his early struggles in improving this fair part of Oakland county are reminded that the few who now remain must be soon called home. His death brings grief to the hearts of the surviving pioneers for their departed brother and associate.

Mr. Daniels was one of those frugal, economical, industrious, hardy men, whose early teachings and example of his forefathers of the Green Mountain State were never forgotten, and which he practiced through his life. He was an upright, conscientious man, a christian gentleman of the olden type, becoming a member of the Presbyterian church at an early day, and will be greatly missed in the community in which he has lived for over fifty-seven years.

BENEDICT K. CARPENTER.

[Gazette, January 25.]

The funeral of the late Benedict K. Carpenter took place at his late home in Waterford on Saturday, January 19, 1889, Rev. W. R. Seaver officiating.

Benedict K. Carpenter was born April 17, 1810, in Orange county, N. Y., near Newburg. When about 13 years of age his father, Daniel P. Carpenter, who was turned from the Quaker church for marrying an unbeliever, moved to the township of Hartsville, Steuben county, N. Y. Here he lived and worked at clearing up a new farm until about the year 1835, when he came to the township of Orion, Oakland county, Mich., and worked at job work, also in clearing up a farm he had purchased there. He traded with the Indians some in Lapeer and Tuscola counties. He let his father have his farm in Orion, and about the year 1838 bought the farm where he died.

In the year 1847 he married Sarah A. Rodenbo, and since then has always lived on the farm which his hands had turned from a wilderness into a cultivated farm. He leaves four children.

MRS. FANNIE PRICHARD.

[From the South Lyon Excelsior.]

Died, November 20, 1888, at her daughter's home in South Lyon, Mrs. Fannie Prichard, aged 76 years. The deceased was born in Pennsylvania, and moved to Michigan the year of her marriage to Rev. Prichard, in 1836, locating first in Hillsdale county. They have since been residents of various circuits throughout the State, according to the practice of the M. E. ministers. Their home of late has been with their daughter, Mrs. T. Harker of South Lyon. Mrs. Prichard was an estimable lady and her long life of usefulness will be long cherished by her wide acquaintance throughout the State.

MRS. SARAH H. HILTON.

[From the Pontiac Gazette.]

Mrs. Sarah H. Hilton, the widow of the late Samuel Hilton of Avon, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. L. R. Brown, Ypsilanti, Oct. 29, 1888, in her 88th year. She was the last of a family of eleven children. Her father, Abram Morrill, was a member of the legislature of Vermont for over twenty years. She was also a cousin of the present Senator Morrill. In the spring of 1826 she was married to Samuel Hilton. In the same year they moved to Michigan, settling in Oakland township, where they lived ten years. From here they moved to Avon township, where they lived to the time of her hus-

band's death, which occurred in 1869. Since then she has lived with her children. She united with the Baptist church at Oakland when she first came to Michigan, and was always an earnest, active christian.

MRS. MAHALA PARKER.

[From the Pontiac Gazette.]

The sudden death of Mrs. Mahala Parker, of Wixom, well known as a pioneer settler in this vicinity, occurred on Thursday, July 12, 1888.

Mrs. Parker deserves more than this passing notice. She was born in West Bloomfield, Ontario county, N. Y., July 13, 1811. Was married March 22, 1832, to Silas N. Parker. The May following, her husband, in company with his brother, Joseph, came to this State and took up 240 acres of land in what is now called the town of Lyon, Oakland county, and went back. The following year, 1833, she and her husband, in company with his brothers, James and Joseph, and their wives, started for their new homes in the Territory of Michigan. They were six days crossing Lake Erie, in a schooner; when entering Detroit river they ran aground and were forced to cut cedar poles near the shore to push the boat off. By a long and circuitous route, over new and bad roads, they reached the vicinity of her husband's land, lying 30 miles northwest of Detroit.

Their brother, James, bought the farm now owned by E. Irwin, but he died in six days; her husband and Joseph bought the 40 acres now owned by Mrs. Calvin Hopkins, and built on it, there being no road to their other land. When the Detroit & Lansing State road was put through, it crossed their 240 acres, and they moved upon it. There, as a true wife, she toiled and heroically bore her full share of the trials and privations incident to pioneer life. As a friend and neighbor, she earned the terms by her free help and sympathy. As a mother, the result of her care and labor are evidenced by her nine children, six sons and three daughters (one of the latter died at the age of 18 years), now useful men and women. Two of her sons did good service for this State in our civil war. Fifty-six years of married life found her at the close a frail woman but of good mental powers, unselfishly ministering and advising, in a christian way, for her children, grandchildren and great grandchildren. Her declining years were greatly blessed by the aid and help of her eldest and unmarried son, Henry, who lived at home and helped alike outdoor or in, as circumstances required. He, with the aid of the kind husband, who died seven months previous, provided for her every want with loving care. The six stalwart sons carried these dear parents to their graves, side by side, and to such pioneers as they were fair Michigan owes her proud position today among the sisterhood of States.

JONATHAN PETTY.

[From the Pontiac Gazette.]

Jonathan Petty, one of the first settlers in the town of Independence, died at his home, Aug. 31, 1888, aged 83 years, 2 months and 14 days. Mr. Petty was born in Sussex county, New Jersey, June 16, 1805, and with his family and his father's family came with teams to the territory of Michigan, in 1833, and settled in this township. At that time there were only three or four families in the township, and only one house where the village of Clarkston now stands. He experienced all that the sturdy pioneers of those days encountered in making homes for themselves, and while they were laying the foundations for comfort in after years, by their sterling integrity and adherence to the principles inculcated in early life, they helped to build up society around those principles, and by their influence and example, did much to mould the civilization they were making. We lay a tribute of gratitude upon the green mounds that mark their silent resting places. Mr. Petty's wife died about thirty years ago, and he has made his home with his children since. They had eight children, seven of whom grew to manhood and womanhood and were present at the funeral. One who knew him well, says: "He was a man of sterling integrity, never wavering from what he believed to be right; ever in sympathy with the oppressed and afflicted, an honest man, a loved and humble citizen, a kind and indulgent parent."

FRANKLIN PATRICK.

Died at Port Austin, Mich., on Monday, April 8, 1889, Franklin Patrick, aged 90 years.

Mr. Patrick was born in Scipio, N. Y., April 20, 1799. He came to Michigan in 1831 and made his home in this township, where he lived until his removal to Port Austin a few years since.

Being of a kind and genial disposition he endeared himself to all He possessed a wonderful memory, not only of persons and places, but of everything heard or read, and could repeat almost word for word sermons heard 50 years ago.

He was a Universalist by faith, a devout student of the Bible and died as he had lived, firm in the belief that all would be well in the hands of the great Father.

He leaves a son and a daughter and many kind remembrances of true words and deeds with all who knew him.

HON. CHARLES BALDWIN.

[From the Pontiac Gazette.]

Hon. Charles Baldwin died at his home in Pontiac, May 25, 1889, in his 86th year.

Charles Baldwin was born at New Bedford, New Haven county, Conn. October 9, 1803. After the war of 1812, he moved with his parents to Utica, New York; later to Monroe county, where he resided until he moved west. He spent the summer of 1825 in Michigan, but did not make a permanent settlement until 1830, when he located upon section 5, town 3, range 11 east.

He reslded in Avon many years, where he was prominent, socially and officially, serving the people of the town as supervisior, most of the decade of 1840, and a portion of 1850. During his service on the board, he was one or more terms chairman. In 1846 he was elected as a democratic representative to the legislature, Ex-Judge A. C. Baldwin being his colleague, the latter being the only surviving member of that early session.

In 1848, being of anti-slavery sentiment, he joined the free soil party, as an opponent of the extension of slavery, and as a natural political sequence became a republican, the party with which he affiliated the balance of his life. After moving to the city of Pontiac, he was for two or three terms elected supervisor of the third ward, and for some six years was a member of the school board. In the fall of 1878 he was nominated by the republicans as a candidate for representative, and was elected. In 1880 he was returned to the same body, and for the session of 1881 was given the honorary title of father of the house.

During his long life in Oakland county, we never heard even a reflective insinuation cast against his character. Officially, he was always conservative, economical and honest; the interests of the people being the paramount object of his official life. In his private dealings with men, he gave every person his due, with a tendency to count trifling margins against himself in the adjustment of claims.

During most of his life he was a liberal patron and constant attendant upon the Baptist church, and in the language of a mother in that branch of Zion, "he was a christian" in life and act. He leaves a widow, one son and two grandchildren.

Charles Baldwin was a rarely good man. His influence was always exerted on the right side of every question affecting society, the community or the State. One never had to inquire how he stood upon a question that had a right and wrong side to it, so strong was his personal leaning to what was just, honest and right. The death of such a man, though gathered as the ripe wheat is gathered, is a great public loss.

WILLIAM J. SHERWOOD.

Wm. J. Sherwood, Esq., was born in Somerset, Niagara county, N. Y., on the 25th of Nov., 1830, and died at his home in Brandon, Oakland Co., Mich., May 13, 1889, aged 58 years, 5 months and 18 days.

Mr. Sherwood moved to this county with his parents when but three years of age. He was married to Miss Mary E. Gibbs in 1857, and to them were born five children, four of whom, together with the wife of his early manhood, survive him. He has ever been faithful to his family and a good provider.

In business he was enterprising and quite successful, having accumulated considerable property. His motto was that: "What was worth doing at all, was worth doing well." It is said that he faithfully illustrated it. Though not a member of the church, yet for several years he was the efficient treasurer of the board of trustees of the Seymour Lake M. E. church. He actively coöperated with others in the building of the church and parsonage property, collecting and disbursing satisfactorily, large sums of money.

His fellow townsmen had, from time to time, committed to him offices of trust and responsibility. At the time of his death he was holding the office of postmaster, in the discharge of which duties he gave entire satisfaction.

He was a man of strong will power, and by its exercise made for himself lasting friends and undoubtedly bitter enemies. He was a republican in politics and a warm supporter of the party and its measures.

Our townsman and fellow citizen is gone into the great beyond. He suffered much and long at the last.

WELCOME CAMPBELL.

Welcome Campbell was born in Paris, Oneida Co., New York, July 20, 1810, where he lived until four years of age, when, with his parents, he moved to the township of Chili, Monroe county, in the same State.

Here he received his education and worked with his father on the farm until 15 years of age, when his mother died. He learned the cooper's trade and worked in partnership with his father for two years, after which he carried on the business alone, accumulating sufficient means to buy 80 acres of land in Michigan.

On April 20, 1834, he started for Michigan with the view of locating, and after seven days of rough and tedious journey on the lake landed at Detroit. Starting out on the old territorial road, by the way of the illustrious "Mother Handsome's," to Pontiac, thence to Oxford, Oakland county,

he located 80 acres of land on section 7. The following month he returned to New York State and traded his land for a stock of boots, shoes and leather, making a good profit by the trade. In May of the next year he returned to this State accompanied by his aged father, stepmother and one sister, he bearing all the expense. They arrived at Orion on the 25th of May, and on the next day he rented a few acres of land, commenced planting corn and put in a few crops for their living. Liking the country so well and being anxious to get a good start, he bought 115 acres in the township of Oxford, which location was known for a number of years as "Campbell's Corners," but was afterward changed to Oakwood. Here he remained for about 25 years, and during that period was actively engaged in the various pursuits of agriculture, merchandising, building, lumbering and his original trade of coopering. He also was proprietor of a store in Pontiac. The hardships of a pioneer life were borne with fortitude, and uncomplainingly did he endure the privation and toil necessary to make a home for his family.

He was married June 9, 1839, to Miss Mary J. Cheney, by whom he became the father of five sons and five daughters, of whom all the sons and two daughters are now living.

The first religious services in the township were held in Mr. Campbell's house, and he assisted in the erection of the first house of worship as well as the first schoolhouse.

In the fall of 1859 he traded all his property for 427 acres of land in the township of Royal Oak, Oakland Co., the greater part of which was new and swampy and required a great amount of labor and endurance to clear and render tillable. Soon after he bought 360 acres more, making a total of about 800 acres upon which he worked and made improvements, until it ranks as one of the best in the township.

A most desirable feature of his improvement was the planting of maple trees for shade extending a mile on each side of the highway, and it was proverbial among his friends that any tree would grow and thrive under any circumstances if Mr. Campbell would place it in the ground and cover it.

His energy and ambition seemed unlimited, as he was always studying to improve the country round about him and working for the public interests.

As age began to creep upon him, he wished to retire from the hard work of a farmer's life and sold a part of his property, dividing the remainder among his children, giving each a good farm which they still own. Having bought fifty acres in the western part of the village of Royal Oak, which was nearly all swamp, he proceeded to drain and otherwise improve it until at the present time it is equal to the best land the township affords.

Forty acres of this he sold, and built him a pleasant home on the balance, beautifying the grounds with evergreens and maples, and devoted his time to the keeping of bees for pleasure and profit; contented and happy until his death, which occurred November 11, 1888, at the age of 78 years and 4 months.

In politics he was formerly a whig, and a strong abolitionist, taking an active part in aiding slaves from the south to escape by the underground railway into Canada. Many a poor slave has he taken under the cover of darkness from his station to the next, giving them food and clothing, and directing them to the land of freedom—Canada. In later years he was an ardent republican and a strict temperance man. He was always earnest in the cause of right and justice, never swerving from duty when he was convinced he was in the right; never harboring hard feelings against any man with whom he had any trouble, but was always ready to greet him with a pleasant "good morning."

In early years he became a christian and united his fortune with the Congregational church, and in the line of christian duty he was just as active and ambitious for the cause to prosper as he was in his temporal interests. While living at Royal Oak he united with the M. E. church of that place and remained an earnest, active worker up to the very hour of his death, which, although he had been in very poor health for some time, came unexpectedly to all. Having finished his work, he literally fell asleep to awake in the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

OSCODA COUNTY.

O. E. CUTCHEON.

Name.	Date of Death.	Place of Death.	Age.
Robert White	Feb. 18, 1889	East Tawas	59
James E. Forrest	March 14, 1889	Au Sable	44

HON. ROBERT WHITE.

Hon. Robert White died at East Tawas, Michigan, February 18, 1889. Mr. White was born in county Kent, England, in the month of March, A. D. 1830. He came to the United States, landing at New York, in 1855. But

little is known of his early life, as he seldom spoke of it. It is certain, however, that he received a good education in the English schools. It appears to have been his intention, on coming to this country, to go to California, where a brother then resided, but he changed his plans after arriving in New York, and proceeded no farther west than Joliet, Illinois; and from there he went to Chicago, where he remained some months, and finally entered the employ of Mr. Charles Mears, at Pentwater, Michigan. He remained at the latter place about one year, after which, with a party of six, he took a trip to Lake Superior in an open sail-boat.

His next employment was in the United States land office at Cheboygan, where he was engaged about one year. From thence he went to Mackinaw, in 1858. He afterwards taught school one year in Cheboygan, and from the fall of 1858 to the fall of 1859 he was acting county clerk of Cheboygan county.

He then went to Alpena, and after a short stop continued his journey to Harrisville, the present county seat of Alcona county.

He assisted in the organization of the township of Harrisville, and in the spring of 1860 was elected township clerk. He also served as supervisor of Harrisville township, and in November, 1864, he was elected county clerk of Alpena county, to which Alcona was at that time attached.

In 1869 he went to Lansing and secured the passage of the bill for the organization of Alcona county, also the bill for the organization of the township of Greenbush, in the same county.

In 1870 he came to Au Sable, Iosco county. The same year he was admitted to practice law at Harrisville, by Hon. J. G. Sutherland, who was at that time judge of the shore circuit. He remained at Au Sable until 1872, when he went to Tawas City. The following year he located in East Tawas, where he has since resided. He was appointed prosecuting attorney of Iosco county in February, 1876, and served in that capacity nearly one year.

He was nominated for State senator on the democratic ticket in 1880, but after a vigorous campaign, was defeated. He served from 1882 to 1886 as circuit court commissioner, and in 1884 he was elected judge of probate of Iosco county, which office he held for four years.

After the election of President Cleveland he was appointed postmaster at East Tawas, which position he retained until the time of his death.

During the winter 1887–8 he visited Washington for the purpose of attending the national convention of postmasters, and was made president of the convention.

At the time of his death he was the oldest member of the bar of Iosco county and was president of the Iosco Bar Association.

It will be seen, that from the time of his arrival in Michigan to his death, a period of more than thirty years, he was almost continuously in public office.

He was a very active partisan, was always a democrat, and was more prominent and aggressive in the counsels of his party than any other man in the county. Notwithstanding these facts which made him peculiarly a mark for the criticism of his political opponents, no whisper of suspicion was ever heard against his official integrity, and many of his warmest personal friends were always found in the opposing party.

His most prominent personal characteristics were, his genial temper and warm hearted sociability. He was never so happy as when entertaining his friends. In this particular he was pre-eminently the English gentleman, and his success as the agreeable host gave him a wide personal popularity.

He was a man of unusual stature, his weight being nearly three hundred pounds.

Mr. White was married in 1880 to Miss Mary Holbrook of Portland, Michigan, who still resides at East Tawas. Two children have been born of their union, one of whom only, a boy of six years, survives.

It is not possible within the short limits of this sketch to do ample justice to the prominence and usefulness, as a citizen, of Mr. White. It may be said, however, without any departure from the exact limits of truth, that no other man lives within the county of Iosco whose death would be so universally mourned.

His death was sudden, and except to those who knew him intimately, very unexpected.

JAMES E. FORREST.

James E. Forrest died at his residence in the village of Au Sable, March 14, 1889. Mr. Forrest was born at Blackburn, Lancashire, England, October 25, 1845. After a brief period at school he was put to work in a woolen factory, and on the outbreak of the civil war, the mill in which he was employed shut down, and in 1862 he emigrated to the United States.

He first settled in Vermont, but shortly afterwards came to Au Sable, arriving in 1863. He at once engaged in the business of fishing and the manufacture of fish oil, which business he followed successfully for eleven years.

In 1874 he was appointed assistant postmaster under George P. Warner and in 1877 he became postmaster of Au Sable, holding the office until his resignation shortly after the election of President Cleveland.

In 1878 Mr. Forrest married Miss Agnes Weir who survives him.

For many years Mr. Forrest took an active interest in politics. As a republican he was a strong and unbending partisan and his service and counsel were of great benefit to his party.

By far his strongest characteristics were his sagacity and industry in business affairs. In his early life he developed habits of economy and prudence and thus laid the foundation of his future prosperity. About 1874 he began the business of banking. From a small beginning he gradually built up a business which at the time of his death was giving him a clear profit of about $10,000 per year. Notwithstanding his great application to business, he found time to serve his township and village in many local offices, in all of which he displayed the same ability and carefulness which characterized his business mothods.

As already stated, Mr. Forrest was preëminently a business man. He gave but little attention to social affairs and was not intimately known, except to a small circle of devoted friends. In the conduct of his business he was a man of untiring energy and perseverance, and it is quite likely that his constant devotion to his business shortened his life.

His death resulted from typhoid pneumonia. He had been for many years a member of the Masonic order and was buried with the impressive ceremonies of that society.

He was for many years deeply interested in educational matters, serving upon the board of education in Au Sable, and was very liberal in his ideas of the management and care of the public schools.

It is understood that Mr. Forrest's opportunities for acquiring education in his early life were quite limited. He was, however, a man of an active and inquiring mind and in his later life became an extensive reader, giving his attention to scientific reading and the best fictitious literature.

Mr. Forrest's estate is supposed to be worth about seventy-five thousand dollars, which was left mainly to his wife.

OTTAWA COUNTY.

A. S. KEDZIE.

Name.	Date of Death.	Place of Death.	Age.
Townsend E. Gidley	October 8, 1888	Grand Haven	83
Hamilton Jones	October 30, 1888	Grand Haven	81
S. Juistema	May 1, 1889	Grand Haven	63

HON. TOWNSEND E. GIDLEY.

[From the Grand Haven Herald.]

Many will share in the sense of personal loss which came to us when the death of Hon. T. E. Gidley, October 8, 1888, was announced.

Identified as he has been with the history of this State from its first organization, and having had much to do in the formation and the reconstruction of its constitution, also in the enactment of its laws, it is readily seen that he bore an important part in shaping the history of the State, and that in his death this State has lost one of its most eminent pioneers.

He was born in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in 1805, and consequently had reached the 83d year of his age. His ancestors were English, and came to this country before the Revolutionary war.

In 1835, while this State was then a territory, he came to Michigan and settled in Jackson county, where he lived two years under our territorial government. Here he carried on an extensive business in farming, lumbering and merchandise, being a man of great energy and versatility.

He was just such a man as was needed in the important work of constructing the territory of Michigan into a State. To this service he was called as a member of the first constitutional convention, and also a member of the convention for revising the constitution. He was a member of the State senate in 1839, '40, '41, '42, '63 and '64, and one of the house in 1835, '36, '38 and '50.

He also had a share in the politics of the State. He was once selected as presidential elector, and was candidate for the gubernatorial chair on the whig ticket against Robert McClelland.

After the death of his wife in 1856, he continued to reside in Jackson till 1864. Two years later he removed to Grand Haven and settled on Peach Plains where with his wonted enthusiasm he engaged in fruit culture. Here he re-married, and spent the latter years of his honored and exemplary life in the culture of fruit and the enjoyment of home.

Mr. Gidley was a man of great energy and versatility in business, of broad reading and just appreciation in various ranges of literature, also of ready discernment and wide influence in politics. And in somewhat remarkable degree he preserved a genial suavity even during those advancing years of life when many drift into brusqueness.

SAGINAW COUNTY.

C. W. GRANT.

Name.	Date of Death.	Place of Death.	Age.
Miss Mary Beach	October 6, 1888		62
John B. Leasia	November 7, 1888	Saginaw	72
Jira S. Martin	February 12, 1889	Saginaw	41
Mrs. Cynthia Estabrook Wilson	February 22, 1889	East Saginaw	72
Mrs. Henry D. Wickes	April 27, 1889	Saginaw	51
Mrs. Murdock Frazer	April 30, 1889	Saginaw	72
Cyrus Chase	May 1, 1889	Kochville	68
Amos Dixon	May 7, 1889	Saginaw	80
Lilly Cook	June 12, 1889	Bridgeport	80
Mrs. A. L. Jewett	June 8, 1889	Saginaw	83

JOHN B. LEASIA.

John B. Leasia, an old resident of this county, died in Saginaw, November 7, 1888, of consumption, aged 72 years. Mr. Leasia came to Saginaw in 1835, from Pontiac, and had been a resident of this county 53 years, with the exception of four years spent on a farm in Gratiot county.

JIRA S. MARTIN.

Jira S. Martin was born in Oxford county, Ontario, February 15, 1848. He came to Saginaw in 1868. In 1871 he engaged in the livery business in which he has continued since. In 1874 he was married to Emma J., daughter of Hon. W. H. Sweet. His wife and one child, a son, survive him. He died February 12, 1889, in Saginaw.

MRS. C. ESTABROOK WILSON.

Mrs. Cynthia Estabrook Wilson, born at Lebanon, N. H., April 14, 1817, died at East Saginaw, Mich., February 22, 1889, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Monroe Chapin.

Mrs. Wilson has been a resident of East Saginaw since 1864, and was actively identified with the Jefferson Street M. E. church and with the Home of the Friendless until attacked by sickness several years ago, since which she has been an invalid, a portion of the time helpless.

Hers was a useful life that was ever ready to do for others, and that in sharing their sorrows and caring for the sick or needy, never found duty burdensome.

Surviving her are five children, and her brothers, Hon. E. Estabrook of Omaha, and John S. Estabrook of East Saginaw.

MRS. HENRY D. WICKES.

Mrs. H. D. Wickes died April 27, 1889, of blood poisoning.

Mrs. Wickes was nearly 51 years of age. She has been a resident of Saginaw twenty-eight years, coming here with her husband and family in April, 1861. She leaves her husband, two sons, and one daughter.

MRS. MURDOCK FRASER.

Few names are more intimately associated with the early history of Saginaw than that of Fraser, and to the old pioneers no name, perhaps, is more suggestive of pleasant reminiscences. But the last one of that name who bore the heat and the burden of the pioneer days is cold in death. Mrs. Murdock Fraser died April 30, 1889, at her home in Saginaw town, after a residence in this county of 53 years.

Isabella Goulding was born at Edinburgh, Scotland, Aug 17, 1817. Her family removed to Detroit at an early day, where she was married in June, 1835, to the late Murdock Fraser, who was at that time one of the brightest and most energetic of the sturdy men who were building homes and fortunes for themselves in the Saginaw wilderness. After their marriage they made the journey to Saginaw on Indian ponies. For a time they lived with Mr. James Fraser on what is now the A. B. Paine farm. They then settled on a piece of land on the banks of the Tittabawassee, now owned by the Tittabawassee Boom Company. Subsequently they lived on what is now the Saginaw county poor farm, and later settled on the farm where Mrs. Fraser died, which was located by the late Duncan McLellan. For years Murdock Fraser and his estimable wife enjoyed the highest reputation for that cordial hospitality which was a feature, and a pleasant one, among the many trying ones of pioneer life, and their home was the scene of many a pleasant gathering, while many a wayfarer and stranger had occasion to bless them for hospitality. Mrs. Fraser had lived for thirty years in the house where she died, and in her fifty-three year's residence here had seen such changes as no one can ever again witness and as none but fellow pioneers can fully appreciate. Mr. Fraser died some twelve years ago. Nine children today mourn the loss of a true christian mother. Mrs. Fraser had been a consistent member of the Presbyterian church from girlhood.

CYRUS CHASE.

Cyrus Chase, one of the old residents of Kochville, died May 1, 1889. Mr. Chase was 68 years of age and had been a resident of Saginaw county since 1850. In 1855 he married Mary Atchinson, of Farmersville, Canada. He lived in Zilwaukee until 1867, when he moved to the farm in Kochville, where he has since lived. He was an iufluential and respected man in his community. His wife and five children survive him.

AMOS DIXON.

In his 80th year the subject of this sketch quietly passed away across the dark river to the farther shore May 7, 1889, at Saginaw, after a well spent, useful life, keeping in the harness up to the past few months, when increasing feebleness rendered absolute rest necessary. Coming from New York State, where at one time he was comparatively well off, he settled with his family in this city early in the 60's and became one of the clerical force of what was known then as the Merchants' National Bank. He was one of the most skillful accountants in the Saginaws, and for the past few years has had charge of the books of the lumber firm of Thomas Merrill & Co., where his faithfulness, coupled with a vigorous vitality unusual for one of his great age, has rendered him a valuable aid to the business. He lost his wife two years ago and has been gradually failing ever since his life companion breathed her last. The deceased was well known in both Saginaws and has ever been esteemed for his probity, ability and general cheerfulness of disposition.

MRS. A. L. JEWETT.

Mrs. Azubah L. Jewett died June 8, 1889, at Saginaw, in the eighty-fourth year of her age.

Mrs. Jewett, whose maiden name was Miller, was born at Hartland, Vt., January 26, 1806. She was the daughter of parents who belonged to an old Puritan family of Vermont. Her mother's name was Hodgman, and her family was one of the oldest.

She was a direct descendant through her maternal grandfather, Major Lot Hodgman, from Gov. Roger Conant, of Salem colony, who was born in 1595. Her maternal great grandfather, Capt. Timothy Lull, was the first settler in Hartland, her native town.

Mrs. Jewett came to Grand Blanc, Mich., in 1831, and in the fall of that year was married to Eleazer Jewett. The wedding journey, from Grand Blanc to Saginaw, which is now made in two hours, took them one week.

The journey was made in a canoe. Mr. and Mrs. Jewett settled at Green Point. In 1836 they built a hotel in this city, which they kept until 1858 or '59. Then the family removed to the farm in Kochville now owned by Oscar Jewett. Mr. Jewett filled many places of honor and was the second probate judge for this county. Mrs. Jewett was a bright, active, energetic woman, generous, hospitable and kind of heart. In the early days she extended innumerable kindnesses to those who, as young men in the wilderness, were laying foundations for the business which made many of them fortunes and built these cities. Many of them never forgot her nor lost an opportunity to call on her and talk over those old days, every incident of which she recalled so vividly.

Since the death of her husband she has made her home with her daughter, Mrs. Dr. Lee. She was the mother of four children, Mrs. Lee, Alonzo, Oscar and Wallace Jewett. Wallace was killed in the battle of Gettysburg. Her brother, Hon. Albert Miller, of Bay City, is the only survivor of his family.

At the solicitation of friends Mrs. Jewett last year prepared the following sketch of her life. It gives many interesting facts:

I came a bride to Saginaw county in October, 1831, and was one of the 30 white inhabitants then residing in the lower peninsula of Michigan, north of Flint river; my home was on the bank of the river at Green Point, two and a half miles above Saginaw City. My husband, the late Hon. Eleazer Jewett, kept a ferry and owned the only boat that could carry a horse across the river. My daughter, Mrs. Dr. N. D. Lee, of Saginaw City, was born at my home at Green Point in February, 1834, and except one born when the United States troops occupied the fort at Saginaw, was the first white female born in the region above referred to.

When I contemplate my social privileges, in the midst of a population of 50,000, containing hundreds of friends and acquaintances that I can visit any day I choose—for, if they are too far distant for a walk, street cars will carry me to their residences or near them,—I wonder at my contentment then with my nearest neighbor two miles and a half away, and with no means of traveling except the river, either on the ice or in a canoe; often many weeks would pass without seeing a female friend. We lived in a log house, nearly every stranger that visited Saginaw would come to our cabin for entertainment. There were very few conveniences for cooking; no cookstove, coal range, gasoline stove, but an open fireplace, with but very few cooking utensils. Men always came in groups; one or two would seldom come through the woods from Flint to Saginaw by themselves. Our life began to grow a little wearisome from entertaining people under disadvantages, and, con-

cluding we could as well keep a hotel, in 1837 Mr. Jewett built one sufficiently large to accommodate the traveling community for a number of years. When the plank road was built from Flint to Saginaw, in 1850, and steamboats came up the river and a bridge put across, only a small portion of the traveling community could be accommodated in the first public house that was built in the place.

In looking over some old account books that belonged to my husband when keeping a hotel, I saw an account of a bill for keeping Mr. Hopkins and his men, May 17, 1844. It brought the circumstances of the arrival vividly to my mind. Mr. Hopkins had previously been here and selected a location for lumbering business at Lower Saginaw, now Bay City. He went back to Ohio to get men to help him carry on his business, having started with ten, found conveyance for them until they arrived at Flint river. There had just been heavy rains which had rendered the roads so bad that it was impossible for teams to get through the roads, so they were compelled to walk. Each man took a lunch in his pocket, had an early start, and felt that they were fully competent for the task, expecting to arrive in Saginaw in due time for supper; but before the journey was half performed they began to realize that they had undertaken a hard task. It was dark when they arrived at Cass river, and there was no one there to set them across, but they found a canoe that would carry only two persons at one time. There was one man in the company that understood navigation and he had the task of taking them all across separately; found it very critical, as the river was very high. They had ten miles to walk to Saginaw (the crossing place was three miles above the present). Mr. Hopkins said all the encouraging words he was capable of, and they proceeded with wearied steps, but when they had come to within two miles of the crossing place of the Saginaw river one of the men became exhausted and fell to the ground apparently lifeless; they had no means of restoring him, and the only thing they could do was to carry him in their arms until they could get him to the river.

When they got through the dense woods and could see an opening to the river, they laid him on the ground. Mr. Hopkins and one man came across the river, then past midnight. I can well remember the loud call from Mr. Hopkins for Mr. Jewett to rise immediately, for he was in trouble. The story was soon told, and blankets and pillows were procured to bring the wearied man to the boat, which was speedily dispatched, and all were brought over the river in safety; the tired man was laid on a couch that was already prepared for him. Most of his comrades pronounced him dead, but Mr. Hopkins said: "There is life yet, and he must be restored." No physician was to be obtained, the only one in the place being prostrated with sickness;

restoratives were applied with little effect at first. In the meantime a substantial meal had been provided and all were ready to partake, except one man; he chose to remain with his brother, who was on the couch; before the meal was finished he discovered signs of life, and at daylight he had recovered consciousness and was able to speak. The two brothers remained two days; the other men took an open boat and proceeded to their place of business with the late James Fraser and William Pomeroy and Mr. Hopkins, and erected a sawmill, the fourth built on Saginaw river, on the site now occupied by S. G. M. Gates' mill in Bay City.

I am now in my eighty-third year, and since the death of my husband, which occurred in February, 1875, I have been the longest resident between Flint river and the Straits of Mackinaw; have a pleasant home with my daughter and am surrounded by a large circle of friends who are anxious to contribute to my happiness.

SHIAWASSEE COUNTY.

A. H. OWENS.

Name.	Place of Death.	Date of Death.	Age.
Dr. J. H. Hascall	June 12, 1888	Corunna	73
Gary Tuttle	August 3, 1888	Corunna	73
Wm. Newberry	October 3, 1888	Vernon	76
John Spalding	December 28, 1888	Perry	75
George C. Holmes	December 25, 1888	Byron	77

DR. J. H. HASCALL.

[From the Corunna Independent.]

Dr. Jeremiah H. Hascall, of Corunna, a pioneer physician of Shiawassee county, died suddenly June 12, 1888, aged nearly 73 years.

Dr. Hascall was one of the early representative men to whom this county owes much for pioneer sacrifices, and he was also a man of sterling worth of character. He was born in the village of LeRoy, Genesee Co., N. Y., August 23, 1815; at the age of four years he was left fatherless with four other small children, and had to provide for himself after about the tenth year of his age. In 1833 he came to Michigan and settled in Adrian, Lenawee county; studied medicine with Dr. P. J. Spaulding, attended lectures at Ann Arbor, graduated from the University and came to Corunna in 1856,

where he first entered upon the active practice of his profession, in which he was a pioneer of the county. For many years his ride extended over the entire county and at times outside, and at that day to reach his patients at such distance meant the surmounting of obstacles and dangers unknown to the practitioners of the present day. Many times he would be compelled to leave his horse and thread his way through swamps and bogs, walking on logs and wading through the stagnant mires to reach some pioneer's cabin in the unbroken wilderness, to minister to the sick and distressed, and many such hardships were endured and sacrifices made without remuneration asked for or proffered. In his entire practice the call of the distressed was never unheard if within his reach. There were times when nearly all the sleep he would get would be in his saddle or sulky, when he would turn his faithful horse towards home to meet the calls awaiting him there. The privations and exposures of his practice broke down his constitution, and at the age of 60 years he was compelled by failing health to lay aside his practice, and retire to the quiet of his peaceful home where he spent the remainder of his days, until he was suddenly and unexpectedly called to the other shore. He was married August 12, 1839, to Jane Colgrove, who with their only child, Mrs. J. D. Leland, still survives him.

THE OLD SEXTON GONE.

The familiar form of Gary Tuttle will be missed from our thoroughfares. The grim reaper, in whose employ he had been so long, took him on Friday, August 3, 1887, at Corunna. Deceased was born in Hartford, Conn., in 1815, moved to Ypsilanti, Mich., where he was married in 1838. He came to Corunna in 1842, and has resided here ever since. He experienced religion at the age of 21. Deceased was in his 74th year, and the father of nine children, seven of whom, together with his wife, survive him. He leaves a large circle of friends and acquaintances, but their loss, we trust, is his gain.

WILLIAM NEWBERRY.

Mr. Newberry was born in New York in 1812, and in 1827 removed with his parents to Ohio, where he remained until 1837, when he came to the then growing village of Shiawassee. A year later he settled on the farm where the rest of his life was passed, and soon after married Miss Parmenter, sister of Joseph Parmenter of Shiawassee, who with a family of two sons and four daughters survives him. The loss is Shiawassee's as well as theirs, for none of the county's pioneer farmers has retained in old age a more active interest in its development than did Wm. Newberry. For many years he

was president of the Owosso fair association, and at the time of his death was presiding officer of the Bancroft market fair. He died October 3, 1888, at Vernon. Thus another pioneer has gone to his reward, leaving to his family an honored name, to his country the direct benefit of half a century of wisely applied labor, and to the community in which he lived an example of enterprise and energy worth emulating. "William Newberry's word is as good as his note" was a current expression among his acquaintances, and his name is synonymous with business integrity. Mr. Newberry was also a member of the State Pioneer Society.

GEORGE C. HOLMES.

George C. Holmes, an old citizen of this county, died at Byron on Christmas evening, 1888, aged 77 years. He was prominent in the early history of the county; was elected county clerk in 1860, and re-elected in '62 and '64; was town clerk of Burns, postmaster at Byron, and a charter member of Byron Lodge, I. O. O. F. He was father of George B. and Howard M. Holmes, both former residents of Owosso.

ST. CLAIR COUNTY.

MRS. HELEN W. FARRAND.

Name.	Date of Death.	Residence.	Age.
Neil Campbell	September 24, 1887	Columbus	71
Mrs. Christian Kline	" 25, 1887	Port Huron	87
Dennis Murray	" 1887	Port Huron	83
Mrs. Nelson Woodworth	October 4, 1887	Marine City	74
Mrs. V. Inwagen	" 13, 1887	Memphis	------
Mrs. Bills	" 18, 1887	Ruby	88
Mitchell McConnell	" 19, 1887	Memphis	------
John C. Whitman	November 2, 1887	Menominee	------
James Vanslyke	" 12, 1887	Brockway	------
John McMonagle	" 13, 1887	Port Huron	62
Timothy Carey	" 14, 1887	Fort Gratiot	54
Abner Johnson	" 14, 1887	Wales	------
Mrs. Jessie C. Snover	" 17, 1887	Berlin	------
David Diamond	" 20, 1887	Port Huron	50
Mrs. Mary Blair	" 20, 1887	Oil Springs, Ont.	89
Nathan Lashbrooks, Sr.	" 21, 1887	Wales	88

ST. CLAIR COUNTY.—CONTINUED.

Name.	Date of Death.	Residence.	Age.
Mrs. Eunice Lockwood	November 22, 1887	Berlin	87
Mrs. Susan T. Strout	" 23, 1887	Port Huron	------
Mrs. W. S. Jenks	" 23, 1887	Port Huron	------
Alex. Monroe	" 1887	Port Huron	79
Mrs. Mary Pool	" 1887	Port Huron	73
Mrs. M. Anderson	December 1, 1887	Fort Gratiot	------
John O'Loughlin	" 2, 1887	Emmet	------
D. McArron	" 2, 1887	Marysville	70
R. D. Griffin	March 5, 1888	Brockway	77
Hugh Crockard	" 9, 1888	St. Clair	66
Edward Ivers	" 11, 1888	Port Huron	73
Abel Collins	" 11, 1888	Brockway	70
Mrs. Margaret Zerden	" 23, 1888	Clair	85
Mrs. Rose Hubbard	" 23, 1888	Columbus	77
Joshua Allen	" 24, 1888	Kenockee	63
Eugene Smith	" 29, 1888	St. Clair	67
David Robeson, Sr.	" 1888	Port Huron	94
Mrs. Sarah Canan	April 1, 1888	Omaha	------
Elizabeth Percival	" 20, 1888	Fargo	85
Lawrence T. Remer	" 22, 1888	Marine City	78
Mrs. T. Kelley	" 29, 1888	St. Clair	70
Mrs. Wilson	May 1, 1888	St. Clair	65
Aaron Bratt	" 7, 1888	Thornton	77
Isaac Wilkinson	" 9, 1888	Marine City	------
Gibbons S. Donohue	" 9, 1888	Marine City	67
Mrs. C. B. Dole	" 10, 1888	Port Huron	67
John Davidson	" 13, 1888	Clyde	78
Esther Heevey	" 17, 1888	Port Huron	90
Mrs. Margaret Spurling	" 24, 1888	Port Huron	56
Mary Runion	" 27, 1888	Port Huron	------
Mrs. Jane Belyea	" 29, 1888	Detroit	60
Abraham Young	June 8, 1888	Grant	------
Timothy Halfin	" 11, 1888	Marine City	------
Julia A. Mather	" 14, 1888	Fort Gratiot	54
Mrs. Jane Davis	" 16, 1888	Clyde	62
Francis Kells	" 30, 1888	Kenockee	56
Mrs. Charles Hugal	July 9, 1888	Port Huron	90
Edmond Kelley	" 18, 1888	Port Huron	75
Mrs. Moses Locke	" 11, 1888	Jeddo	64

ST. CLAIR COUNTY.—CONTINUED.

Name.	Date of Death.	Residence.	Age.
Mrs. John T. Howard	August 13, 1888	Grant	59
Owen Ward	" 18, 1888	Port Huron	61
John Allen	" 18, 1888	Port Huron	72
Nelson Frink	" 18, 1888	Fort Gratiot	68
Samuel H. Woodruff	" 22, 1888	St. Clair	73
Andrew Schroefferman	" 17, 1888	St. Clair	56
Mrs. C. S. Pool	" 15, 1888	Algonac	------
R. J. Gordon	" 23, 1888	Marine City	------
H. W. Maxwell	" 24, 1888	Marinette, Wis.	63
Mrs. Thomas Stephenson	" 26, 1888	Clyde	61
Abner Palmer	" 28, 1888	Fort Gratiot	73
Richard Liscum	" 28, 1888	Kimball	80
Mrs. Catharine Baird	" 1888	Marine City	------
David Hitchings	September 1, 1888	Clyde	73
John McEntee	" 1, 1888	Port Huron	65
Mrs. Nicholas Orth	" 2, 1888	Port Huron	55
Mrs. O. Smith	" 14, 1888	Port Huron	51
Moses R. Smith	" 15, 1888	Port Huron	77
Nelson Potter	" 16, 1888	Jeddo	76
Mary A. Wilbur	" 19, 1888	Port Huron	86
John Burns	" 28, 1888	St. Clair	83
Charles Flugal	October 5, 1888	Port Huron	90
Edward F. Bunce	" 1888	Marysville	------
F. A. Mosher	" 12, 1888	Fort Gratiot	61
John McDonald	" 12, 1888	Brockway Centre	60
Betsey Willoughby	" 12, 1888	Big Rapids	88
Lydia Carleton	" 20, 1888	St. Clair	73
Mary L. Evans	" 22, 1888	Port Huron	67
John Harris	" 23, 1888	China	60
Alphia S. Williams	" 24, 1888	Mansfield, Fla.	54
Garrott McNutt	" 29, 1888	Clyde	------
Peter Goulden	" 31, 1888	Port Huron	68
John Morash	November 1, 1888	Kimball	------
John Harrington	" 5, 1888	Port Huron	63
Lizzie Marrow	" 12, 1888	Port Huron	52
Gage M. Cooper	" 20, 1888	Port Huron	71
Mrs. E. C. Ripley	" 22, 1888	Saginaw	70
Margaret Hare	" 23, 1888	Capac	76
James Wiley	" 24, 1888	Port Huron	69

ST. CLAIR COUNTY.—CONTINUED.

Name.	Date of Death.	Residence.	Age.
Wm. Bettes	" 25, 1888	Brockway Centre	75
Nicholas Klick	" 28, 1888	Kenockee	67
Peter Goulat	" 1888	St. Clair	------
Mrs. Wm. Troy	December 1, 1888	China	78
Joseph Heisler	" 2, 1888	Marine City	61
John Hamilton	" 1888	County House	63
James Armstrong	" 3, 1888	Neosho, Mo.	------
Melvin Lamb	" 5, 1888	Wales	------
Mrs. Alex. Geru	" 12, 1888	Port Huron	56
Mrs. D. T. Norris	" 16, 1888	Port Huron	76
Lucy Butler	" 1888	Starville	77
George Taylor	" 17, 1888	Victoria	63
Marvel J. Weeks	" 19, 1888	St. Clair	76
John A. Lamb	" 23, 1888	Wales	------
Mary Halfin	" 1888	Marine City	52
Nelson Glassford	" 29, 1888	Capac	84
J. Kewley	January 1, 1889	Pontiac	53
Josephine C. Whitman	" 5, 1889	Port Huron	------
Mrs. Lansing Biddleman	" 9, 1889	Brockway	68
Joseph E. Secord	" 12, 1889	Fort Gratiot	51
Rev. A. B. Flower	" 14, 1889	Brooklyn, Mich.	------
Clemmer Clements	" 29, 1889	Fort Gratiot	53
Mrs. Ellen Slyfield	" 31, 1889	E. China	------
Mrs. Morris	February 2, 1889	Marine City	80
Horace Beach	" 14, 1889	Port Huron	------
James Baisley	" 16, 1889	Casco	92
Rebecca Allen	March 13, 1889	Port Huron	85
Thomas Harris	" 14, 1889	China	70
E. W. Parsons	" 14, 1889	Port Huron	60
Mrs. Amelia Bartlett	" 21, 1889	Port Huron	56
Mrs. John Scantleberry	" 23, 1889	Port Huron	63
Theodore Bachey	" 1889	Columbus	------
Mrs. Angeline Chase	" 29, 1889	Port Huron	80
Michael Gillen	April 2, 1889	Port Huron	54
Enoch A. Partridge	" 3, 1889	Clyde	81
Mrs. Ann McCarty	" 4, 1889	Owosso	79
Mrs. Caroline Kronk	" 5, 1889	Kenockee	74
Burton C. Geel	" 8, 1889	Marysville	------
Henry Moneypenney	" 10, 1889	Kenockee	------

ST. CLAIR COUNTY.—CONTINUED.

Name.	Date of Death.	Residence.	Age.
Parker Boynton	" 18, 1889	Newton Falls, O.	90
Mrs. Randall McDonald	" 1889	Brockway	------
Fred F. White	" 24, 1889	Port Huron	67
Michael Stein	" 1889	St. Clair	87
Peter Carmichael	" 25, 1889	Port Huron	75
Mrs. Reuben Banfill	May, 1889	Capac	86
Martha Johnson	" 10, 1889	St. Clair	87
Robert Sloan	" 15, 1889	Port Huron	81
Julia Martin	" 16, 1889	Riley	74
Mr. King	" 1889	Thornton	89

ST. JOSEPH COUNTY.

C. H. STARR.

Name.	Settlement.	Age.
Mrs. Volney Patchin	1836	66
Mrs. C. Benedict	1837	86
Mrs. Wm. Klady	1836	88
W. Blanchard	1838	78
John Baum	1836	79
A. R. Hunt	1834	77
Mrs. J. Everett	1830	77
Wm. George	1835	91
Geo. Taylor	1835	78
Wm. Haywood	1836	77
R. A. Cuttler	1836	75
Helms Downing	1830	------
John Sigler	1838	82
Adam Bowen	1834	75
John Grinelle	----------	85
Wm. Arney	1833	78
Mrs. M. Craw	1836	87
Wm. O. Austin	1835	78
Thos. Redforn	1834	------

ST. JOSEPH COUNTY.—CONTINUED.

Name.	Settlement.	Age.
Mrs. D. Packard	Very early	------
Peter Wagnor	1837	80
Wm. Clinton	----------	89
Richard Hagenba	1836	70
Sarah Harry	----------	74
James Redforn	1834	------
Hannah Shelinburg	Early.	89
John Scherks	----------	88
I. Defendorf	----------	76
Sam'l Jacobs	----------	76
O. B. Wager	----------	88
James Shurtz	----------	70
Mrs. M. Vandine	----------	84
S. Rumsy	----------	72

JUDGE HENRY H. RILEY.

Henry H. Riley died in Constantine, February 8, 1888, aged 74. He was born at Great Barrington, Mass., in September, 1813. He was left an orphan at the age of 10 years, and lived with an uncle at New Hartford, N. Y., during his school days. After service as a printer on New York papers, he edited from 1837 to 1842 the Seneca Observer at Waterloo, N. Y. He came to Kalamazoo in 1842, having disposed of his newspaper, and studied law for six months. He was admitted to the bar there and then moved to Constantine, where he has resided ever since. Judge Riley, as he was known, served his county as prosecuting attorney, and represented southwestern Michigan in the State senate two terms. In 1873 he was appointed one of the commissioners to revise the State constitution. In politics he was a democrat. Judge Riley was the author of the famous "Puddleford Papers" in the Knickerbocker Magazine. He was highly esteemed for his ability, integrity and liberality.

VAN BUREN COUNTY.

REV. AUGUSTUS LITTLEJOHN.

A dispatch from Middletown, N. Y., concerning the Rev. Augustus Littlejohn, whose death at Paw Paw was mentioned in the Tribune recently (July, 1888,) says:

"News has been received by his former friends in this quarter, of the recent tragical and miserable death, in the county almshouse in Paw Paw, Michigan, of a man whose eloquence and abilities, when in his prime, were of the highest order, and who was once the idol and admiration of the great throngs that flocked to his ministrations. Reference is had to the Rev. Augustus Littlejohn, who is remembered all through the interior of New York as the most powerful and successful religious revivalist of his day. He belonged to the branch of the Littlejohn family which has furnished so many eminent recruits to the church and bar. In his earlier career he was a successful contractor on public works, but, moved by a sudden impulse, he abandoned secular pursuits and entered the christian ministry. He accepted no regular charge, but moved from town to town, conducting revivals as they were carried on in those days, with the accompaniment of scenes of wild excitement and noisy fervor. He and John B. Gough often labored together in the same fields. For a number of years he made his home in Chenango county, where he married an estimable lady. In the progress of his labors through the neighboring towns he built up new churches and revived decaying ones, and brought thousands of converts to the altar. But finally there came a cloud upon his fame. Rumors became rife of immoralities, which took such form that his wife left him and sued for a divorce, and he found it advisable to seek new fields of labor in the West. He engaged in revival work in Indiana, and there, after a time, he was again accused of gross immoralities and of drunkenness, and was ultimately, after a sensational trial, found guilty and degraded from the pulpit. The next heard of him was in the rôle of a reformed drunkard, lecturing on temperance through Michigan. When old age and an impairment of his once brilliant faculties overtook him he was constrained to seek a refuge in an almshouse. One morning last week he was found dead and cold on the frozen ground under the window of the room he had occupied. Whether he threw himself out of the window with suicidal intent, or fell out accidentally, is an unsolved mystery. His remains were buried in a pauper's grave."

JOHN HUNT.

John Hunt was one of the well known and prominent pioneers of Van Buren county. He came from Vermont in 1836, settling in Antwerp, where he lived till his death, October 13, 1887. He left a wife and several sons and daughters. Mrs. John Earl of Schoolcraft and Mrs. J. J. Woodman of Paw Paw are his daughters.

WASHTENAW COUNTY.

E. D. LAY.

Name.	Date of Death.	Resident of	Age.
James M. Congdon	June 16, 1888	Chelsea 55 years	83
Wm. A. Hatch	" 1888	Ann Arbor 50 years	72
James Quinlan	July 7, 1888	Ann Arbor 40 years	65
Luther James	" 25, 1888	Ann Arbor 53 years	85
Uriah Every	" 22, 1888	Bridgewater, old resident	79
Seth Sage	" 22, 1888	Ypsilanti city 50 years	72
Richard Brower	August 19, 1888	County 54 years	75
C. C. Waite	" 26, 1888	Scio and Dexter 49 years	71
Mrs. Sarah Alley	" 22, 1888	Webster 55 years	81
Leonard Wallington	September 10, 1888	Lodi, old resident	75
Alonzo Bennett	" 14, 1888	Ypsilanti 50 years	71
Simeon B. Rowley	" 20, 1888	Ypsilanti city 57 years	70
John B. Dow	" 30, 1888	Ann Arbor, old resident	60
Mrs. Philander W. Babbitt	" 28, 1888	Ypsilanti city 40 years	78
Thomas Spafford	October 9, 1888	Manchester, old resident	92
Moses Rogers	" 14, 1888	Ann Arbor 57 years	78
Mrs. Mary A. Beach	" 18, 1888	Ypsilanti city 58 years	78
Mrs. Catherine Stumpenhusen	" 15, 1888	Ypsilanti 50 years	67
David B. Ellis	" 25, 1888	Ypsilanti city 55 years	80
Samuel Carey	" 28, 1888	Superior 50 years	86
James B. Mowry	December 1, 1888	Ann Arbor township, old resident	79
Mrs. Isabelle E. Robinson	" 1, 1888	Saline 57 years	81
John L. Hoyt	" 1, 1888	Saline 51 years	77
George A. Cobb	" 1, 1888	Saline 53 years	75
A. H. Goodrich	" 8, 1888	Saline, old resident	84
Mrs. Almira D. Wright	" 8, 1888	Ann Arbor 33 years	76

WASHTENAW COUNTY.—CONTINUED.

Name.	Date of Death.	Resident of	Age.
Mrs. Abigal Davis	December 10, 1888	Sylvan, 56 years	85
Mrs. Harriet Dimick	" 18, 1888	Ypsilanti 54 years	63
William Millard	" 19, 1888	Ypsilanti city, old resident	80
Mrs. Susannah King	" 15, 1888	Ypsilanti city, old resident	63
Chancey Steadman	" 2, 1888	Lima 52 years	66
Dr. James L. Ackley	" 10, 1888	45 years	74
Mrs. Phillip Clark	" 16, 1888	Lyndon, old resident	------
Mrs. Harriet Mason	January 8, 1889	Ann Arbor	81
Mrs. John Schaible	" 6, 1889	Lodi, old resident	67
Mrs. Conrad Krapp	" 9, 1889	Ann Arbor, old resident	------
James McDonald	" 1, 1889	Dexter 30 years	64
Stephen S. Voorhees	" 7, 1889	Superior 60 years	62
Mrs. Margaret Craig	" 1889	Saline, old resident	69
Marcus M. Wood	" 1889	Saline, old resident	72
Thomas White	" 1889	Saline, old resident	61
Conrad Rheinprank	" 1889	Saline 40 years	------
Philander Hathaway	" 12, 1889	Sylvan 30 years	80
Henry Katner	" 21, 1889	Bridgewater, old resident	80
Edward Bluitt	" 24, 1889	Ann Arbor town, old resident	83
Lewis E. Childs	February 1, 1889	Ypsilanti city, old resident	53
William Watling	" 19, 1889	Ypsilanti 60 years	76
James Van Orden	" 14, 1889	Chelsea 35 years	74
Eli Smith	" 19, 1889	Salem 50 years	78
Charles Thompson	" 24, 1889	Ypsilanti city 53 years	82
Justin Forbes	" 24, 1889	Saline, old resident	------
Patrick Dolan	" 2, 1889	Northfield, old resident	84
Mrs. F. Schmid	March 10, 1889	Ann Arbor 60 years	73
Darius S. Wood	" 11, 1889	Lodi 55 years	81
John G. Hoffstetter	" 14, 1889	Ann Arbor, 40 years	76
C. M. Van Geison	" 1889	County, 46 years	81
Frederic Wagner	" 12, 1889	Born in Lima, 40 years	40
James Davidson	" 10, 1889	Chelsea 57 years	86
Joseph Armbuster	" 18, 1889	Scio 53 years	80
Mrs. Betsey Haviland	April 3, 1889	Ann Arbor 45 years	77
Mrs. Nancy C. Pierce	" 5, 1889	Lima 57 years	86
Mrs. Thomas F. Leonard	" 9, 1889	Ann Arbor, old resident	59
Mrs. Alta C. Hinman	" 17, 1889	Ypsilanti 40 years	81
Henry S. Crippen	" 4, 1889	Superior 62 years	72
James Nihill	" 17, 1889	Ypsilanti city, old resident	------

WASHTENAW COUNTY.—CONTINUED.

Name.	Date of Death.	Resident of.	Age.
Emmons Wheelock	April 27, 1889	County 60 years	72
Henry Flat	May 6, 1889	Sharon, old resident	70
Mrs. J. B. Wallace	" 9, 1889	Ypsilanti city, old resident	70
Dan P. Potter	" 14, 1889	Ypsilanti, old resident	73
Thomas Vivian	" 10, 1889	Ypsilanti city, old resident	------
Isaac Wilkinson	" 10, 1889	Ypsilanti town, old resident	75
Amos Bullard	" 21, 1889	Sharon, old resident	80
George Himes	" 25, 1889	Ann Arbor, old resident	77
Mrs. Abbie Mead	" 20, 1889	Augusta, old resident	84
Mrs. George Howard	" 29, 1889	Webster, old resident	------
John H. Gilman	" 31, 1889	Pittsfield, old resident	79
John Sherwood	" 31, 1889	County 50 years	88
Jacob April	" 31, 1889	Scio 62 years	81
Rhoda D. Rice	" 6, 1889	One of the oldest residents of Ann Arbor	87

The oldest person in the list that has died is Thomas Spafford, aged 92 years.

Between	80	and	90	26
"	70	"	80	38
"	60	"	70	11
"	50	"	60	2
"	40	"	50	(born in county.) 1
				79

WAYNE COUNTY.

BY J. WILKIE MOORE.

Name.	Date of Death.	Age.
Mrs. Geo. W. Pattison	July 23, 1888	69
George N. Allen	" 23, 1888	71
James Caplis	" 23, 1888	49
Louis Desnoyer	" 22, 1888	------
Mrs. John B. Vincent	" 22, 1888	73
Bernard McGinnis	" 23, 1888	70

WAYNE COUNTY.—CONTINUED.

Name.	Date of Death.	Age.
Theodore H. Eaton	July 31, 1888	72
Capt. Samuel Moon	" 31, 1888	90
Mrs. Geo. S. Hazzard	" 31, 1888	73
Geo. Moon	" 31, 1888	90
James L. Bradish	" 4, 1888	52
Mrs. Francis C. Robinson	" 4, 1888	84
Hon. John H. Harmon	" 6, 1888	77
Mrs. David Ferguson	" 6, 1888	81
Mrs. Henry Gordon	" 6, 1888	55
Mrs. Julia Bea	August 6, 1888	59
Mrs. Phoebe Roe	" 9, 1888	85
Mrs. Daniel G. Cunningham	" 11, 1888	73
Captain Selah Dustan	" 13, 1888	71
Wm. L. Remington	" 13, 1888	76
James B. Jenkens	" 15, 1888	73
Mrs. Pamela Waterman Tappey	" 15, 1888	------
Mrs. Selina Scoble	" 16, 1888	77
Mrs. A. Curner	" 16, 1888	70
James Lowrie, one of the oldest merchants of Detroit	" 26, 1888	75
Sam'l Westphal	" 27, 1888	70
Rano Canegan	" 10, 1888	84
Capt. John P. Clark, prominent as a ship builder	September 3, 1888	80
John Summers	" 10, 1888	80
John Harris, Sr.	" 10, 1888	68
Dennis Breen	" 24, 1888	74
Josiah D. Hayes, recognized as authority on R. R. transportation	" 24, 1888	63
Richard Bourke	" 24, 1888	65
Thomas McGowan	" 30, 1888	77
John White	" 30, 1888	80
Abram Sourais, a Frenchman of the old regime	" 30, 1888	92
John Taylor	" 30, 1888	76
Mrs. Susan Beaubien	October 1, 1888	69
Chas. B. Howell	" 2, 1888	42
Timothy Mahony	" 6, 1888	80
Andrew Healy	" 19, 1888	73
Jonathan Thompson	" 11, 1888	63
Dr. O. W. Wight	" 19, 1888	------
Joseph H. Cleveland	" 23, 1888	------
Mrs. Harriett Robinson	" 24, 1888	93

WAYNE COUNTY.—CONTINUED.

Name.	Date of Death.	Age.
Henry W. Starkey	October 28, 1888	61
B. B. Noyes, a hardware merchant in the 40's	" 4, 1888	74
Mrs. Elisha Taylor	November 22, 1888	67
Michael Cunningham	" 3, 1888	82
Porter Kibbie	" 24, 1888	75
Alexander T. Campau, the last son of Joseph Campau	" 29, 1888	59
Oliver T. Smith	" 29, 1888	72
Mrs. Elizabeth Mary Brady, wife of Samuel P. Brady	December 2, 1888	76
Mrs. Sarah Haughton	December 9, 1888	80
Salmon Moon	" 3, 1888	87
Daniel Sheehan	" 31, 1888	56
Mrs. Julia Johnson	" 7, 1888	75
Chas. O. White	January 3, 1889	------
Mathew Birchard	" 5, 1889	100y 6 m.
Crosier Davidson	" 5, 1889	63
Geo. W. Beadle	" 5, 1889	77
John Collins	" 24, 1889	81
Simeon Folsome	" 29, 1889	77
Mrs. Alice Galbraith	" 30, 1889	74
Mrs. Bridget Puigh	" 31, 1889	75
Mrs. Mary Lynch	February 1, 1889	90
Mrs. Alexandrin Stanton	" 3, 1889	81
Capt. Chas. H. Carey	" 6, 1889	72
Joseph Coon	" 11, 1889	74
A. R. Dufrem	" 13, 1889	87
Wm. E. Lovett	" 13, 1889	60
Col. Fred. Morley	" 27, 1889	67
John Stevenson	March 5, 1889	85
James L. Kellogg	" 15, 1889	------
Moses W. Field	" 14, 1889	61
John Moon	" 29, 1889	74
Mrs. Margaret Kaufman	April 26, 1889	69
Jacob Hommel, at Los Angeles, California	" 11, 1889	65
James Hartness	May 8, 1889	82
Hiram Stevens	" 8, 1889	83
William Dolarson	" 9, 1889	81
John Henderson	" 9, 1889	71
John Fulton	" 9, 1889	78
Jesse Reed	" 10, 1889	80
Frederick Wood	" 10, 1889	60

MEMOIR OF EPHRAIM LONGYEAR.

BY S. D. BINGHAM.

Ephraim Longyear, treasurer of the State Pioneer Society, from February 5, 1878, until his death, at Passadena, Cal., January 17, 1889, was born in the town of Shandaken, Ulster county, N. Y., February 7, 1827. He was the son of Peter and Jerusha Longyear, of Dutch descent on the side of his father, and English on that of his mother. His father's farm lay in the valley of Esopus creek, and is now the site of Phenicia depot. When young he removed to Stanford, N. Y., and afterwards to Sidney Plains, N. Y. Having acquired a good common school education, he attended Johnson's Academy, taking a course in Latin and French, and the higher mathematics.

In 1843 he settled with his father's family on an unimproved farm in Alaiedon, Ingham county, Michigan. There he helped clear the forest from a portion of the farm, upon which was erected a log cabin the same season. In the winter of 1843–4 he taught school in Unadilla, Livingston county, at a compensation of $10 a month, and the privilege of boarding around, the directors reserving the right to turn him out any day if dissatisfied. For several seasons he taught winters and worked on his father's farm summers, and his schools included one at Mason and the first school in Lansing.

He early commenced the study of the law, completing his studies in the office of Hon. John W. Longyear, at Mason, who was afterward two terms in Congress, and for many years the able United States District judge at Detroit.

He was admitted to the bar in 1847. He was among the early California pioneers, and was one of the first miners in the famous mines on the American river, where he also engaged, with success, in the practice of law, and took part in many of the exciting scenes that transpired there. Returning he became a member of the law firm of J. W. and E. Longyear, in 1854, the firm continuing in business with great success several years. He was the first recorder of the city of Lansing in 1859 and 1860. He was also the first president of the board of education, and was one of the committee to draft the law which secured from the State the site of the present high school building.

In 1864 he helped to organize the Second National Bank of Lansing, being at first a director and active manager, then cashier and for several years president, conducting its affairs with success. In 1884 he organized

Longyear's bank, of which he was the owner. In all his financial movements he met with success. Under Lincoln's and a part of Johnson's administration he served as postmaster of Lansing for five years, and was an efficient and popular officer. He was for many years treasurer of the Agricultural College. In politics he was first a whig, then a republican. In religion a Presbyterian, a member of that church, and for fifteen years was a trustee of the First church in Lansing. He helped build all the first churches in Lansing.

During the last years of his life he had passed the cold seasons in California and the summers in his home at Lansing, where himself and wife made many happy in the pleasant social gatherings to which friends were always welcome.

He was a charter member of the State Pioneer Society, and for ten years its able and efficient treasurer. He took great interest in its work and was always present at the annual meetings. His final illness was brief and with the words, "Oh, my Lord and Savior," he passed away.

Thus another of the founders and supporters of the State Pioneer Society leaves a vacant place. He and many others who have done a good and lasting work for the State in preserving its early history have ceased their labors here, but their work shall not perish while Michigan has a name.

LIST OF MEMBERS OF MICHIGAN PIONEER AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

[Continued from Page 110, Vol. 13, Pioneer Collections.]

Number.	Names.	Place of Birth.		Date of Birth.			Place and Date of First Residence in Michigan.				Present Residence.	
		Town or Village.	State.	Month.	Day	Year.	Town.	County.	Date.	Year.	P. O. Address.	County.
714	Thos. B. Dunstan	Camborne	England	Jan.	4	1850	Trap Rock Mine	Ontonagon	May	1854	Hancock	Houghton.
715	George Thurston	Lisle	New York	April	11	1808	Brownstown	Wayne	Feb.	1818	Kalamazoo	Kalamazoo.
716	James A. Randall	Paris	Ontario	Dec.	15	1848	Detroit	Wayne	July 5	1856	Detroit	Wayne.
717	George Aplin	Genesee	Michigan	May	14	1838	Genesee	Genesee	May 14	1838	Pine Run	Genesee.
718	Jas. B. F. Curtis	Warsaw	New York	Nov.	17	1839	Commerce	Oakland	Aug. 17	1859	Corunna	Shiawassee.
719	Merritt L Coleman	Battle Creek	Michigan	Aug.	8	1840	Battle Creek	Calhoun	Aug. 8	1840	Lansing	Ingham.
720	Thos. Stears	Waxholine, Co. of York	England	Aug.	6	1816	Florence	St. Joseph	July	1835	Constantine	St. Joseph.
721	James Yauney	Ephrah	New York	Sept.	14	1829	Florence	St. Joseph	March	1836	Centreville	St. Joseph.
722	Hamden A. Hecock	Brownston	Wayne Co. Mich.	July	19	1826	Brownstown	Wayne	July 19	1826	Centreville	St. Joseph.
723	John Wolf	Hemlock, Columbus Co.	Pennsylvania	Jan.	1	1825	Lockport	St. Joseph	May	1834	Centreville	St. Joseph.
724	William Toan	Vernon	New York	June	1	1832	Portland	Ionia	July	1837	Portland	Ionia.
725	Fred. E. Fairchild	Groton	New York	July	31	1817	Monroe	Monroe	June 5	1829	Alma	Gratiot.
726	Reuben Goodrich	Clarence, Erie Co.	New York	June	28	1819	Atlas	Lapeer	May 20	1836	Traverse City	Gd. Traverse
727	Moses F. Carleton	North Haverhill	New Hampshire	Jan.	27	1831	St. Clair	St. Clair	Sept. 20	1831	Port Huron	St. Clair.
728	Joseph Gibbons	Galway County	Ireland	June	12	1825	Blaine	St. Clair		1858	Blaine	St. Clair.
729	J. F. Hammon	Poney	New York	May	12	1823	Nankin	Wayne	May 15	1831	Wayne	Wayne.
730	H. A. Woodworth	Rochester	New York	May	5	1837	Lansing	Ingham	Sept. 20	1854	Lansing	Ingham.
731	Brackley Shaw	Plainfield	Massachusetts	May	21	1818	Dover	Lenawee	May	1835	Cadmus	Lenawee.
732	Alanson J. Hogle	Hoosick	New York	Oct.	7	1816	York	Washtenaw	June 15	1836	Lansing	Ingham.
733	Abel Whitney	Romulus	New York	July	26	1813	Adrian	Lenawee	June 8	1828	Adrian	Lenawee.
734	Sarah Ann (Budlong) Whitney	Utica	New York	Feb.	21	1812	Adrian	Lenawee	June	1834	Adrian	Lenawee.

PAPERS READ AT ANNUAL MEETING, 1889, AND OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE HISTORY OF THE SETTLEMENT OF SILVER ISLET, ON THE NORTH SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

BY JOHN H. FORSTER.

Although not strictly within our own borders, yet because of the settlement of this island by a mining colony from Michigan, under the auspices of a mining company composed of American citizens, who held title to the islet and 108,000 acres on the main land, it is thought that an account of the enterprise properly falls within the pale of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society.

Silver Islet was discovered by an exploring party whose small boat was driven upon it by stress of weather. While resting upon this apparently barren rock—a mere point above the waters—their attention was attracted by a wide vein of glittering spar crossing the west end of the island. Further examination disclosed the fact that this spar was full of shining native silver, some of which was collected on the spot. Here was an important discovery, out of which was developed, in the course of time, a great and profitable mine. Silver Islet was only 75 feet long and 60 feet wide, sloping from the apex to the water. The highest point of this bare rock was eight feet. It lay under the shadow of the high, rocky headland known as Thunder Cape, and 4,000 feet from the main land, due south therefrom. But between it and the shore, close in, lay a long, narrow, wood-crowned island, called Burnt island. Between Burnt island and the shore is a narrow channel which ultimately became a safe harbor, with docks for the mining company's use. On the main shore was a narrow plateau of boulder-strown land which, when cleared of its native woods of dwarf birch and cedar, became the site of the mine village. In the rear of this plateau, a short distance, a small, limpid lake was found, with an outlet into the main lake; upon this outlet the future stamp mill was built. A mile or so eastward, beyond a high cliff, whose base was often washed by the waves during storms, occurred some low land with a sand beach in front. Here the mine officers quarters were eventually built; but all this was the work of time.

At the period of settlement, this part of the far-reaching Canada shore, was in a state of nature, wild and inhospitable, as those northern lands are apt to be. From the water line, nothing but low, dwarfed birch and evergreen trees could be seen, forcing their way through the cold, rocky, infertile soil. Numerous traps and conglomerate dykes and knobs, here and there, crowded out vegetation. The ground in these worthless forests was covered to a depth of a foot or more, with thick, spongy moss, very difficult to walk upon. A hardy traveler would find it difficult to walk more than a mile an hour through these carpeted woods. Patches of dead tamarack trees, blackened by fire, and with festoons of moss depending from their dry branches, heightened the desolation of the scene. The absolute silence of this forest, on a still day, was only broken by the humming of mosquitoes and the occasional plaintive chirping of the cedar bird. The black fly, with its sharp bite and tenacious grip, prevented the enjoyment of repose by a poor mortal. This unattractive region was subject to all the rigors of extreme cold in winter, with fierce storms and snow, offset by a brief summer, which, however, was truly enjoyable. There was little game in the woods, but the waters of the great lake, around the numerous islands, fairly swarmed with Mackinaw trout, black bass and other kinds of game fish. The streams emptying into the lake are famous for their brook trout. Those almost ice-cold waters produced fish of the highest quality.

Some twenty miles south of Silver Islet loomed up the rock-bound shores of Isle Royale, with its hidden stores of copper and agates. Isle Royale belongs to the State of Michigan, the boundary line between the United States and Canada running about midway of the channel.

Such was the theater of the events which I am to relate.

The chief figure in the mining adventure, from first to last, was Captain William B. Frue, of Houghton, Michigan. Possessed of a giant frame and a gigantic intellect, untutored in the schools, self-made, valiant, courageous, sagacious, of indomitable will, skillful and experienced as a miner and inventor, he was well qualified to be the leader he was in this great and hazardous enterprise. His first move was to visit and examine, as a mine expert, the reported discovery on Silver Islet. This point settled to his satisfaction, with characteristic energy he obtained the right to mine for silver from the original Canadian mining company, which seemed to lack the boldness to undertake mining on that isolated knob of rock, which could scarcely keep its head above the wild waves of a stormy lake. A company was formed under Captain Frue's direction, which eventually purchased the whole 108,000 acres of land, including islands belonging to the Montreal Mining Company.

On the 30th day of August, A. D. 1870, Captain Frue chartered the propeller, City of Detroit, at Houghton, on board of which he shipped a mine hoisting engine, pumps, and all kinds of mining tools and supplies; also a working force of 34 men. The Detroit took in tow a large scow and a raft of 20,000 feet of square timber, and started for the north shore of Lake Superior, arriving without accident at Silver Islet on the morning of September 1. As a happy coincidence, it may be mentioned that on this day the purchase of the 108,000 acres of land was perfected by Maj. Alexander H. Sibley, on behalf of Capt. Frue and his colleagues, including Maj. Sibley. Thus was a vexatious negotiation closed, and titles to the great mining domain secured.

This party we will call the first division of the colonists. Leaving them to their exacting work, to be taken up further along, we will now turn our attention to the second detachment of colonists, which embarked at a later period. These people excite our sympathies deeply, for they were mostly helpless women and children, following their husbands and fathers, and carrying the household goods and penates.

On the 3d day of November, 1870, the small, old, sidewheel steamboat, Algoma, Captain Simms of Canada, called at Houghton, and took on board as passengers the following named persons:

Mrs. William B. Frue and several children, Mrs. William T. Forster and three children, Miss Anna M. Forster, Mrs. Dr. Tomkins and two children, Mrs. Frank Grison and several children, Mrs. J. C. Hodgson and several children, Mrs. Hanley and children, Mr. Joseph Hodgson.

The steamer was slow, and loaded very deeply in the water, with decks lumbered with household furniture. It was the last boat of the season, and the colony would have to depend upon the provisions on board to carry them through a long winter. They could look for no relief at Silver Islet, before the last of May or first of June of the ensuing year. It was a critical time. The season in that latitude was far advanced, the ground was already covered with snow, and ice was rapidly forming in streams and harbors. Storms were sudden, frequent and violent, laden with snow. Should the Algoma fail to reach her destined port, and founder in the lake, the calamity would fall with double force. Not only the loss of so many valuable lives on board would result, but the lack of provisions at Silver Islet, would threaten starvation to the colonists there. Many hopes and fears were bound up in the fate of that old steamboat. As she cast loose from the dock, at Houghton, many a prayer was offered for the safety of the crew and passengers. The voyage was without any incident worthy of notice (although the crowded condition of the boat rendered her very uncomforta-

ble) until they rounded stormy Cape Keweenaw, where she was met by a terrific northwest gale, which constantly increased as the night advanced. The weather was very cold; blinding snow obscured every object but the black surging waves, and the spray falling upon the decks was converted into ice. The terror stricken women and children, prostrated by sea-sickness, were in momentary fear of shipwreck. For two long days and nights the creaking and groaning old steamboat battled with the winds and waves, performing a voyage of only 150 miles. Isle Royale, which lay *en route*, afforded temporary shelter and rest to the forlorn travelers. The captain afterwards confessed that he lost all hope of ever reaching land. At length the haven of Silver Islet was reached, and it was a happy and thankful party that disembarked on that desolate coast on the 6th of November.

But little had been done to provide these wearied and forlorn women and children with shelter, to say nothing of homes. A large log house, partly completed, built for the use of Captain Frue and family, received as many as could be stowed in it. Tents supplied the rest with a miserable refuge from the cold.

The huts, or log cabins, were finally put into such shape that the families could live in them. They were built of rough logs, green from the stump and chinked up with moss. The women and children were kept busy stuffing moss into the innumerable cracks and crannies, through which the chilling blasts of winter would find their way. The stoves and warming apparatus were insufficient to keep these rude huts warm, especially as the only fuel was green spruce and birch. But there was heat enough to induce evaporation from the green logs of which the huts were constructed. By day these dwellings were rendered unwholesome by the drippings of condensed vapor which wet everything; while at night, when the fires were out, this vapor turned to frost and ice, covering furniture and beds with white mantles. Nothing but the salubrity of that climate saved the colonists from fevers and pneumonia. Provisions were none too plenty; fresh meats were not procurable. The snow averaged two and one half feet in depth the entire winter; there were no thaws or break-ups. Very often the thermometer registered 30° below zero, but upon the whole, and fortunately, the winter was unusually mild. Before spring the great lake became frozen far out from the shore, thus affording those isolated people a grand skating rink. Plenty of fish were taken through the ice, affording a much needed change of diet from salt pork and beef.

But so far as the ladies and children of the colony were concerned, the winter was long and tedious. The mails were infrequent and newspapers and letters were rare visitants.

The officers and men of the colony did not suffer from ennui as did the women. They were kept very busy, as we shall presently see; so busy that they could devote but little time to the care and comfort of their families.

A list of the names of these officers and men is herewith appended: Capt. Wm. B. Frue, Supt.; Chas. H. Palmer, C. Eng'r; Wm. T. Forster, Mechanical Eng'r; John C. Hodgson, Mining Capt.; David Hodgson, Asst. Capt.; Frank Geisen, Surface Capt.; Conrad Kalb, Supply Clerk; James Downey, Pitman; Wm. Parcel, Timberman; Jerry Gilbert, Timberman; Chris Schuyler, Chief Carpenter; Chas. Bomba, Asst. Carpenter; Geo. Riddle, Asst. Carpenter; Josiah Gilbert, Engine Driver; John Gilbert, Blacksmith; W. R. Noble, Chief Clerk; Joseph Hodgson; Dr. Tompkins, Surgeon; Joseph Ames, Gen. Surface Boss; Clare Palmer, Store-keeper; Robert Downs and Wm. Downs, Boarding House. Miners, Robt. Welch, Dennis Leary, John Harrington, D. D. Harrington, Tim Smith, J. T. Sullivan, Wm. O'Brien, Ed. O'Neil, Duncan Loury, James Hanley, Patrick Flaven, Paul Sullivan and John Simmons. Besides these were some boat and water men.

In the year 1871 the force of miners was largely increased. At first it was difficult to get any kind of workmen to venture to the remote region of Silver Islet, upon what was considered a very hazardous undertaking. Hence, we notice in the list of officers many educated men who boldly volunteered their services and consented for the time being to act as common laborers. They proved very efficient and deserved and received much credit. Many of them accumulated handsome fortunes and are now prominent citizens of Michigan, while Captain Frue, Major Sibley and others have passed over to the silent majority.

We now resume the thread of our narrative where we dropped it. It will be remembered that the first division of colonists had made a successful landing at Silver Islet. Here we now join them. After erecting shelter tents and a boarding house on the mainland, they immediately began the construction of cribs, in the little harbor behind Burnt island. Captain Frue and engineer Palmer, taking advantage of the calm weather, meantime, made a reconnoissance of Silver Islet and surroundings, planning for future operations. As before mentioned the islet was a small wave-washed rock, exposed to a sweep of 200 miles from the southeast of Lake Superior storms. The silver vein where it crosses the islet, in a north and south direction, was covered with water four feet in depth. The mine shaft had to be sunk on the vein. A coffer dam had to be made as the first step in mining and a defensive breakwater to cover the whole islet. Within thirty days from the start, 460 feet of cribbing, 13 feet high and thoroughly bolted and tied

together, had been framed, towed out, sunk and filled with stone, which had been quarried on the main land. Such a large amount of work, in so short a time, was accomplished by the unflagging zeal and energy of all hands, working as one man, 18 hours out of the 24. The mid-summer days in that high latitude, are long; the sun scarcely drops below the western horizon before light is seen in the east. Inside of this protective cribbing, a coffer dam of wood and clay was successfully constructed. It covered a length of 70 feet on the line of the vein with sufficient lateral space for the shaft. The water was removed from this enclosure by means of a steam syphon. Mining began on the 5th of October 1870, and was carried on successfully and profitably until the 26th of the same month when 200 feet of the crib work was carried away by a southeast gale. The coffer dam also sustained much damage and the pit excavated on the vein was filled with rock washed out of the cribs. The breach was at once repaired and greater care was taken to reinforce the breakwater by a double line of cribs, having a wide base of 23 feet, all filled with stone. The coffer dam was repaired, the pit cleaned out and mining was resumed on the 18th of November, when the last shipment was made for the season, amounting in value to $108,000. This was a surprising yield under the circumstances and afforded convincing proof of the exceeding richness of the vein.

Hardly had the repairs been completed before they were overtaken by another severe misfortune. They lost 3,000 tons of stone swept out of the breakwater by the waves. Winter was upon them, their works in ruins; everything on the islet was covered with ice; the original supply of timber and 30,000 feet procured on the spot was almost expended. After a hasty but fruitless search through the forests in the vicinity, no new supply could be found. The future indeed looked dark and desperate. But something *must* be done. Captain Frue was not a man to give up while there was a ray of hope. He offered a handsome reward to anyone who should find a pinery within four miles of the works. The men took to the woods. After two days' search, a fine grove of pine was found on the northwest slope of Thunder Cape, affording excellent timber in ample quantity.

Damages on the islet in the midst of snow and ice were again repaired, making the works more secure than before. The hardships that these devoted men encountered at this time, with the thermometer down to zero, while working in the ice-laden water, cannot be described. They had only small boats to carry them from the islet to the shore and were often in danger of being blown out into the lake and lost.

No other serious interruption occurred until March, 1871, when a tremendous storm swept over Lake Superior. The huge waves came rolling in

laden with heavy ice, which battered down the breakwater as though it were a mere shell, and it seemed as though the waters would surely wash away the artificial structures and restore the islet to its primitive condition. It seemed as though all the gods of the air and water and mines had combined to drive the intruders from their silver-lined rock.

During the disastrous month of March storm followed storm furiously. Crib after crib was put in, only to be carried away by the relentless waves. The total loss during that time consisted of 550 feet of cribs, containing 50,000 feet of square timber and 6,000 cords of stone.

Once more the ruined works were repaired by substantial cribbing having a base of 75 feet and strongly framed with 5 separate bulkheads. The breakwater was built up to a height of 18 feet above the surface of the water, facing southeast. All being filled with stone, it bade defiance to the sea. During subsequent gales the waves would roll up over the breakwater in volumes, but without damage. Such was their pioneer experience. These engineers had at last found out the maximum force of wind and waves on that remote shore, but it was a costly experience.

At the time of the completion of these repairs the shaft in the mine had reached a depth of fifty feet. A system of water-tight timbering was introduced, which enclosed two air shafts and a working shaft. The space between the timber work and the cofferdam was filled with stone and cement, making the filling a solid mass, as firm as the underlying rock.

Silver Islet—now surrounded by a high, wooden rampart, its interior space filled compactly with stone, upon which arose several houses, an engine house with its tall smoke-stack, and the shaft house at the west end, standing like a high tower—presented, at a distance, the appearance of a sea fortress.

Altogether it was a gigantic undertaking. The men who conceived and executed the work must be credited with the possession of great bravery, skill and endurance.

The miners, engineer and boarding house man lived on the island. During the earlier stages of the work it may be imagined that their situation was often perilous. The anxious watchers on the mainland, during a night of storms, waited tremblingly for the break of day to see whether or not the works on the islet, and all they contained, were washed away.

In 1871 two tug boats were employed at the island, and remain permanently there.

During the time mining was prosecuted on the islet—a period of about 13 years from first to last—several hundred men were employed at one time, as occasion required. Quite a mining village grew up on the main shore, and

some substantial, if not handsome residences were built. Grounds were cleared, gravel roads constructed, fruitful gardens made, wherein flourished vegetables, flowers and small fruits, so that the dwellers upon this remote shore came to the enjoyment of many of the comforts and pleasures of life. During the season of navigation the place was frequently visited by large lake steamers, and tourists from distant lands came to see the wonders of the silver mine. The schoolhouse and church found a place in this settlement, because no people of Anglo Saxon origin would be content without them, even in the wilderness.

As soon as needed (in 1875) a stamp mill was built on the west side of the village, under the supervision and management of Mr. William T. Forster, late of Houghton, assisted by his brother Theodore, who was not included among the first pioneers. The mill contained fifty stamps, five in a battery, after the fashion of those used in the gold and silver mines of the west. The mill had also 24 Frue vanners, with which to dress the ore. Stamp rock ore yielded about 20 ounces of silver to a ton of rock. Mill closed down for good in August, 1881.

The ore shipped during the summer of 1871 amounted to nearly $1,000,000. For the year 1872 the shipments fell of to $600,000. This decrease in product was, by Captain Frue, attributed to the pinching up of the vein; but it is a fact that the product kept on decreasing year after year, until in 1884 the mine was abandoned for want of mineral enough to pay expenses. It would appear that this vein contained the largest amount of silver at or near the surface, and that it grew constantly poorer as the shaft went down. The spar portion of the vein held its own splendidly as far as the shaft went, but unaccountably it had lost its treasure of silver at 600 feet. The shaft was abandoned at 1,000 feet depth. The amount of silver product from first to last was $3,089,157.18.

I now give Captain Frue's description of this celebrated vein:

"The deposit of silver ore at Silver Islet occurs in a fissure vein, having a bearing of N. 32° west. The dip or inclination is to northeast. The vein is well defined, having an average width of six feet, and consists of calcareous and dolomite spar with occasional quartz and enclosing masses of diorite wall-rock, slate and plumbago. The contained minerals are galena, zinc blende, iron pyrites, kapper nickle, cobalt ore, and antimony; native silver, silver glance or sulphuret of silver. The deposit of silver is found at the point of intersection of the vein, with an immense belt of diorite and plumbago. This diorite is an intrusive mass, cutting nearly perpendicularly through the original, more or less horizontal, formation of slates and sedimentary sandstones."

The vein on leaving the islet is easily traced under water by its white band, and crossing Burnt island it reaches the main land, where it has been traced some thousands of feet into the interior; but at all points opened, away from the islet, where this strong vein has been tested, it has not proved rich enough in silver to warrant mining. The highest yield, at such points, was only eleven dollars to the ton of rock.

In the mine on the islet, the paying portion of the vein did not exceed 200 feet in length; but it was phenomenal in richness. Masses of silver of more than 100 pounds in weight were produced. Beautiful cabinet specimens of silver and other minerals were very common. When I visited the mine in the summer of 1871, coming from the copper mines, I was astonished at the amount of silver that was coming up from the shaft. It seemed as plentiful as the barrel copper, a much less valuable mineral, that we were hoisting from our own shafts.

But the Silver Islet vein lacked the valuable quality or virtue of *persistency*. When hopes were highest it began to fail. In this respect, it seemed to possess a frailty in common with humanity.

After a brief existence, for a great mine, a mine of such remakable promise, which ought to have continued producing for a half a century, the end came early in the year 1884, after a life of about 13 eventful years.

The mine and all those costly works on the islet were abandoned. The once busy mining village is now without tenants, its people are scattered far and wide, and silence has once more settled down on the scene of so many struggles, hopes and fears.

SKETCHES OF THE NORTHWEST.

BY REV. E. H. DAY.

In the fall of '45 I received my first appointment from the Michigan annual conference, and that appointment was in the then far "Northwest," 25 miles west of the extreme western part of Lake Superior. Copper had then just been discovered on the south shore of the lake, and "prospectors" were searching for "signs," and some valuable leads had been discovered. At that time only three small vessels were found on the waters of the lake, viz.: the Algonquin, Siscomet, and the Free Traders, all small vessels, the Siscomet when loaded carrying only thirty barrels.

On my way up with my wife and two children when we reached the Sault, we found the propeller "Independence" being hauled out of the run below

the falls on to "ways," and to be launched above the fall. As she was to make one trip that fall and to go within one hundred miles of my future home we concluded to wait for her and take our trip to La Pointe in her.

We remained at the Sault two weeks, during which time the snow fell six inches deep. The "Independence" left the Sault on Sunday afternoon, Capt. Averil as captain, and Capt. Stonard as pilot.

Lake Superior was on its best behavior and we could not ask to have a more pleasant voyage until we were within a few miles of "La Pointe," as far as the boat was to go, when, as we were seated at breakfast, and congratulating ourselves upon reaching our journey's end, suddenly the captain sprang from the table at the call of the pilot. The wind had suddenly shifted, and a gale from the west struck us. For two hours we tried to reach the islands, but in vain. In spite of all our efforts we were driven backwards, and finally the order was reluctantly given to "bout ship" and seek a sheltering shore as harbor. Meanwhile the waves had risen to mountains, and the trouble was to turn about, as in doing so we must come in the "trough" of the sea, and the danger was of rolling over as we came broadside to the sea. But it must be done. So the order was given to the sailors to stand by to raise the "main sail." The pilot took the helm, and the captain stood near the bow to watch the waves. Suddenly he cried out, "bout ship!" The tiller was put "hard down," her bow fell off, and as she swung around, "hoist the sail!" rang out. Up it went, but as it was caught by the wind it was torn from the fall-ropes, and went flying like bits of paper before the wind. Freight on the deck was thrown about promiscuously, barrels were broken, and some filled with corn jumped clear over the bulwarks and landed unbroken in the sea. Dishes were broken, and freight strewn promiscuously about.

I secured my wife and two children in their state room and, as I was not seasick, climbed on deck to see what could be seen. Barrels of corn had been broken open and scattered all over the deck, and so much had been driven into the cuddy as to entirely cover the cook stove from sight. The dishes had not been made fast in the cupboard and fell to the floor at every roll of the vessel.

But, clinging to the rigging, the grandest sight I ever saw was presented to view. The waves seemed like mountains and came dashing toward the vessel as if to swallow it up; but, as if struggling for life, she would climb to the top of the wave and pitch into the trough of the sea and seem hopelessly engulfed. Though the wind blew a perfect hurricane, yet the sun would break through the clouds. A scene of wild beauty was presented. The wind, catching the crest of the waves, filled the air with spray, forming

thousands of rainbows, almost dazzling the eye. I never expect, on earth, to see a grander, wilder scene of beauty.

Chilled by the rain I sought to go down into the cabin and succeeded in reaching the door. Holding on to the door knob I stepped into the cabin, and, thinking I had got the right motion, I let go the knob and started for my state room. But I made wrong calculations, for the vessel pitched the wrong way and laid me on the oilcloth on my back. I tried to regain my feet but my legs had slipped under the small cabin stove, and feeling I was not in a very dignified position, I scrambled to get up, but instead, upset the stove. As the oilcloth was slippery, my effort to regain my feet was a failure. The stove, as if in sport, chased me backward and forward across the floor. At this crisis the steward came out of his room to see what the fuss was. Seeing the fire scattered over the floor and I and the stove chasing each other around and neither able to get to our legs, he called out, "This is a pretty mess. Four hundred kegs of powder on board and fire all over the cabin floor." That brought the climax. Each stateroom door was opened and anything in the shape of liquids from the wash-basin or slop pail was dashed at us. My wife, hearing the noise and looking out of the door of our stateroom, and seeing me and the stove walking around, called out, "He is killed!" Just then my head came in contact with my stateroom door and my wife caught me by the collar and held on, and I got hold of the door and got up on my feet. "Are you killed?" she asked. As an answer I burst out laughing, for I was not seriously hurt, when she boxed my ears and pulled me into the stateroom and told me to stay there. Of course I obeyed.

The storm drove us back nearly two hundred miles when we found shelter behind Keweenaw point and lay there two weeks before we dared leave. Meanwhile the snow had fallen some six or eight inches and every night was freezing cold.

At the end of two weeks the weather again became calm, and we started again for La Pointe. This time we reached it in safety and we found a friend in a Brother Hall, a Presbyterian missionary at La Pointe. With his help we soon secured a boat and a crew of Indians to take us the remaining one hnndred miles. Leaving La Pointe at noon of Tuesday in November, with a crew who could neither understand me nor I them, we bade good-by to civilization, creeping along the shore as fast as a crew of lazy Indians could paddle us.

The second day out the wind arose with the sun, and we were compelled to run into a creek and lay by until night. This continued until Sabbath

morning. The Indians would row a part of the night and then lay by until the next night.

On Sabbath morning the lake was perfectly still and 25 miles would take us to the mouth of the St. Louis river at Duluth, or where Duluth now is. We got a fair start that morning. We had got fairly under way when a ripple of wind from the east struck us and down went the oars, and some blankets were rigged as sails and the crew abandoned themselves to smoking and laziness. We hardly moved through the water, yet they could not be induced to row. The wind in the afternoon began to freshen and we glided along more rapidly; but the heavy waves began to make it uncomfortable and dangerous. And now the Indians were alive. Our only hope was to enter the mouth of the river, and that was extremely doubtful as the wind had increased to a gale. However, by good fortune, we entered without striking the bar, and not a moment too soon. We had hardly got within the river when a squall struck us in which, on the lake, we could not have lived a minute. We ran up the river to where Superior City now stands and camped for the night. The Indians pitched my tent for me in a little hollow, and I with my family crept in and went to sleep. About midnight I was awakened by an unpleasant sensation about the hips and the rain falling in torrents. I found I was taking an involuntary hip bath. I got up and aroused the Indians, who removed my tent to higher ground, and again I went to sleep and slept till morning. Getting up I opened the doors of the tent, and there, as if to keep sentinel, sat a white rabbit. Stepping back I took a gun and shot it, out of which we had a very good breakfast. The sky had cleared and the wind gone down, and we were soon gliding up the river to our future home. About 2 o'clock our crew gave a wild whoop, which was answered by a whoop just around a bend in the river, and we soon tied our boat to a stake on the shore.

Here among bark wigwams and a few traders' houses we were to commence our future labors. Our goods were taken from the boat and piled on the grass on the shore, and the boat within two hours was on its way down the river, and all hopes of seeing a white man for at least six months was cut off. Three days after the boat returned, the river closed and remained closed nine months.

The house I was to occupy was made of upright cedar posts placed in the ground with grooves in them to receive cedar slabs, and, when raised to the proper height, covered with poles laid tight together, then plastered with mud, and over all a roof of cedar bark.

For partitions we also used cedar bark peeled, as tan bark. This fastened

across the rooms made convenient apartments; only when the bark dried it left cracks through which a small child could easily crawl.

Nevertheless we had our kitchen, diningroom, parlor and bedrooms, as became our situation. Our house was about thirty rods from and facing the river. As there was no cabinet shop or even a saw mill within one thousand miles of us, our furniture was of rather primitive style. I brought no tools with me save a saw, an ax, a shaving knife and an auger. Having got our things under cover, I tried my hand, first at furniture making, and the first thing I made, or tried to make, was a bedstead. I must say I do not think it was a great success, as I could get only one leg or post to touch the floor at the same time. A pole did duty as the front rail, into which I put two legs near each end. Then I bored two holes into the side of the house into which to insert the cross rails. But in boring the holes, one was bored at an angle of 45 degrees, or less, upward, and the other nearly straight, so that when the side piece was put on, only one leg of the thing would touch the floor at once. But I told my wife that I guessed when we both got on to it it would come down. And it did. I have only to say of the remainder of the furniture that it exactly harmonized. Having gotten our things properly arranged by the next Sabbath, we were prepared for our first religious service.

There was no place to hold religious services except in our house, so, making a room ready, I sent my interpreter through the village to tell them to come, "for all things are now ready." I took my seat in a convenient place in the room and waited for my congregation. Presently I saw an Indian, wrapped in his blanket, coming up the path to my house. Let me describe my first hearer as a fine specimen of the rest: He came in quietly, with moccasined feet, and took a seat upon the floor; then he took his blanket from his head and shoulders, leaving the upper part of the body naked. Then he drew a large knife from his belt and laid that down beside him, and then took his tomahawk and stuck it into the floor in front of him. By this time I was more interested in him than I was in my sermon, and began to think it was time to watch as well as pray. After these preliminaries he took a small bag that hung from his belt and took out a piece of tobacco and cut off a little, in fine pieces; then he took out a large piece of kinakanick (bark of a kind of willow), and rubbing it with the tobacco put it in the head of the tomahawk before him. Then, going again to the bag, he took from it a flint and a piece of steel, also a piece of punk, and commenced to strike fire. Presently a little curl of smoke indicated his success, and, cutting off the piece that had taken fire, he put it on the top of the head of the tomahawk, and then placing the end of the handle in his mouth, com-

menced to draw. I then learned that the instrument before me did double duty, one as tomahawk and one as pipe.

When I learned all this I turned with a sigh of relief to my sermon, and lo! I had forgotten my text. Meanwhile the house had gotten full of both Indians and smoke, for each one felt in duty bound to smoke as soon as he could get squatted upon the floor.

I don't think the sermon was very logical or eloquent that day. I think the best part of it was the "Amen," though that did not come from the audience.

After my audience had gone away, and the house had been thoroughly ventilated, and the floor scalded (for they did not take away everything that was alive that they brought with them), we sat down to discuss the proceedings, and we, that is, my wife and I, voted unanimously that we had begun.

Part of our mission was to teach school, and the next thing was to get a place in which to do it. Near to our own house was erected a smaller one, made and finished in the same manner. There were no seats, as the children preferred to sit on the floor. The room being ready, the next thing was to get the children to come to school. In the first place, the parents had no control over their children; nor did they care whether they came to school or not. When asked to send their children to school, their reply was: "They may come if they want to." The children were wild; they could not understand me nor I them, and prospects did not look bright. Something must be done, and school was opened, and the first morning I had two children. They looked at me and I at them. I had some pictures and books full of pictures, so, taking a picture, I said, "on-dos" (come). They looked up and cautiously came near. I pointed to the picture of an ox and said, "ox;" they looked up and said, "pashekee," so we both learned one word. Then the picture of a hog, and I said, "hog;" they said, "coo-coos," and we learned another word. In this way both parties got interested. Presently I looked at the windows and doors and saw a dozen pair of bright eyes peeking in to see what we were doing. Thinking to get them to come in, I got up and stepped to the door, but when I got there not a child was to be seen. I went back, and presently bright eyes were again peeking through door, windows and cracks. Again I went to the door, and again not a child was to be seen. I went back again, and, when the next time the eyes were seen, I stepped to the door, and leaving it a little ajar, watched.

Presently a head was cautiously raised from behind a bunch of rose willows and, as they saw me looking, it was ducked down again. It was amusing to see a dusky face and two bead-like eyes peeping from behind every bunch of willows near the schoolhouse.

With a little cautious work, I soon had from twenty to thirty, big and little, gathered in. But another difficulty arose: not a boy or a girl had a name. No Indian child has a name until it has, by some act or characteristic, earned for itself a name.

One, a very bad boy, was called "Mug-e-mou-e-do" (the devil), nor was he known by any other name. When I wanted one to come to me to read I called out "keen" (you), and they would all look at me, and the one at whom I was looking would come to me and say after me the names of the letters. This was slow progress, but during the three years I was with them some of them had made such advancement as to be able to read and understand not only simple stories but to read fairly in the New Testament. They were keen and bright, but the great difficulty was they were so unsteady in their attendance. Today there would be a full attendance, tomorrow may be one or two only. If a stronger attraction drew them from the schoolhouse they were gone.

Another trouble with these Indians was their laziness. It was a disgrace for an Indian to work, except to hunt and fish. Even then the women must dress and pack the game home. An Indian would sit and smoke while his wife built the wigwam, cut and backed the wood for the fire, cooked the victuals, and then sit down and eat, while his patient wife stood and waited on him. Then, if there was anything left, she might help herself. I soon learned this trait of Indian character. This was one of the things that we had to try to overcome. When I first went there, I wanted some cedar bark brought from the swamp, and as a great stalwart Indian sat on the floor of my house, I said, "Come, go with me and help me bring it in." He looked up in surprise at me, and said, "What, me?" I said, "Yes, I will pay you." "What, me go? No, but I will send my wife." And he did, while he sat and smoked. It was the most difficult thing to convince an Indian that he was not degraded by anything like work. Before I left that feeling had begun to wear away among them, and men would sometimes be seen working in their gardens with the women; but at any call they would run and leave the women to toil on till dark, and then come to the wigwam and cook the fish for supper.

Those scenes have long since passed away, and a railroad now runs through what was then an Indian village; but the memory of them remains vivid.

My first study was the religious character of the Indians. A few of them were Catholics, but they could not be told from the heathen around about them; only occasionally they would count a string of dirty beads. And yet they are a very religious people. The earth, water and sky teem with

"Monedos" (spirits). Every well-formed tree, knot, every curiously formed stone, every hill, or mountain, or cave, had each its own resident spirit. And each claimed a sacrifice from the Indians. This was, usually, a piece of tobacco, placed on or near the place where the supposed spirit dwelt. But their chief object of worship was the Ke-cho-mon-e-do, or Great Spirit, who rules over all. To him they made large sacrifices, indeed, frequently all that they possessed.

If want, or sickness, or distress of any kind came upon them, they must have a grand medicine dance. This was the only form of worship among them. They had no Sunday, no moral law. Let me give you the manner in which this form of worship was conducted. I will suppose that a person is sick and they can't cure him. They must have a grand medicine dance. As a preliminary, all the prophets (we had four among us) must fast for three days, and during that time they must not close their eyes in sleep at night. They might sleep all day, but at sundown they must commence drumming and singing, which must not stop on any account until sunrise next morning. The drum was simply a hollow log, in shape like an old-fashioned churn, about three feet high, and having a piece of untanned skin of some animal drawn tightly over one end. The drum stick (they had but one) was a small stick in the form of a cross, with which a regular tum, tum, was kept up, and could be heard all over the village. To a stranger, sleep was impossible. On the fourth morning all the village was astir. The women were all busy, bringing in long, withe-like poles, out of which a wigwam was to be made, perhaps sixty feet long and twelve feet wide. These poles were firmly set in the ground, and the tops bent over in the form of a bow and fastened together. When this was done, all but two ends were covered with mats and blankets. Inside, in the center, near each end, a post was set firmly in the ground. These posts were painted with different colors. About four feet from the walls on the inside was a path made very smooth going on the outside of each post, clear around the wigwam. Back of the path, on either side, was the place for the seating of the audience. This completed the wigwam. Then a feast must be provided, for there can be no "grand medicine dance" without a feast. The most acceptable thing that can be offered at such a time, is a white dog, if such a thing can be had. If not, *any* dog. And if no dog can be had, then anything that will fill up. Whatever it may be, is put in a large kettle over a fire near the wigwam, and two of the old women attend to the cooking.

When all is ready a loud whoop, answered from all parts of the village, brings the crowd together in holiday attire. This holiday attire consists in painting the face and body with different colors, the most favorite being

vermilion, white and a lead color, the body being naked to the loins and hideously marked. Each one as he comes, brings a dish and his pipe with him. Coming from all parts of the village, with blankets thrown over their shoulders, they march silently in and take seats against the side of the wigwam. Then the blanket is thrown off the shoulders, and falls back of them, the inevitable pipe is produced, and soon the whole building is filled as full of smoke as a smoke house. Meanwhile the sick person is brought in and put on the blanket spread near one of the posts, and around him are laid the offerings that he offers to the Great Spirit for his recovery. It may be blankets, kettles, sugar, guns, or whatever he may have; and I have known an Indian to give away the last thing he had as an offering. These things, though offered to the Great Spirit, become the property of the medicine men or conjurers. Everything being ready, and the feast cooking, each one comes, bringing with him his medicine bag in which he keeps his charm. The bag may be an otter skin, or a snake skin, or anything that will hold his "mon-e-do." These are shells such as can be found in most cabinets or picked up on the shore of the lake—spiral shells about an inch long. The Indians silently smoking, one of the medicine men arises and takes his place at the stake opposite where the sick one is, and commences a speech about anything, or nothing, or chants a monotonous song for, perhaps, two minutes, and then, with his medicine-bag held in both hands, pointing to the sick one at the other post, starts towards him in a light trot, and every step utters the exclamation "Who-ah! Who-ah!" and as he nears him, suddenly brings the bag very near the sick one, who falls over quivering, as though struck a severe blow, while the doctor trots around the patient and comes back on the other path with a satisfied grunt of "Ho-ho." Then another takes his place, while the first sits down to smoke, and the same performance is gone over. This continues until all of the conjurers have passed around the sick man, when they all place themselves before the patient and make, in much the same way, the final charge. The sick man lies as though dead for some time, but finally arises and presents, or, if unable to arise, a friend presents the offerings that lay around him, to the medicine men, and the patient is *supposed* to be cured.

The theory seems to be this: The spirit residing in the shell in the medicine man's bag goes at his bidding into the sick man to grapple with the disease, and, at the last charge, all enter together and drive the disease away, and the man has nothing to do only to get well. But sometimes the patient is too far gone and dies; but the medicine men are not to blame for

that. They were not called soon enough, or the disease came back again, and so he keeps his reputation and his fees.

The next thing to attend to is the feast. Each one passes out with his dish to the kettle or kettles over the fire, where an old woman presides with a ladle, and serves each one in turn with the contents of the kettle, which is generally in the form of soup. Then they return to the wigwam and the feast commences. Nothing more can be done until the eating is accomplished. Fingers and the hollow of the hand answer for knives, forks and spoons. Their hands are generally cleaner after they get through than before they commenced. After the eating, the fun commences. The drum is brought in and one is seated by it to give the music. This consists of a monotonous chant, with regular strokes on the drum. Every Indian now brings forth his medicine bag, and a row stands on each side in the path that was made around the posts, the rows facing each other. Men, women and children (for children are allowed here), stand ready to begin the dance. At the tap of the drum each one springs clear from the ground and then drops back lightly into his tracks. Sometimes they spring lightly to one side, just the width of their feet, all going the same way. It presents a strange appearance to see 75 or 100 Indians spring into the air and at the same time moving around in an oblong circle. Each one holds his medicine bag in hand. Presently one raises his medicine bag and pointing it at one opposite him utters the exclamation "Wah," and at the same time punches it at him, when the one at whom it was pointed drops as if shot and lies quivering on the ground for the space of perhaps a minute, and then gets up and joins the dance again, or takes his seat back of the dancers and takes a smoke. Meanwhile the fun waxes furious. The beat of the drum is more rapid, the dancers more and more excited, a dozen down on the ground at once. Occasionally a shout is heard, until, as day closes, wild confusion reigns, and men, women and children burst from the wigwam and the dance is done.

The conjurers, as doctors, have a strong hold upon the Indians, as they firmly believe that they can cause good or ill luck or death, when they will. Some of their performances were beyond my comprehension. Let me give you a specimen. One day there was some anxiety about the coming of some traders, who had been expected for a long time. One of the conjurers concluded that he would find out when the traders would come. I was invited to come and see the performance. It was a little after sundown when I got to where the Indians had gathered. I found that a circle of poles, about the size of hop poles, had been driven into the ground, inclosing a circle or space of about four feet in diameter. These poles were driven into the

ground firmly, and then fastened together firmly by withes, going around the entire enclosure, perhaps eight inches apart, until they reach the top. The opening at the top was just large enough to admit the body of a man, and the withes formed convenient steps to reach the top. Then the whole structure was covered with mats and blankets. A stone of the size of a wash-basin was placed in the enclosure, and a small bell, like a sheep-bell, was hung at the top of one of the poles. Then the Indian, painted in war style, climbed to the top, and for a short time spoke to the Indians, and then disappeared on the inside. The Indians sat around in a circle, perhaps ten feet from the structure, engaged in smoking, talking and laughing.

The Indian in the enclosure began a slow, monotonous chant, which continued for, perhaps, ten minutes, when a noise was heard on the inside of the tent, as though a small stone had dropped on the stone inside of the tent. The song stopped, and "ho-ho!" came from the Indian. I asked him, "What was that?" He said, "A spirit has come," and immediately commenced singing again. Soon another, and another "chink" was heard, followed by the usual grunt of satisfaction. Presently the bell on the top gave a faint "tink, tink," and I saw that the top of the structure was moving gently, back and forth. Meanwhile the singing on the inside continued, the bell began to rattle, and the whole structure to sway back and forth, as though invisible hands were endeavoring to pull it down.

Presently he announced that the "spirits" were there, and would answer any question that anyone wished to ask. He announced when the traders would be there, told what success they would have in hunting, and answered, in his usual tone, any and all questions that were asked *him*.

Meanwhile the whole structure continued its rapid motion, back and forth. Of the things he uttered, some were true and some were not. I could have guessed as well. But by what power were the poles made to sway back and forth? I know that no one touched them from the outside, for I walked around it to see. Nor was there anyone within ten feet of the structure. If the man on the inside moved them, how? He seemed to sit at the bottom. He sang all the while; his voice was not hurried as though he was exerting himself; and he said he did not touch the structure. I cannot tell. I only repeat what I saw with my own eyes.

In order to satisfy myself, I went up to the structure the next morning to examine it, and see if I could find out how it had been moved. The dirt had been pressed away from around the poles, so that my finger could easily be passed down by the side of the poles in the clay ground on which it stood. I then climbed to the top (some ten feet), and standing on the withes by which the poles were held together, I threw my body back and

forth with all my strength, and yet could not move it as rapidly or as far as it moved the night before. The Indian said "the spirit did it," and that he did not touch it. Judging from his voice while he was in there, I think he told the truth. But that they moved, I know. Will the spiritualists arise and explain?

The conjurers were also the doctors. They had powerful medicines but no skill in their use. Going into a wigwam where a sick man lay, one of our missionaries found a doctor giving the man medicine from a row of clam shells that were filled with medicines of various sorts. He was giving the patient some from each shell. When asked why he gave medicine of all sorts to the man, he answered: "Something is the matter with the man. Some of these medicines are good for him. If I give him some of all kinds he will get the right one." Good logic but poor practice.

Many people think that if they employ an "Indian doctor" they will certainly get help. Let me give you an instance of their skill. Coming down the river from a visit 100 miles further west than I was stationed, as we were paddling our canoe down the stream, we heard a shriek, back in the woods on the shore. Running our canoe on the bank, we clambered up to the top, and found a wigwam with two families camped there. One of them had a sick child of about six months old. I saw at a glance that the child was almost gone, and was in terrible agony. The mother appealed to me for help (government furnished me with medicine to give to the Indians). I told her the child was past help. I asked them what they had been giving it. The doctor said he had been giving an emetic. I asked to see the medicine, and he showed it me. It was blue vitriol. I need not tell you the child soon died.

Take another instance. One night, just at sundown, a boy came from the lodge of the chief and said that there were two men sick at the lodge, and wanted some "pe-me-da mus-ke-ke" (castor oil—literally, grease medicine). I gave him a pint bottle and told him I would soon call and see the men. In the course of half an hour I went over to his lodge and found two stalwart young Indians, squat on a mat smoking. I inquired for the sick men and they said they were the ones. I asked where they came from and they said from "Sandy Lake," over one hundred miles west. I asked when they started. They said, "most one day ago." I learned that they were "runners" from the fur traders, and that they had come that distance in that time. Then I asked what was the matter and how they felt. They said "well enough, only their legs were sore." I then asked them what they had done with the pint bottle of oil I had sent them. They said they had drank

it all up. I told them I thought they would be better the next day, and they were. Their judgment was like that of half-grown children.

The chief, Shin-goop, at whose lodge these young Indians were, was sick for a long time, and at his request I gave him medicine and he was getting better. One morning he sent for me in great haste, and they said he was going to die. I went and found him in great pain; I made such inquiry as I could, but could find no cause for the change until I inquired what he had been eating. He said "nothing." When I insisted on knowing just what he had been eating, he said, "Nothing; but he had scraped and eaten two rutabaga turnips." I gave him something to help him manage the turnips, and in a few hours he was much better. Medicine, to be good with them, must be very powerful. I was called upon to go and see a woman who, they said, was going to die. I went to see her and I, too, thought she would die. I asked if they had given her any medicine. They said, "Yes, some physic." I asked if it had operated. They said it had *begun* to operate, and then stopped. I asked how many times it had operated, and they said "*fourteen times.*" I gave her a few drops of paregoric and told them not to give anything else. She got well.

Yet they have many good medicines, but you can't wring the secret of the ingredients from them. The trouble is that a medicine that is good for anything among them is good for everything, and must be used on every occasion. I saw an instance where a man's hand was shot off by the accidental discharge of a gun. The thumb only was left; the cords hung in shreds and the bones stuck out. I offered to take off the bones that protruded and cut the shreds. No, they said they could manage; and they did. Though the weather was warm (July) the hand never swelled above the wrist, and in about six weeks it was well. They told me what they used on it. It was nothing more nor less than white pond lily root, chewed in the mouth until mixed with saliva and the wounded hand kept constantly bound up with it. Whether it would do as well pounded and without the saliva I don't know.

We had another school of doctors there who would answer to the spiritualist doctors of our day, only I think the Indian doctor would out-do our modern spiritualists. These Indians had their private practice as well as what they did in public. In order to understand what I am going to relate, it will be necessary to explain another item of belief among the wild Indians.

Every Indian has his "totem." All his goods are marked with his totem, and his body is also marked with it. It may be his totem is an eagle, a snake, a bear, or any other bird, animal or reptile. That is, a

spirit, in the form above mentioned dwells in him, and is generally asleep. If two Indians having the same totem, meet, though they may be perfect strangers to each other, yet the *totem* makes them more nearly related than brothers. It is a spiritual tie, stronger than any natural one. We had two of these doctors in our village; one whose "totem" was a bear and the other an eagle.

The first thing after they get to the lodge where the sick person is, is to wake up the spirit which is supposed to be asleep in the body of the doctor. To this end a medicine drum, such as they use in a grand medicine dance, is brought to the lodge, together with a large rattle-box as large as a pint cup. Then the doctor commences shaking the rattle and pounding the drum, frequently striking his body in various places with the rattle. Meanwhile, in a low, monotonous chant he calls upon the spirit within him to wake up and help him cure the sick. But the spirit refuses to wake up. Other measures must be tried. I have seen an Indian drink a three pint basin full of sweetened water without taking the basin from his mouth. They will allow you to ask them any questions. When I asked him why he drank so much he said, "Bears love sweetened water," and he was trying to wake him. But this did not do it, and so he tried something else. He opened his medicine bag, and took from it three pieces of a shin bone of a deer, each piece about six inches long, and a piece of a short gun barrel of the same length. Then he opened his mouth and took one after another of the bones and *swallowed* them, followed by a piece of the short gun barrel. Presently he threw them out of his mouth again. I asked him what he did that for. He said the spirit would not wake up, and he was *punching* him. He handed the bones and piece of short gun barrel to me, and told me to try it. I respectfully declined. This did not fully succeed in arousing the spirit. There was, in the center of the lodge, a heap of coals on fire. He asked an Indian to take up one of those live coals, and then another, and drop them into his mouth. Then he threw his head back and I saw those coals go into his mouth, red and burning. I have not seen the coals since. This succeeded, however, in arousing the spirit. And now the Indian assumed, as near as he could, the form and actions of a bear. He went around on his hands and feet, rooting up the things in the wigwam, and overturning things generally. Finally he came to where the sick man lay, and commenced rooting around him, turning him partly over, as though seeking for something he could not find. Presently he fixed his nose on the man's body where the pain was, and then commenced a series of growls and snarls, as though the bear were having a fight with something. After a while this subsided, and the bear backed off, sniffing, and lay down as if

asleep. Presently the Indian in his own proper form, got up and said he had killed the disease, and the man would get well. Then he took his fee (they don't trust), and went away.

You ask, "Does the patient get well?" I answer, "Yes, sometimes, and sometimes, no." If he gets well, the doctor gets the credit; if he dies, it is because the bad spirit comes back, and the doctor is not to blame. Yet these doctors, conjurers, or whatever you please to call them, will do some things that seem almost marvelous. Take the following, which, though I did not see myself, I had from one whom I considered as good authority, Peter Marksman, my interpreter: His grandfather was a conjurer, and kept his "monedos," when not in use, in a small wooden box with a slide cover. Sitting one evening by the fire, he said to Peter, "My children (his 'menedos') have been with me a long time; I am going to let them go away awhile." His "monedos" were three small sea shells. Taking the shells from their box, he gave them to Peter, saying, "When I want them I will call them home." Peter said, "I guess when he wants them he will not find them." So the next day he took the shells, and having privately marked them, he took a canoe and paddled away out into Lake Superior alone, and threw them into the lake. Of course they sank to the bottom. He told no one of the mark he had put on the shells, or where he had hidden them. Nothing was said on the subject for two weeks, when one evening, as they sat by the fire, the old man said, "I am lonesome; I want my children back." Then taking a new box from his bosom, he handed it to Peter and told him to examine it. Peter said he took the box. It was about six inches long, four inches wide, and about one and one-half inches thick. Only just a hole dug in the stick with a slide cover as a lid. After opening the box and examining it closely, his grandfather told him to lay it down before the fire, in front of them. This he did, and the conversation, which had been interrupted, went on. Presently a snap was heard in the box, as though something had been thrown against it. A grunt of "ho-ho" came from the grandfather, and speaking to Peter he said, "One of my children has come." He did not touch the box, but Peter picked it up and opened it, and found one of the shells in it, with his private mark upon it, and within a half-hour the other two came in the same manner, and were received with the same salutation from the old man. He did not touch the box from the time he first handed it to Peter until the last shell came into it, and had been examined by Peter, and handed by him to the old man. The water where Peter threw the shells, was, he thinks, 100 feet deep, and he saw them sink out of sight. The question is, how did he get the shells from the water, and how

get them into the closed box? Can you tell? I cannot. And do you wonder that these conjurers have great influence among the ignorant savages?

Then again, these Indians say after they are converted that they did not deceive. That they did do what they seemed to do. When asked how they did it, the reply is, "I don't know; may be the devil (My-e-mon-e-do) helped me." Perhaps spiritualists can explain the matter, but I doubt whether they can be as expert as were some of our Indian conjurers. I know that their power over the band in which they lived was very great, and by it they got a good living. They were exceedingly expert in hunting and fishing, yet were often in great straights for food, simply because, having enough for today they literally "took no thought for the morrow." When one had all had. Consequently, when one was hungry all were hungry, and to them life was a continual round of feasting and fasting. In the summer this was well enough, as the river was full of fish, and ducks covered the marshes. Wild rice also covered thousands of acres on the marshes.

The war dance among them was a series of feasts and dances, lasting three or four days, in which no women were permitted to join. Painting themselves in the most hideous manner and armed with gun, knife and tomahawk they gather in a large lodge made for the purpose; some of the braves would make a speech, recounting his bravery and the cowardice of their enemy; tell in graphic manner how he had surprised the enemy and taken his scalp; how he had eluded pursuit, until he had raised the enthusiasm of the young braves to the highest pitch, and the whole band would spring up and whoop and yell until it would seem that the infernal regions had broken loose. Then the war drum would be beaten and the whole crowd would spring to their feet and commence flourishing their guns, tomahawks and knives, catching each other by the scalp-lock; going through all the motions of tearing off the scalp, and drinking the blood of the victim, until the blood ran cold. Then they would quiet down and have a smoke. Then another scene, and then a feast of something. This would continue until the last day of the feast. Any male, even the boys, might join in this dance, whether they went to the war or not. The last day of the dance usually ended with a sham battle. One party goes off to a distance and hides among the bushes while the other party would remain quietly smoking. Presently the party that had gone out would be seen stealing up to the other party to surprise them. Now every one of them would lay flat on the ground, then crawling on hands and knees, again running rapidly from one cover to another, until suddenly the most unearthly yells would rend the air, guns were fired and tomahawks hurled. Meanwhile the party who were supposed to be surprised would for a moment seem to be in confusion, but would soon spring into the

bushes and be out of sight. The firing and noise would cease, but only for a moment. Soon a single shot, a wild whoop, and then another and another would ring out. An Indian would be seen here, standing over a fallen body tearing off the scalp, and meanwhile yelling like a demon. Then a wounded one, trying to hide away from his enemy. Soon one or the other party would run, and the others follow for a little way, and then a whoop of victory would ring out. Both parties would then return to feast and smoke.

The next morning the war party would leave for the scene of action. The leader would start, and all the party would follow in single file, each one careful to step exactly in the footprints of the leader. Those who remained would stand and watch until the last warror had disappeared, and then return to his ordinary occupation. No news is expected of the party until they return. If success attends the party, and they succeed in taking any scalps, as they near the village on their return, a wild whoop announces their presence. The returning party camp away from the village, until preparations can be made for their reception. When the preparations are completed, and the village has put on its gala attire, all work is suspended. For two or three days nothing but feasting and dancing is attended to. This dance is unlike any other dance, as only two, a male and a female, can dance at a time, and they in the open air. This is called a scalp dance, and is performed in this manner:

The scalp, a bit of skin about twice the size of a dollar, taken from the crown of the head, is stretched, ornamented, and carried on a pole above the heads of the dancers. The two who have the scalp, stand side by side with the pole between them, and commence a song, dancing to their own music. No one is near them, and everything is quiet. Presently someone bursts from a lodge, and with a whoop, and a shout, goes running and jumping towards the dancers, carrying a present in his hand. It may be a kettle, a blanket, a gun, or anything that he has. Passing them he lays whatever he brings at their feet and passes on without a word to the dancers, nor do they take any notice of him. So it continues until the dancers are tired out, or the presents cease to come in. Then they gather up what has been laid at their feet, for it belongs to them, and another couple take the scalp and go to another part of the village, and the same thing is repeated, while the returned warrors are feasted and lionized, as they rehearse the story of the fight, and how they grappled with the enemy, and how they made them run like frightened women as they dashed in among them. This feast lasts two or three days, and then the scalp is set on a pole, over the grave of some brave who lies in their burying ground.

The place where they bury their dead is their pleasure resort. There they go to feast and to dance. There the children have their playground. The reason is this: They believe that the dead remain for a long time near where their bodies lie buried, and though unseen, join in their feasts and sports. Hence they divide what they have and lay part of it on the grave of the loved one, and keep part of it themselves. These things are not allowed to remain long on the grave where they are placed. Let me explain why by an anecdote.

One of the chiefs lost a little boy, and at his request I buried him. It was in sugar making time, and the Indians were mostly in the sugar camps. One day perhaps two weeks after the burial, the father came in from the sugar camp and stopped to talk with my two little boys at the corner of the house, and then, instead of coming in, went directly to the grave yard, which was but a little way off, and in plain sight. I saw the two boys watching him, and I saw him go directly to the little grave and put something on it and turn away. As soon as he left the grave both of my boys started on a run for the grave which he had just left. The old man came directly to my house, came in, and as usual sat down upon the floor and commenced to smoke. Presently both of the boys came in, full of glee, each bringing a small basket of sugar which they had taken from the grave. It was hard to tell which was the most pleased, the old man or the boys. I learned from the boys that the old man had told them what he was going to do, and wanted them to be sure and get to the grave as quick as they could after he left, and get the sugar. Then I asked him why? I learned this: They believe that the spirit remains near the body for a long time and is pleased with anything that would please it in life. So they bring these tokens of love and give them to the lost ones. But the one that is dead cannot, himself, use the thing that is offered to him, and so gives it away to the one he loves. Now the old man wanted his boy to love the white boys, and so he gave them notice so that they might go and get the sugar before anyone else came along. Hence it was the right thing to do. It is a mark of friendship to take anything that is thus left on the grave. For this reason no gloom attaches to their place of burial, but it rather becomes a place of pleasant resort, where the mother croons to her babe, the wife communes with her husband, and braves recount the deeds of daring of the silent warrior. To say the least, it is a pleasant belief.

Their manner of mourning for the dead is peculiar. At the loss of a near friend the face is to be painted black, the hair unbraided and allowed to hang loose over the face and shoulders. So you could know at once that they were in mourning. Then an image, or something they called an image,

was made, wrapped up, and carried constantly for one year. In the first days of mourning the mourners passed from place to place, and when they came to any place where the deceased had dwelt or labored, they would throw themselves on their faces on the ground, and howl and screech, and make the most unearthly noises you can conceive of, and cover their heads with dust. This was continued from time to time, according to the standing of the person who had died. The image must be carried for a year by the nearest relative of the deceased. Whenever they partook of food a part was laid beside the image as though it had been alive. At the end of the year a feast was made, the image unrolled and laid away, and the days of mourning were ended.

In order to have a name the individual must manifest some trait or peculiarity. For instance, a man had his arm broken and it was badly set, and his arm was crooked. He was known all over the country by the name of "Crooked Arm." I had been there nearly a year when they came to me and told me they wanted to give my family names. This meant a feast, so I told them to come on a certain day and I would be ready. On the day appointed a council was called at my house, and I prepared a large kettle of boiled corn with some bits of pork boiled in it. Each one came and brought his dish with him. Each dish was filled, and after they had eaten then followed a smoke. After the smoke the chief arose and said they were prepared to give us our names. I brought my youngest boy, about three years old. He was very small of his age and very fair complexioned. He was dressed in red flannel. I asked what his name should be. The chief said it was "Mus-ke-mon-e-do." That means "Little red spirit." I brought the second one forward, a sturdy, active little fellow, always busy, of between three and four years old, and asked what they would call him. The chief said his name was "A-mick." That means "A beaver." Then I said "what do you call my wife?" The chief answered, "her name is Pa-sha-nun-e-qua." That means "The woman who is far away from her friends." Then I said, "what will you call me?" The reply was, "your name is Na-no-cos-se." That means, "humming bird." You smile, and ask why I got that name. I answer: When I came among them I brought with me a quantity of flower seeds. In the spring I planted them, and my yard was filled with flowers. I took pains to cultivate them. The Indians said I was always among the flowers, just like a humming bird. Hence the name. Henceforth we were known only by those names in our own band, and in all the bands in the country.

It might be supposed that among such an ignorant set, it would be easy to induce them to become christians. It might have been, had it not been for

their "grand medicine man." If the Indian embraced religion, the "medicine man's" occupation was gone. Hence they used all their influence to counteract the influence of the missionary. During a revival that occurred while I was among them, a prophet from the west came down to our village and called a council of the Indians. I went to the council to hear what the prophet had to say. He had come to tell them what he had seen out west. The missionary had been there, and one of their number had joined the white man's religion. The Indian died worshiping the white man's God. After death he traveled to the white man's heaven, and asked that he might come in. The white man's God told him that he was an Indian and to go to the Indian's heaven. Accordingly, he went and asked for admittance, but he was told here that he had forsaken the Indians' God, and he must go to the white man's heaven. And so the poor fellow could get into neither heaven. After awhile the Indians' God told him that if he would go back to the earth and live and die a good Indian he might then come to the Indians' heaven. So he consented and came back, and was now living west of the Mississippi, and "I have seen and talked with him." I never could ascertain whether the Indians fully believed it or not, but it had its influence.

As to their sports, they were more like the sports of grown boys than men. A favorite pastime in the summer was a game that they called "hunting the beaver." Forty or fifty Indians, big and little, would wade out into the water, breast deep, perfectly naked except a cloth around their loins; they formed a circle, perhaps thirty feet in diameter; one, the hunter, was placed in the middle of the circle; all the rest were "beavers." When all was ready, each one would begin to throw all the water he could, until the "hunter" gave a shout, when instantly every one would dive and swim off. The game was for the "hunter" to dive and catch any one *under* the water. After the first dive the fun grew fast and furious. They were all expert divers and swimmers. When one was caught he became a "hunter" and assisted in catching the others. The game was, who of all the beavers could keep the longest from the hand of the hunters. They were, some of them, exceedingly expert, and could dive and swim a long way under water. They had but few games of chance. Gambling was not practiced among them to any great extent. I don't recall ever seeing cards among them. They had a game that they played with different shaped bones, that they tossed up in wooden dishes. Though I have frequently seen them playing it, I never knew what the game was. Then they had a game of ball unlike any I have seen elsewhere. Two Indians would choose sides and go on the ground; two long lines, perhaps 75 rods apart, would be drawn parallel to each other;

each party had charge of one of these lines; each party was furnished with clubs about four feet long, with a little sack at one end, just big enough to hold the ball. All being ready, they assembled midway between the lines, each with his club ready. At a given signal some one hurled the ball into the air as high as he could throw it. After it was thrown, no *hand* must touch the ball until it has crossed one or the other of the lines; it was to be caught in or scooped from the ground in the little sack at the end of the club. The game was to see which party could keep the ball the longest from crossing their line. When one caught the ball, he started with it in the sack at one end of his club, and ran, with all the players after him trying to knock the ball out of the sack, or the club out of his hand. If the one who had the ball was met he hurled the ball as far as he could towards his opponents' line, and a dive was made by all parties for the ball, much to the danger of the heads and arms of the players. Though the players very frequently got hurt, for it was a rude play, yet I never knew unkind feelings caused by the rough usage that they got. On this game, frequently large amounts (for Indians) would be bet; I have known an Indian to lose all he had in the world, gun, blanket and pipe, on the issue of the game, and yet never knew any hard feelings or charge of unfairness. Stoical, they took it as a matter of course; borrowing a gun and a blanket, they would start for the woods, and not return until they had captured game or fur enough to repair their loss.

Their ideas of who should administer justice were of the primitive kind. For instance, I was passing through the Indians' gardens one time with a pail in my hand, when I found the cattle in one of the gardens destroying the vegetables, Nearest to me was a bull. Thinking to frighten him, I crept up behind a clump of bushes until I got near him, when I sprang out with a yell and shook my pail at him. He sprang about three jumps, then turned and shook his head at me. Nothing daunted, I sprang at him again. He made one jump away, and, quick as a flash, he turned and sprang at me. I was but a few feet from him, and before I could turn he struck me full in the breast with his horns, knocking me full ten feet on to my back. Before I had time to stir he sprang onto me, jamming his horns one on each side of my body, and as he jammed he bellowed, and so did I. Throwing me with his horns perhaps some ten feet further, he followed me up and caught me again on his horns and tossed me up against a small tree. As I struck the tree as high up as he could throw me, perhaps ten feet (I did not have time for accurate measurement), I threw my arms around the tree, which brought me feet first to the ground. As I struck the ground I quickly brought the body of the tree between me and the infuriated animal.

The tree was about the size of a stovepipe. Then the bull commenced a solo as he marched around that tree with slow, deliberate tread, and I kept step to the music, endeavoring to keep the tree so that I could see the bull on either side of the tree. I varied the music by occasionally calling for help. By and by my wife heard me, and came to see what was the matter. She ran to the house of a half-breed and told him what was going on, and he caught his gun down and ran to take part. Approaching behind, as near me as he could without disturbing the concert, he handed me the gun and I raised it to my face and fired. With a mingled roar of rage and pain the bull dashed for the nearest bushes. Picking up the pail, which lay where the scene first commenced, I went to the house to count over the receipts.

Now, if you ask me why the half-breed did not shoot the bull; it was not his business to do it. If he had done it, he would, by their law, have had to pay for him. I had a right to kill him if I could, and no fault be found. I sent word the next morning to the Indian that I had shot his bull. He came over and asked me where he was, and I told him. He went and got him home. The animal subsequently got well. No unkind feelings were made by the transaction, nor would there have been if the animal had died. It was "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth."

They believed in and practiced polygamy. The number of wives that a man had was according to his ability to feed them. When food was scarce they sent their extra wives away. I had been there but a short time when two of the chiefs came to my house and brought a young woman to me, and said they had brought me another wife. When I protested that I could hardly take care of one, they said, "Why, your white wife can take care of your house, and this one can gather your wood, catch your rabbits, and do your outdoor work, and you need not do anything." To do nothing but eat and drink was to them the climax of happiness.

In dealing with the Indians, kindness, firmness and truthfulness were necessary to get along with them. One of the chiefs came to me in the spring and said they were going to their spring hunt and the women to make sugar. But before he went he wanted to make a feast for his band, and if I would let him have some corn and pork, when he came in he would pay me in sugar. I let him have enough to come to 100 pounds of sugar. When he came back I went to him and told him I wanted my sugar. He said he had made but little sugar, and I was rich while he was poor, and he could not pay me. I insisted on having my pay. Finally he told me to go and get some steelyards, and he would see how much sugar he had. I got the steelyards and weighed his sugar, and found he had 800 pounds. He

said that would last him but a little while, and he could not pay me. One of the baskets weighed a little less than 100 pounds. I said to him, "That basket is mine." He said, "Will you take it?" I said, "Yes," and shouldered the basket and carried it home. I was in doubt as to what would be the result. For two weeks I met that man every day, and sometimes two and three times a day, passed and re-passed him in the narrow foot-path, and he never noticed me or looked at me any more than though I had been a stump. Nor did I notice him any more. Some two weeks after, as I sat in my house, I saw him coming through my gate with two large ducks in his hand. He came in smiling as he said, "No-no-cos-se, I have brought you some ducks." I said, "I don't want them." "Oh," said he, "don't be mad any more." I said, "I am not mad, but I am a man, and I don't want to have anything to do with boys." Said he, "If you will take these ducks I will always be a man with you." I said, "If you will promise that, I will take the ducks." He said, "I will," so I took the ducks, and told my wife to get him something to eat, and he sat on the floor and ate what she gave him, and then went away. I never, after that, had any trouble with him or his band. When they made me a promise, they either kept it or kept away from me. It was the only safe thing that could be done with them. They would steal from the traders every time they had a chance, but with me they were honest, though they had abundant chance to steal if they so desired.

It is not considered proper, by the Indians, to make a present and then eat a part of it up. The present was for you, and you alone. If he brought you a piece of venison, fish, ducks or sugar, he might eat of other things but not of these. On the other hand, if you gave an Indian anything, it was all his. If you set food before them and they could not eat it all up, they took away with them what they could not eat. I have sometimes visited their sugar camps and brought away with me eight or ten pounds of sugar that was given me to eat.

Feeling in a mood one day, when a big stalwart Indian came to my house, I said to my wife, "Let us see if we cannot get something for this Indian that he can't eat all up nor carry away." Having a pan of sour milk, a six quart pan, it was set before him, on the floor, with some bits of broken bread. Then I sat down to watch the result. Doubling his fingers into the proper shape, he made a fair spoon out of them. He went on bravely for a while, and then began to show signs of being full. My interest increased as it began to be manifest that he could not possibly hold it all. When he had eaten all he could, he looked wistfully at the remainder, then suddenly exlaimed, "be-caw, be-caw!" Leaving the half-filled pan on the

floor, he went out and started for the woods, perhaps 40 rods off. I watched him disappear, but soon saw him coming back again. He had in his hand a piece of bark from the white birch, and coming in and going up to the stove he heated the bark and soon formed a water tight dish, into which he turned the remainder of the milk, and then placing it under his blanket, disappeared through the door with a "me-gwuck, me-gwuck," (thank you, thank you) sounding after him. With a laugh I said to my wife we were beaten.

One of the chiefs adopted me as his brother, and it was no *sham* adoption either. I think he would, without hesitation, have laid down his life for me if there had been any occasion. Any choice thing that he came across that he thought would please me, he brought to me. Deer were very scarce in that country. It is so far north and the snows are so deep but few are found. In his hunting he had killed one, and his "brother must have a piece." So, as he was far off in the woods, a piece was cut off and rolled up among his things, and kept for *four weeks* for me. When he came in from the woods, he brought it to me. It would have been difficult, from the looks of it, to tell what it was. He sat and told me how he had crept up and shot the deer, how he had thought of me not having any, how he had taken a good piece and kept it for me, and now he had brought it to me. To have refused it would have been an offense not soon to be forgotten. Indeed I had no desire to refuse it. It was a token of love, and as such I received it. Giving him something to eat, he sat and smoked his pipe awhile, and then went away satisfied. But he never learned what I did with the meat. He came to me one day and gave me a beautiful canoe for hunting on the river. It was highly ornamented and was a beauty. I had had it but a little while when some strange Indians from the west passed through our place and stole my canoe. He soon learned of it and came to me bringing his canoe with him, and said, "Here is another canoe." When I objected, as it was the only one he had, his reply was, "ma-no (never mind), I can make another, and you can't. You will lend me yours till I can make me another." And so the canoe was mine. I *have had,* and *have* friends, but none truer, as I believe, than Ka-bas-kun, the Indian of Fon du Lac.

One of the hardest things to be endured in that far off place was the want of society, especially when sickness or accident happened. There were no stores where you could go to buy food or clothing, no physicians to call in case of need. In ordinary cases we felt no fear of the want of food, as the swamps were filled with "white rabbits" in the winter, and the river crowded with ducks and fish in the summer. Yet there were times when

the solitude and the isolation seemed almost unbearable. Take an instance: It was at or near the close of my second winter there, in the month of March. I, with my interpreter, had taken an inventory of our stock of provisions. It had been a hard winter for the Indians, and we had given away our provisions to those who were in sore need, until we were short ourselves. On looking over our stock we found we had about one half barrel of flour, fifty pounds of pork, and a small amount of tea, coffee and sugar to last us until May, as the river would not open up until that time. That day a tremendous storm set in. The snow fell as it only can fall on Lake Superior, and the wind blew a perfect gale, piling the snow in huge drifts. To add to the discomfort my woodpile, which I kept replenished with the hand-sled, was nearly exhausted.

Our family consisted of myself, wife and two children, and my interpreter, his wife and one child; seven in all. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon of that day, while my little boy was playing with the Indian boy, running around the stove, how, I don't know, his frock caught the teakettle, and threw him down, and the teakettle, full of boiling water, on top of him. I heard the fall and the shrieks at the same time, and sprang through the door and caught him, and instantly tore his clothes from him. But the skin from his shoulders to his hips on one side came off with his clothes. We applied such remedies to him as we could, but for a time he suffered terrible pain. Then he sank into a stupor. I, with my wife, sat by his bedside all night, and until about 9 o'clock the next morning, when he roused up and became conscious. I asked him if he could not eat something. He said if he had a leg of "wa-boos" (rabbit) he thought he could eat it. I had none in the house, so I started, and went to every place in the village to see if I could get a rabbit. I could not find one, and so with a sad heart I floundered through the drifts, often waist deep, home again, thoroughly disheartened. I entered the house but said not a word to anyone, entered the room where my boy lay, sat down by the side of his bed and, yes, I will say it, I indulged in a fit of blues. I noticed as I came in that my wife looked cheerful. I buried my face in the clothes that covered the bed on which my boy lay. My thoughts were something like this: "You have no business here, and it was wrong to bring your family into such a place. What good have you done in coming here? Now your boy will die just for want of a physician. You can't get him even a piece of rabbit in his extremity. Better get out of this just as quick as you can."

While these thoughts were passing through my mind I was aroused by a light touch upon my shoulder. Looking up I saw my interpreter standing by my side. His eyes were shining, and as I looked up he pointed through

into the dining room under the table. "See," said he, "God has given us one rabbit," and sure enough there lay a rabbit, frozen stiff, but there. I can never make you understand the effect those words had on me. Had the rabbit come down from heaven in my sight, it seems to me the effect would not have been greater. It was as if some one had said, "See, God cares for you. If he can give you one rabbit when you need it so much, can't he take care of you? Trust God." My doubt, fear and anxiety were all gone in a moment. Nor was my hope groundless. The burn soon began to show signs of healing, and, though in places on his side it seemed as though the burn had reached nearly to the vitals, in four weeks he was again able to be around the house and his laughter gladdened our hearts.

As for the rabbit that came so unexpectedly to us, that was no miracle at all. As I said before, we had taken an inventory of our provisions and found something must be done, and so the day before the storm my interpreter had gone with me to the swamp near our house, and we had set fourteen "dead-falls" for rabbits. The storm commenced about midnight. When my boy asked for a piece of rabbit my interpreter heard him, and when I started out he put on his snowshoes and started for the traps. Digging down through the snow, he found in one a rabbit that had been caught before the snow fell. Taking it up he got back to the house before I did. He did not think I would find any, and when he got back he said to my wife, "When Na-no-cos-see comes we will surprise him." And he did. Nor was I disappointed in obtaining all the food we needed. We caught all the rabbits we needed and more than we could use, so that we had some to spare for the old women in the village who were starving. Before the snow was gone the ducks came in countless numbers, and as the ice went out the river was teeming with fish.

If you ask me what of their progress in religious knowledge and advancement, I answer: But little hope for the grown up Indians. As for the children, they may be won from their wild life by patient toil and persistent effort. Perhaps the answer my Indian brother gave me when I was talking to him and asking him why he did not become a christian, will be your answer. Said he, "My brother, I would like to have my children, and all the children, become christians. Your religion is better than ours; your young men know more than ours; you can make na-be-quan-che-mon (fire vessels) to go on the water, and don't care for the wind and the waves; you can make guns and powder, and kill game farther off than we; you can build better wigwams than we can; but I am an old man, I shall die an Indian, I can't change."

When an Indian made up his mind to become a christian, the first thing

was to have his hair cut, as he said, "like white man." Then he became a ready and willing pupil; dropping his old ways, he was ready to be taught the new. One thing I observed among them, I never knew or heard of an Indian being thought less of for becoming a christian. No persecution to encounter, save among the traders. They wanted the Indians all to hunt every day during the hunting season; hence they sometimes refused to trust an Indian unless he would hunt on Sunday. To their credit, be it said, that but few could be moved in that way; and sometimes it seemed as though God rewarded them for keeping the Sabbath day. Take an instance: An Indian with a large family had embraced christianity. He had run in debt some to the trader; on Saturday the trader came and told him he wanted him to start with the rest of the Indians for their spring hunt. "No," said he, "tomorrow is Sunday; I will go Monday." Said the trader: "If you don't go today I will not trust you any more." The only reply of the Indian was, "ma-no" (never mind). So he staid while the rest of the band started on the trail to their hunting ground.

On Monday morning this Indian, with his family, started on the trail that the other Indians had taken the Saturday before. Traveling along just ahead of his wife, with her load, a partridge flew up from the path and lighted on a tree a few rods off. Stepping out a few paces from the trail, just over a fallen tree, he raised his gun to his shoulder and fired, and killed the partridge. Turning around to load his gun (an Indian never goes for the game he has killed until his gun is reloaded), something induced him to look into a hole under the side of the log over which he had just stepped. In it he saw the shaggy coat of a bear. Putting a ball into his gun, he fired at the bear and killed it; but the stir in the hole did not stop when the bear was dead, and an examination showed two cubs, nearly grown, which were killed and dressed. Going back to the trader, he paid his debt with the pelts and had some twelve dollars left over, beside the meat of the three bears.

Whatever *you* may say, *he* did not hesitate to say God had given him the three bears because he had kept the Sabbath. Was the Indian right? Or was it merely a "*happened so?*" Thirty or more Indians, with their dogs, had passed by within a few rods only a few hours before; why did not some of the dogs or Indians discover the bears?

The third year of my stay there, there was quite a stir among the Indians on the subject of religion. Quite a number forsook their old pagan notions and embraced the christian religion. Among them, the son of the old chief, Shin-goop (pine tree), and a son of a wild chief, named Mon-goo-set (loon foot). Both were promising young men, and men of influence among the Indians. One of them, the son of Pine-tree, died a year or two after, a

happy man. The other wanted to study, so that he might teach among the Indians, and teach them to worship the true God. He was neat in his person, and a fine manly fellow. I taught him while I was there and he made good progress. When I came away he made application to the Indian agent to be sent to school, somewhere below. I had great hopes of him, but lost sight of him when I left the place.

Among those who professed religion was an old wrinkled woman, who came to me and said she was going to be a christian. I said, "Very well." So I commenced a course of instruction with her, and she came regularly each day. She was so old that she could not get out of the village. Her children would not care for her, and she must be fed, or die. I had but little faith as to her religious life, but could not see her starve. So it went on for some time. One day she surprised me by asking that she might be baptized. They are not considered christians until after they have been baptized. I asked her why she wanted to be baptized. This is what she told me. Said she: "When I first came to you, I was hungry. All I wanted was to get something to eat. I thought you would feed me better if I joined your religion. So I came. But when I came to my wigwam, I thought of what you told me. And I kept thinking and thinking. Then I said I will ask your God if he will take me, and he took me." "But," I said, "how do you know that he took you?" "I will tell you," said she. "I have a daughter who has married a very bad Indian. He beats her, and drives her out of the wigwam into the snow, pulls her hair, and won't give her anything to eat. When I used to see him do this, I used to get so angry at him that if I could I would have killed him and drank his blood. But now that feeling has all gone away, and I only feel as though I wanted to pray for him." Could you or I ask for a better evidence of a change? "But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use and persecute you." I baptized her, and she gave as good evidence of being a child of God as any one I ever saw. When I left there, she, with other Indians, came down to the bank of the river to see us off. The last I saw of her she was sitting on the bank of the river, wringing her hands, and the tears running over her wrinkled cheeks. The last that I heard her say was, "O, no-se-sha! no-se-sha! (my grandson! my grandson!) who will read God's word to me when you are gone?" I can see her in my mind as plainly now, after 40 years, as when on that beautiful morning I last saw Fon du Lac. I heard from her over a year after I left, and she was still holding on, but mourned still for her lost grandson.

I did not go to our conference in 1848, as it was a long distance and 100

miles must be made in a canoe or small boat. I was busy in fixing up my house and preparing for winter, which usually sets in as soon as the first of November. I had not yet heard from conference. One day there came an Indian to me and said that a "nan-be-quan" (vessel) was coming up the river. I paid no attention, supposing it to be only a rumor. The next morning an Indian brought me a line from the captain of the Siscomet, asking me to send some Indians to help him tow his vessel up to my place. I took a half-dozen Indians down the river and found the vessel about six miles from the village. It was a small schooner, capable of carrying, when loaded, 30 barrels. The captain informed me that he had been sent by the superintendent of the mission to take me and my family down to Eagle river, 250 miles down the lake. Great were the lamentations of the Indians when they found I was going to leave them. Our goods were soon brought down to the bank of the river, and with my family, were soon on board the little vessel. The entire crew consisted of the captain, mate and cook. I never could fully determine which had command. But there was no disagreement of those in authority. The next morning, about sunrise, we left, for the last time, our home, and our dusky parishioners, on the banks of the St. Louis river. Slowly, with the current, we drifted down the river, followed by a fleet of canoes. Frequently the boat would run aground, but with poles she could easily be pushed off and kept in the current. That night we reached the mouth of the river and lay in the stream until morning. In the morning we ran out into the broad lake, and, the wind being fair, the land soon began to recede from view, and the smoke of the Indian camp fires became a haze in the west.

Sadness was mingled with joy. We had learned to love those dusky children of the forest, and they clung to us, at least as friends and benefactors. They had learned many things to their advantage, and had much improved in their manner of living. Another missionary was sent to take my place, but the Indians did not take kindly to him. He was a good man, but he lacked the ability to govern or control them. As a result, they killed his cow, demanded his provisions, and in a short time he was compelled to leave them. Two years after, I was surprised by a delegation coming to me and asking for my return. Said they, "We are bad now; we drink whisky, we get drunk, and we fight. But if you will come back to us, you shall be our father. We will be good. You shall teach our children, and we will become men."

But that could not be. I do not know where they are today. I know that where their village nestled among the hills, on the brink of the river, the shrill shriek of the locomotive is heard, and the ax of the white man has

spoiled the beauty of the forests, and the Indians have been compelled to seek a home in the far west. At the mouth of the river, where we camped on the first night of our sojourn in that then far off land, now two rival cities have arisen; and I have no doubt, if it has not already taken place, that soon the waters that made music for us during their ceaseless rush towards the lake, will be compelled to turn the wheel and cut those tall pines into lumber, and add by their power to the commerce of the world. So it must be. But where are the Indians?

As compensation for my labors I received $232 a year, the missionary society bearing my expenses up there and back. A man with a wife and two children could hardly get rich on that salary.

But I was rich nevertheless, for I was content. No regret has ever come to me for having done that work, and I give it as my deliberate feeling, that were I young, I would gladly tread the same path again, asking for no higher reward than I have received.

Life was hard. Life was earnest, but it was full of satisfaction. Men call me "fogy" now, and old, and they may speak the truth, but they will not say that a few years hence. For I shall be satisfied when I awake in His likeness.

While the cook got our breakfast the captain and mate navigated the vessel, and we sat near the stern and watched the shores as they receded from our view. The Indians who stood on the shore watching our departure grew less and less as we moved on our way, and they were soon lost in the distant haze, and we had bid farewell forever to the scenes and field of our first labor as a missionary. It seems strange today to look back upon that field of labor. Many of its scenes are burned indelibly upon the memory. Dusky faces, as I write, rise up before me and I seem to hear again the voices that have long since been hushed, or have been forced by the encroachments of the white man to seek a home far away toward the setting sun. I can't make it seem that the hum of the city and the shriek of the locomotive awake the echoes of those lofty hills. Yet so it is. The council fires have gone out. The voices of the Indian children are hushed, and the counsel of Na-gon-ub, Shin-goop, Mon-goo-sit and Mi-in-un no longer stir the blood of the young men to deeds of daring and bravery. Yet these men had traits in them that had they been cultivated would have carried them high towards the summit of fame. Na-gon-ub, especially, could sway his audience with his rude eloquence as very few white men with all their learning can sway the multitude. When God shall demand justice at the hands of this nation for those in whose possession we found the soil, and its min-

eral treasures, what will be our answer? Surely somewhere there is a place where justice shall be done even to the poor Indian.

The sail down the lake was pleasant, the wind light, and as night closed in we had reached nearly to the first of the "Apostle Islands." This group of islands lies near the head of Lake Superior and consists of thirty or forty, perhaps more, islands of all sizes from half an acre to four or five hundred acres each. When I was there only one of them had any inhabitants. This was called "La Pointe" and had a band of Indians upon it called the La Pointe band. It was also the headquarters of the "American Fur Company" for all the western country. The Presbyterians also had here a mission station, and it was the headquarters of the Presbyterian missions, and from whence the missionaries journeyed into the wilderness to reach the "Red River" Indians.

During the night the wind sprang up and in the morning we were dashing through the water at an immense rate, and the captain judged it safe to run under the lee of one of the islands and wait until the storm abated. The boat bounded around like a cockle shell, and we kept below in the little cabin.

The next morning we were off Eagle River, the place of our future operations. We ran in as near the shore as we could, and then my goods were placed in a small boat, and my wife, two boys and myself, rowed to the shore and left. There were at that time two or three small houses and a warehouse. Back some five miles from the lake was the then noted Cliff mine. Here I was to locate and commence my labors among the miners. My first business was to secure a place for my family. The only place that I could find was a cooper shop roughly boarded up. I obtained a room in this building up stairs. Four or five coopers were at work below, and only loose boards laid down for a floor. Not a very quiet or pleasant place in which to live, but the best we could do. Here I lived for over a year. My business was to preach to the miners, and teach their children, if I could get them to come to school. The missionary society paid me $75, and gave me what I could get from those to whom I preached. The owners of the Cliff mine gave me $100, and the room over the cooper shop, and allowed their surgeon to attend me without charge if we needed his services.

Thus armed and equipped, I commenced my labors. There were perhaps 400 inhabitants in the country, who remained during the winter, while during the summer months the country was full of adventurers, tourists and explorers, hunting for copper or silver.

The Cliff mine had just been opened, and developed vast masses of pure copper, with bits of native silver, sometimes weighing an ounce or more.

Men went wild, and I really think expected to find masses of silver that would weigh hundreds of tons. Why not, as well as such masses of copper. Even the poorest miner dreamed of becoming a millionaire. So every ravine and every hill was explored. Every mountain and crevice was looked into, and the wildest stories were told and believed. A man would go out with a pick and a sack, and come in bringing in "specimens." Then a race to the land office to locate and secure the favored spot. Then a company formed, and shares were sold. And frequently the buyer was much more sold than the shares. The Cliff mine was the wonder of the world. I saw one mass of nearly pure copper in that mine that weighed, when cut up and taken from the mine, 110 tons! It was no wonder that the people went wild, and visions of wealth filled the mind. Other mines were opened, but while I remained there, there was no other that paid expenses. On Sabbath day a few would come come out to hear a sermon, but the woods or the brothel had a greater attraction than the church.

Our "church" was an old blacksmith shop, about 14 feet square. It had been abandoned, and I was told if I would fix it up I could have it for a school-room and a church. So I got an old stove and put in and some rude benches and put around the sides, and my church and schoolhouse was complete. We had a small bell that we rang for school or church.

If we had a dozen at church we had a large congregation, and when we had as many scholars the school was flourishing. It was rude, hard work, but it paid; not in cash but in results. I saw some of these results, and others have followed.

Having got my family fixed as well as I could, I began to look over the field. The only road in the country was from the Cliff mine to the lake, a distance of five miles. But there were trails cut through the woods from one location to another, on which a horse or a single ox could pass in the winter. In this way supplies could be got to the few men who were trying to see whether the rocks contained any hidden wealth. To these men the visit of the missionary was always welcome, especially as I always carried a small supply of medicine. Let me give a description of my outfit when ready to start out on my round of appointments: My outer garments were made of stout, coarse cloth. In the first place, I had an India rubber satchel; in this I placed a small bible and hymn-book, a bundle of tracts, a lunch, a box of matches, a flask of powder, some shot and balls. Then, if winter, my feet were covered with moccasins, with leggins that came to the knees. Then a belt was girt around me, in which was placed a large knife and a small ax. The satchel was fastened to my back, and on the top of it were fastened my snow shoes, while in my hand I carried my gun, a small one

given me by a friend. Equipped in this manner, I was prepared to start to visit the different points of my work. Then and there it was the proper way to travel, and I was as well received, and better, than though I had been clothed in the finest of broadcloth. When I reached a location on my rounds some one would see me and shout, "There he comes," and by the time I could get to the shanty where I was to preach all that were coming would be there to greet me. Setting my gun up in the corner, with the snow shoes, and taking off the satchel and taking from it the bible and hymn-book, the services would commence. At the conclusion, tracts would be distributed and the sick visited, if any, and letters gathered to carry to the postoffice. By the time this was accomplished, a meal would be prepared and as soon as eaten, assuming my load, I would start for the next appointment.

Usually three or four "locations" would be near together, that is, within five or six miles of each other, so that, with hard work, each could be visited the same day. No use to visit them for religious purposes, except on the Sabbath. On that day only work was suspended in the mines. Sabbath evening would find me so tired that it was easy to sleep anywhere. Monday morning I would start for home, perhaps 20 miles distant, and not a house or cabin on the way, nothing but a dense, dark forest. My outfit, that would seem so strange to you, was a necessity. Men sometimes got lost in those vast solitudes, whose lives might have been preserved if they could have supplied themselves with provisions. There were no wild animals to fear, only a few bear or lynx, but with a gun, plenty of small game could be killed. Many a time have I come in of a Monday night with my satchel full of partridges that I had shot on the trail as I came home. Nor were they bad eating when the appetite was made keen by the pure atmosphere and a lack of the luxuries of civilized life. The ax and the knife were not only useful when camping out, but streams must be crossed, and to do it a raft must be made. No one would dare to travel there in the winter without his snow-shoes with him. He might not need them when he started, and yet he might be overtaken by a sudden snow storm, which would make them an absolute necessity. Such was life on Lake Superior 40 years ago.

To come back to my work. I soon organized a little band of workers at the Cliff mine. The missionary was treated with the utmost respect, but men came to make money and everything must bend to that. Whisky flowed in unlimited quantities, and fights were of frequent occurrence. Especially was this so of a Saturday night, when the men were paid off Then two or three "locations" would come together to drink, and after a few glasses had been drank a man would step out and call, "I am the best man." Another would step out and say, "Jemmy, I will try you." Then a ring would be

formed, the men strip naked to the waist, each location backing its own man. The usual stipulation that they should fight "like gentlemen" would be given, and then the fight would begin. If they had got pretty drunk before the row began, soon there would be a dozen men engaged, but when anyone called out "Enough!" the fight would end and all adjourn to take a drink. Yet these men were kind and generous. I recollect a man who was not only kind but was a *gentleman* in every sense of the word. He was well educated and refined. He was employed by the Cliff Mine Company as a draughtsman for their mine, and he could not only draught, but paint and sketch as well. His dress was faultless, and even when drunk he never forgot that he was a gentleman. But liquor killed him. He was found frozen to death, under an evergreen by the roadside, with a bottle of whisky by his side. He lies in a nameless grave near the Cliff mine.

In the Eagle River country the copper was found in veins or streams that cut the cliff or mountain at right angles, and went down perpendicularly. In the Ontonagon region the veins ran parallel with the ridge and descended on an inclined plain.

At the Cliff they commenced sinking a "shaft" about ten feet square—that is, a square hole in the rock. This shaft was sunk 75 feet, with the vein on one side of the shaft. When a depth of 75 feet was reached, they began to "drift," that is, follow the vein, horizontally, into the mountain. This was called "level No. 1." The shaft was then sunk another 75 feet, and another "level" run off, called "level No. 2," and so on down, down. Other shafts were sunk of smaller dimensions to ventilate the mine. These smaller shafts were called "winds." These "drifts" were cut alongside of the vein wide enough to let men with wheelbarrows pass each other, or for a tramway to be laid to the shaft where the copper was hoisted out. The mines were called dry mines, as no water or next to none, was found in them. The hoisting was at first done with a windlass and an upright drum, to which a long sweep was attached, something like an old fashioned cider mill. An iron "kipple" or bucket was attached to a strong rope cable. The "kipple" held about a half barrel. This could be let down by hand, and when filled, the mule was attached, and it was drawn to the surface and emptied into wheelbarrows, and then wheeled out onto the yard and there assorted, and the rock containing copper was then sent to the kiln to be burned, and the refuse thrown away. Later a large steam engine was used to draw up the mineral from the depths of the mines.

When a mass of copper was found if it did not weigh over six tons, it was brought to the bottom of the shaft and slung in strong chains, and drawn to the surface. One such mass while I was there was brought to the sur-

face, and just before it was swung from over the shaft the chain broke and let it fall 300 feet down to the bottom. No one was hurt, as the men knew enough to stand from under when such a mass was being lifted out, but it required hundreds of dollars to repair the shaft.

The only light which was used in the mines was a candle, or a small oil lamp, either of which was fastened on to the hat of the miner. At every discharge of a blast the lights were all extinguished by the concussion of the air, and the darkness was just simply intense. But each miner carries matches with him, and the lights are soon all twinkling again, much to the relief of one who has for the first time gone into the depths of the mine. But few men who go for the first time into the depths of the mine but are glad when they reach the surface again, and yet most of the miners prefer to work in the depths of the mine rather than "up to grass," as they term it.

Accidents were of frequent occurrence, most of them traced directly to carelessness. Going down into the mine one day, I reached a level about 400 feet from the surface, where at the bottom of the shaft I found a man lying there swearing till it was all blue. I asked him why he did not get up. He said he could not, as his foot was fast under a rock that weighed about two tons! He was so caught that he was held a prisoner, but not hurt. I asked him how he came in that fix. He said that they had exploded a blast, and they thought all the loose rock had been got down, but just as he had passed under the rock it had fallen. The rush of air had blown him up against the wall, but he had been caught by the foot and held fast.

I was called to the doctor's office one day to help care for a man who had got injured in the mine. I found on inquiry that he had filled a blast and then ran and hid behind a rock to wait for the blast to go off. It did not explode as soon as he expected, so he raised up to see if the fuse had gone out. Just as he raised his head the blast went off; it tore his hat to pieces, filled his face with small bits of rock, and broke his skull and arm. I got to the office before they got him out of the mine. Four men brought him into the office and laid him down upon a bench, seemingly lifeless. The doctor examined him and said there was no hope; nevertheless the office was cleared of men and we two (the doctor and myself) went to work to wash and dress his wounds. He soon showed signs of returning life. For three hours we worked over him, picking out bits of stone and dirt, replacing the scalp and setting the broken arm. The skull was broken between the eyes, just above the nose, and the bones only required lifting a little. He bore it heroically till we tried to sew up a gash over one eye; that he could not bear, nor could I hold him so that the doctor could accomplish it.

Finally we drew it up with strips of adhesive plaster, and got him to bed. When we got through he was, I think, the worst specimen of live humanity I ever saw. To the surprise of all, he rallied, and in four weeks was able to sit and drive the mule at the "wind." He was blind of one eye and had not got completely well, but he did eventually recover, and I will venture that he did not again peek over a rock to see if a blast was going to go off.

The community was a restless one, and during the summer months was constantly changing; but during the winter season, which lasted full seven months, that is, from closing of navigation in the fall to the opening of navigation in the spring, those who remained in the country were compelled to remain comparatively quiet, as there was no possible way to leave the county except on snow shoes, through an unbroken wilderness of 100 miles. Few were hardy enough to attempt it, but some did. The mail was brought through once a month by an Indian and "a dog train." A dog train was something new to me. It consisted of a thin board of about a foot wide and eight or ten feet long, curled up at the front end. Across it, about one foot apart, were fastened cross pieces by thongs of untanned hide. Under the end of these cross pieces, the whole length on both sides, was placed a strong cord, fastened firmly. In the curl at the front end was fastened two long strips of untanned hide, long enough to reach and fasten to the forward dog. Each dog had a breast collar, and a surcingle that went around the body, This was all the harness that they needed. To harness the dogs, the first dog was brought to the front and his collar put on and his "belly-band" fastened around him, just back of his fore legs. Then the tugs were fastened to the breast collar and he was placed in the traces. That one was the leader. Then the next was placed behind him and fastened in the same way to the tugs, and so on until the team was complete. To load the train, first a piece of canvas was spread over the train, wide enough to cover the load. Then, commencing at the front end of the train, the first article was laid on top of the canvas, and then the next article (the usual way was to put the load in bags) laid back of that, but lapping over the first article, and the next in the same way, until the train was loaded. Then the canvas was brought up from the sides and neatly folded. After that a strong cord was fastened to one of the loops in the side of the train, and the cord was run under each loop on either side, back and forth, until it looked like a woman's corset—tightly laced. The cords were drawn so tight that it was impossible for the load to slip or get off, but could move up and down. This was necessary, for the trail (a narrow foot path) was none of the smoothest, and logs had to be crossed and sharp pitches encountered, but the train was equal to them. All things

being ready and the dogs in harness, the driver, with a long whip in his hand, took his place behind the train. In his left hand he held a strong cord which was fastened to the hind end of the train. At the word of command, each dog would start on a trot, and the Indian behind with the cord in his hand would follow after. The cord he held in his hand was to hold the train back when going down hill. If the train upset, as it did a dozen times a day, nothing was spilled nor anything broken. It was like rolling over a log. The dogs would stop, the Indian take hold and roll it back, and then "de-dah" (go on) would ring out, and off would trot the dogs. Two men always went with these trains, for if, as it frequently happened, a heavy fall of snow came while on the journey, a road must be broken for the dogs. Then one would go ahead of the dogs on his snow shoes, which would pack the snow sufficiently for the dogs to follow with the train. One who has never seen a dog in harness would be surprised at the load they will draw. A large Newfoundland dog owned by the foreman at the "Forest mine" drew, on a wager, a barrel of pork in the barrel 12 miles, up the Ontonagon river, on the ice. The ice was level but covered with snow. The dog did it with apparent ease.

It was said, and I believe it to be true, though I did not see it, that the commandant at the fort at Sault Ste. Marie had a dog that drew a twelve pound brass cannon around the parade ground at the fort. The gun, I think, weighed 1,400 lbs. The parade ground was smooth. The cannon was fastened on the train, and the dog was started. Two or three times in going around the ground the train was stopped, and the dog without difficulty started it agan. Dog trains were frequently used while I was there for pleasure parties of ladies and gentlemen. The trains for these parties were made a little different from the freight trains. The bottoms were the same, but instead of the canvas a shoe was fixed on the train, made of some light stuff, but strong. A blanket was spread in the bottom of the shoe, and a cushion at the heel. Into this shoe, thus fixed, a lady would place herself, warmly clad, the heel of the shoe supporting her back. Thus fixed, blankets would be placed around her, and she wrapped and swathed up until only a small portion of the face would be visible. Thus fixed up, "her man" would take his place behind the train and the dogs would start.

Sometimes four or five trains would start off together to visit a mine 15 or 18 miles distant. Such parties had usually two ladies to one train, the second lady taking a light pair of shoes. Each lady had her cavalier, but the company had to go in single file, as the foot path was only wide enough for one to occupy at a time.

Now, imagine the party all ready to start. The dogs are growling and snarling, the men and women laughing and talking. The word is given. The dogs give a bark and a jump, the train moves, the women give a little scream and we are fairly started. Now let us take a look at the procession. First come the dogs pulling and snarling, followed by the train, with only the face of a rider visible; back of the train a man with a cord in his hand that is fastened to the train, by which he is to keep the train and lady from being precipitated upon the dogs as they descend the first hill. Next another lady followed by a gentleman, all wearing snow-shoes; then another set of dogs followed by another train and its occupant, and so on until you have the whole party on the way. The old woods ring with shouts and laughter. Suddenly the caravan stops, and the inquiry runs along the line "What's the matter?" "O, nothing," comes back the answer, "only one of the trains has tipped over." Then the men run along to the upset train and lift it out of the deep snow with shouts of laughter, and place it on the trail upright and brush off the snow, the inmate of the train being as helpless as a log of wood, and as safe. The dogs seem to be the only ones that do not enjoy the fun. They sit quietly on their haunches until the word is given to go, and then the whole caravan moves on as before until another is upset. When three or four miles have been gone over, a halt is called and the ladies change places to be in their turn upset and laughed at. A ride of 15 or 20 miles could thus be accomplished in a day. The "boss" of the mine had had notice of their coming, and was usually prepared for them. A good supper and an appetite sharpened by the all-day ride made everything seem comfortable, and mirth and gladness ruled the hour. Song and story filled the time until the "wee small hours," and then in beds made of a few blankets spread upon the floor, with a blanket partition between the men and women, they sought rest. But sometimes the day would peep in before the jest and laughter would cease to pass through the thin partition. The next day would usually be spent in looking at the mines and the curiosities of the place, and the third day the party took the back trail for home. The home trip, though a little less hilarious than the trip out, was generally full of fun.

A modern belle would hardly enjoy such a trip, yet I never heard one of these ladies complain after such a trip of weariness or headache. Yet some of as fine ladies as there were in Pittsburg or Cleveland were found of such parties. It was the only change in the dull monotony of the long winter; and yet to those ladies the winter did not seem so long and dull. Husbands, fathers and brothers were there and a thousand beauties that the

south could not afford. Health good, appetite good; what if food was coarse? I doubt whether rich viands would be more heartily enjoyed.

The second year at the Cliff mine was a trying one to me. Drinking was the one vice that was the most prevalent. Then, as now, I was a strong temperance man, and was fearless in uttering my sentiments. There were but few men in the country who did not drink. Among the drinkers was the captain of the mine. He had complete control of the working of the mine, hiring and discharging the men and having a general superintendence of the working of the mine. I incurred his displeasure by some remarks I made about drinking, and he declared I should not stay at the mine. Of course I had to go, and so I went three miles to an old, abandoned location, and went into an old house and commenced my year's labor under not the most favorable circumstances. My principal labor, and that upon which I depended mostly for support, was school teaching. That, the year before, had brought me in about $10 per month. In order to do this, this year, I must walk three miles morning and evening, through the inclemency of a Lake Superior winter. Nothing daunted, I went in. For fully three months I went back and forth. The captain had not taken away my little blacksmith shop, and it served me as a school room during the week and as a chapel on Sunday. My dinner I carried with me on Sunday as well as week days. At the end of three months I sat down to "take stock." I found that with the utmost care I was going behind. My school had brought me but $10. The amount that the missionary society had appropriated ($75) for the mission had been expended in getting me there, and notwithstanding the utmost economy we were $30 in debt. It was Saturday night when I looked over accounts and found just how things stood, and I went to bed with no light heart. The next morning when I awoke I found the snow had fallen fully 18 inches, and everything looked gloomy. We hurried our breakfast, for I must go to my appointment, and to wade through snow fully knee deep, for three miles, was no easy job. While I was eating my breakfast, in no enviable frame of mind, some one knocked at the door. I opened it, and the United States surveyor stood there. I invited him in, and when he was seated he handed me a roll of paper. I had sometimes done some copying for him, and supposing this was something of the kind, I said to him, "Today is the Sabbath. If you will wait until tomorrow I will be glad to do anything I can for you." He said, "Look at it, and I think you will not hesitate." I took the roll and a letter that accompanied it, and unrolled it, and in it I found a roll of bank bills. I looked at the paper, and found it a subscription paper from the Ontonagon, 75 miles distant. The paper stated that the subscribers had heard that there was a preacher down

at Eagle river; that when at home they used to attend church, and asked me to accept the little amount that they sent, as a present from them, and if I ever came near to them, to preach to them. I unrolled the bills and counted them, and there was just $30, the exact amount I owed. Can you imagine my feelings? I could say nothing; I had nothing to say. Mr. Hill (S. D. Hill was his name), seeing my embarrassment, said, as I tried to speak, "Never mind," and considerately left me. When he left, I opened the letter, and out of it dropped a five dollar gold piece. The letter was from S. O. Knapp, lately of Jackson, in this State, but then in charge of the Minnesota mine on the Ontonagon. He was a member of our church and sent me the gift with his heartiest good will and wishes. Not one of the men had I at that time seen, or even heard of. They were 75 miles away, with no communication except on snow-shoes. Can you imagine my feelings? I soon left for my Sabbath appointment, but the snow was not cold, and the crackers and cheese I carried for my dinner were just splendid. I may forget a great many things but that never. Let me just say as a conclusion to this, God strangely threw the man that caused my trouble into my power, or he thought he was, and he pretended to be my warmest friend; had a snug parsonage built for me, and a comfortable little building for a church, and then got up a subscription for my support and circulated it, and I received that year, I think, the largest salary I ever received since I have been in the ministry.

During this year the Cliff mine had become the most wonderful copper mine in the world, and men from England, as well as from all parts of America, came to look upon its wonders. Every vein and seam in the rocky ridges was examined, and many locations were made, but none proved as rich, or gave any dividends, save the Cliff mine. As a matter of course, wickedness abounded, and men who claimed to be not only moral but pious men at home, seemed to think that away off in the woods of Lake Superior they could say and do things that would have made their cheeks tingle with shame had they thought that the folks below would have ever heard of them.

There was one thing about that climate that I did not understand. Consumptive persons that came up there were almost universally benefited. One young man that came, they called consumptive, had to be brought from the boat on a couch. In less than a year he was so far recovered that he could walk 30 miles in a day, and camp out in the winter in the snow. Calling himself well, he went down on the first boat that came up in the spring; but ere the summer was gone he was brought back, but too far gone to rally again. Poor fellow, he wanted to be brave; his life had been anything but what would insure a peaceful end. I tried to lead his mind to the future,

but he clung to his old companions, who did not want to be with him. "Don't I," said he, "ride the pale horse with a pretty strong bridle?" with an attempt to smile that was pitiful to see. Even his companions wanted me to go and talk with him. They felt that such a life was not what could give consolation at such an hour. He died, and I laid him away under the pines.

There was a strangeness in such a community that could only be accounted for by the wildness of the country. I had an appointment for a Thursday evening, in the little village where I lived. In the afternoon of the day on which I was to preach, I was waited on by a committee of gentlemen, to ask me to postpone my appointment until Saturday night. They gave as a reason that they wanted a ball that night! They said if I preached some of the ladies would not come to the ball, and they wanted them to come. If I would do it and then preach to them on Saturday evening they would all turn out and hear me. The gentlemen that came to me were of the most respectable in the place. It may create a smile when I say that I did postpone the meeting for the ball. I did not think I was compromising myself by so doing. If I had preached I should have had but few hearers; I should have made enemies of those who went to the ball, and could thenceforward have no influence over them. If I could by seemingly bending to their wishes bring them under the influence of the gospel, I might do them good. So I took the two days to prepare a sermon. I knew they would be there, for they were honorable men. I was not disappointed; the house was full. If I ever preached a sermon full of the gospel, and that as it applies to sinners, it was that evening. They expected it, and they were not disappointed. I don't know that any special good came of the sermon, but I do know that ever after I had at that point a much larger congregation.

The second year at the Cliff mine was drawing to a close, and I knew that I must remove to some other field of labor. But where? I had to wait but a little while to find out, for our conference was in session. When the appointments were read out, the name of E. H. Day was read for "Ontonagon." I knew where that was. It was 75 miles up the lake to where a cluster of mines was being opened, the chief of which was the Minnesota mine. A man by the name of Benson was to take my place at the Cliff mine. There was no preacher then in all the Ontonagon country. Only clusters of mines here and there. Ontonagon is the name of a small river that empties into the lake about 100 miles from the Apostle islands, on the south shore. Ontonagon is an Indian word, and means "I have lost my dish." It is said that this name was given to this stream by the Indians from the circumstance of an Indian maiden coming down to the bank of

the river to wash her dishes. Carelessly she let a wooden bowl float beyond her reach, and as she saw it going down stream, she ran up the bank calling, "Ontonagon! Ontonagon!" "I have lost my dish! I have lost my dish!" That is tradition. The word certainly means "lost dish."

The first time that I ever saw the Ontonagon was from the steamer Independence. As we came in sight of the place my attention was attracted to what seemed a cluster of "liberty poles," or bare trunks of tall trees, whitened in the weather. I inquired of the captain what that was, as the boat seemed moving towards it. He said, "Ontonagon." I thought he was joking me, and turned away from him, but still kept watch of the "poles." Soon the poles began to grow shorter and thicker, and as we approached the shore, assumed their proper shape. That was my first introduction to the "mirage," that is so frequently seen on Lake Superior.

This visit was before I was sent there as a preacher. We dropped anchor as near the shore as was safe, and then I stepped with the captain into the small boat, and was rowed ashore. Every house in the place at that time kept liquor for sale. While the captain was transacting his business, I was looking around to see the place. Walking along the street, I was touched lightly on the shoulder. Turning to see who had touched me, I saw a man barefooted, with rough, unkempt hair and coarse clothes. I asked him what he wanted. Said he, "Ain't you a minister?" I said, "I am." Said he, "Will you go with me to visit a sick man?" I said, "Yes." So he led me to one of the vile whisky dens, into a back room, to the bedside of a young man. There was only a board partition between the room where the sick man lay and the drinking room, filled with drinkers. The noise they made was deafening. The man was in the last stages of typhoid fever. I tried to talk with him, but the noise, oaths and rattle of bottles drowned my voice. I tried to pray with him, but the noise was so great that I could not hear my own voice distinctly. I never before nor since visited a sick man under such unfavorable surroundings. I learned that the man died a few hours after.

Going from the man down toward the boat, I stopped at a shanty and looked in. It was rather a cool day, and a large, tall man, barefooted, was building a fire in an old stove. The shanty was full of drinkers and loungers. As the man stooped over to arrange the fire, a wag who was standing behind him looked at him for a moment and then stooping over caught him with his thumb and finger by the heel cord, and at the same time barked and snarled like a dog. The man gave one yell at the supposed dog, and with a bound cleared the stove and then turned to fight the dog. The yell and shouts of laughter that greeted him soon convinced him that he was in no

danger of hydrophobia, but it cost him more whisky than would have cured a half dozen cases of that malady.

At that time I had no idea of being sent there as a preacher. Now I was to go there and live among them. After a little trouble I found a place or room in a house occupied by a Frenchman and his family, not a pleasant place to be sure, but the best we could do. So I settled down to my work. You can hardly understand how much I longed for christian society. There came to me one day while I was there a minister, who had come up after health and a vacation. He came to my house and stayed with me for two weeks, and together we rambled over the country, camped out in the woods, and had a grand good time. But to this day I do not know to what denomination he belonged. I only know that he was a christian minister from somewhere in York State, and a good whole-souled companion. My principal point here was the Minnesota mine. This was then the only paying mine in that region. This mine was under the care of O. S. Knapp, lately of Jackson in this State. The mines in this range were found by old ancient diggings. These "diggings" as they were called, were works in the mine done by some one in ages long ago—how long ago no one knows. The Indians had no knowledge or tradition of who had done the work. I tried to find some data from which to estimate the time that had elapsed since these mines had been worked, but I could find nothing satisfactory. I never found or heard of being found any human graves or bones in all that country. Here we find mounds or graves of a prehistoric race; there none. Yet they had left monuments that told of a race who, to say the least, were earnest workers. Who were they? whence did they come? where are they gone? are questions that I think even time will not solve.

These ancient "diggings" would easily be overlooked by a casual observer, as they seemed only slight depressions in the earth, as though a tree had been overthrown and the roots rotted away. Yet some of these depressions, when cleared out, were found to have been sunk in the solid rock to the depth of 90 feet. In one of them, at the Minnesota mine, at the depth of 25 feet, a mass of copper was found, weighing over a ton. From its surface every "nub" of copper had been beaten off so that it presented a smooth appearance. When in opening the mine, they found this mass of copper and raised it to the surface, they found under it an oak skid, about eight inches through. This skid had evidently been put there for the purpose of helping them get the mass to the surface. It was beyond their power, and was left in the mine on the skid. When they left the mine it filled with water and dirt. The skid was oak. On it were plain marks of some instrument with which it had been cut. A piece of that skid was given me. When it became

dry I could rub it as fine as snuff, between my thumb and finger. Cæsar, history tells us, in crossing a marsh, drove down spiles to make a road. That was before the christian era, or 2,000 years ago. But those sticks of timber are as sound today, seemingly, as when first driven. When, then, were these mines worked? Try it in another way. In one of these diggings, near where the company opened their mine, was the stump of a pine tree, at least 30 inches in diameter. The tree had died and fallen. Its body, or marks of its body, could not be found. The stump had so nearly rotted away that I could tear it out with my hands, and pull it to pieces. Take that as the data. Now calculate when the digging was made. How long would it take the hole to fill up, on the top of the mountain? How long, after the hole was full, ere the pine seed was planted there? How many years was it in growing? When dead, how many years will it take pine stumps to decay? Yet these works were the work of patient toilers. Cart loads of their stone hammers were found in the mines, each one with a ring or groove around it by which a handle could be attached. These hammers weighed from one to ten pounds and were of granite, none of which is found near there. When the history of the cave dwellers of the southwest is written up, then, perhaps, who first worked the copper mines of Lake Superior may be made known.

While here I just escaped being made a rich man. The western end of the Minnesota vein could not be found. A Mr. Hanna, a Pittsburg capitalist, who visited the place, said that if I could find the western end of the Minnesota vein he would give me a half share in the mine and locate it. So one day, having leisure, I took a look, and soon found what I was in search of. I told him, and he came and looked and said I was right. So he sent a man to the land office, 200 miles distant, with the money to locate. But when the man got to the office the land was found to be a school section, and that made a little hitch. Before that could be straightened out another party had made the same discovery, and got in just a little ahead and secured the prize. Within three years that mine was valued at $200,000. What an escape! It was a close shave, and I just barely escaped being a rich man.

The Minnesota mine was located on the top of the hill, and so were all the mines in that vicinity or region; while at the Cliff mine and vicinity the veins were all found at the foot of the bluffs or hills. The Minnesota mine, 15 miles from the lake shore, was the principal point in that region, while mines were located both east and west of that point. In the summer supplies could be taken up the river to within about six miles of the mine; from there a road was cut through the woods and the supplies hauled to the mine by teams. The copper was brought in the same manner to the landing, and

then loaded onto scows, and was floated or "poled" down to the mouth of the river, and put on board the vessels and carried to market. East about six miles was a cluster of mines, of which the "Adventure" was the chief, and west about eight miles was another cluster, of which the "Ohio Trap Rock" was the principal one.

All these mines I was to visit once in two weeks, and oftener if, as often happened, sickness or accidents occurred at the mines. As at Eagle river, so here, there was but one physician for the whole country. He was located at the Minnesota mine and his salary paid by that company, the same as the physician at the Cliff mine. The company was not willing that he should be away from the mine, except in cases of extreme necessity, as an accident might happen at any time, when his presence would be a necessity. So I carried my little medicine case with me, and dosed out quinine and salts as well as theology and gospel. I don't know that I killed any more than the regular physician. I had one case at Ontonagon that was serious and yet amusing. One of the roughest, vilest men of our little village was taken violently sick in the night, and sent for me to come and see him. I went and examined him, and his case was beyond my depth. He had slight convulsions and spasms, and they kept increasing in frequency and severity. I waited until daylight and then dispatched a messenger by the trail to ask the doctor to come to me. Patiently I waited for his coming; meanwhile the patient grew worse; I told him I thought he was in danger, but thought I would not say anything unless he requested it, upon the subject of religion. I staid with him and as he grew worse I saw he began to look pretty anxious, as though he wanted something. Presently he looked up to me, after a severe paroxysm of pain, and said, "I declare, Mr. Day, I would like to hear a good prayer." Of course I was glad to hear that, and prayed by his bedside, but there was a smile on the *inside* at the confession implied in the request. He said "amen" when I got through, and seemed to feel better. The doctor arrived soon after, and I gave the case into his hands. He gave him a hurried examination and pronounced it a severe case of inflammation of the kidneys. He told him also that another hour of delay would have been too late. He gave him some medicine and gave me directions what to do, and left. In two or three days the man was on the street, looking a little pale but swearing as lively as ever. Sometimes when he got going a little too hard some one would ask him whether he "would have any objection to hearing a good prayer." This would silence him for the time being.

Life there was rough, but men were kind-hearted. Want would be relieved with a liberal hand, but a mean, stingy man must "get." Here, as at the Cliff mine, life in the winter was that of confinement, as there was no get-

ting in or out of the country except on snow shoes, and a tramp of at least 100 miles through the woods. Few except the mail carriers attempted that. Yet there were grand, beautiful scenes there in the winter season. Every stump became a center table, covered with the purest white. As the snow fell, the fir trees became loaded, and presented the appearance of hundreds of pyramids of the purest white. The lower branches of the fir tree would bend with their load until they touched the snow on the ground, and thus form a tent or pavilion, such as man could not form. To get into this tent it was necessary to dig a door-way, but when in, no wind or storm could touch you. Under this tent the few birds that remained over the winter, found shelter. Occasionally a deer would make it his home, or the rabbit cuddle down and hide from the storm.

To the lover of nature there was presented a series of surprises, sometimes startling in their wild beauty. Traveling one day alone in the depths of the forest, with some two feet of newly fallen snow, I got weary. The sun was shining brightly after the storm. Seeking a place where I could sit for a moment and rest myself, I looked up at the sun to ascertain the time of day. As I gazed, a scene of the most dazzling beauty presented itself. Between me and the sun, just above the trees, was a thin snow storm. Not a flake fell, but it moved along horizontally, with a gentle movement, and each flake, as it moved and quivered in the sunbeams, presented all the colors of the rainbow. I gazed with astonishment and delight. It looked like a shower of rubies or diamonds, each separate gem flashing and quivering as it danced along. I forgot fatigue and weariness as I gazed entranced on the scene. It lasted for perhaps ten minutes, and then passed away, but its impression—never.

One day when I was at the Minnesota mines, S. O. Knapp said to me, "Let us go into the woods." I said "All right." It was in the depth of the winter, and the snow was deep. We struck off up the Ontonagon river a mile or two, beyond the sound of the workmen, or of any human sound. Here the Ontonagon is a rapid river, and bounds along, laughing and bubbling as if in joy at its freedom from servile labor. The banks arose perhaps 100 feet high perpendicularly, while near the water the river had cut out the soft sandstone and left roomy caves where hundreds of men might stand. Coming to one of these places, a scene of marvelous beauty and grandeur presented itself. It was in the form of a pillar of ice. It was at least 100 feet high, in the form of a pyramid, with a base of perhaps 15 feet, tapering to the top, where it seemed to be about two feet in diameter. Clear as crystal, it glittered and shone. It was formed by a tiny stream that fell over the bluff, and, freezing as it fell, it had gradually climbed up to the

top, while the stream had kept a small channel through the center, where it looked like a stream of pure silver. We gazed and wondered at it, and walked around it and looked at it from all sides. It was a "thing of beauty," but could not be "a joy forever," as the spring rains and floods would soon cut it down. We were not the only ones who enjoyed its beauty, for around it the otters had been playing, and near its base was one of their slides. The ice on the river was in many places smooth and glary, and forgetting our dignity as minister and agent of the Minnesota mines, we enjoyed the sport of seeing who could skip a stone the furthest on the smooth ice. Then for the first time, perhaps, were the echoes of that grim old forest awakened by the shouts and laughter of the white man. Working our way back, well pleased with our expedition, we soon came where we could hear the "miner's thunder," and voted unanimously that we had had a good time.

During the following summer a Mr H., agent of the "Ohio Trap Rock" mine, invited me to take a trip with him through the woods to that mine. Starting from the Minnesota, we were to go 18 miles, directly west, through the woods. There was no trail or path. The day was pleasant and cool. Getting a boy to paddle us over the river, we clambered up the bluff on the west side. It was pleasant being the woods, and we took it leisurely along. At noon we ate our lunch, and rested on the top of a hill overlooking the Ontonagon river and all the surrounding country. After taking our rest we went on our way until late in the afternoon, when we judged we must be near our journey's end. We hurried on and soon struck a trail which we felt sure would lead us to the mine. Meantime the sun had gone down and clouds had covered the sky. Still confident, we pushed on until dark, and yet no sign of cabin or location. To add to our discomfort, the rain began to fall, and darkness was like that of Egypt—it could be felt. We could only tell we were on the trail by the feeling under our feet. So we kept on and on, looking for some light that would tell us that we should soon find rest. Our clothes were thoroughly drenched, and we were hungry and tired. At length we crossed a small stream and came into an opening in the dense wood, and on looking around we found to our dismay that we had taken the wrong trail and were at least six miles from the location we had started for. There was no help for it, we must turn about and retrace our steps. In not the best of spirits, we started on our journey back. It was a weary journey, so dark that we could not see each other, with the occasional hooting of an owl and the incessant patter of the rain, and our garments dripping; our conversation was not as cheerful as it was in the morning.

At length my companion, a large, heavy man, began to show signs of

weariness and lag behind. Every stick or brush in the trail would trip him up. Then we would get out of the trail and have to feel around with our feet to find it again. Then I went a little ahead to try and feel out the trail for him. Thus we went on for a while, I ahead, he stumbling along in the dark behind me. Presently he began to show signs of impatience, and, Quaker though he was, when I laughed as he made a misstep and came down in the trail behind me: "Yes, laugh! I suppose you would laugh if I had killed myself!" Soon after he said, "I can go no farther, and I am going to lie down." I said, "You will die if you do." He said I don't care if I do. I won't go any farther." I said, "Hold on; let me see if I can find a dry thing so that I can strike a light." Down he sat on the ground, in the rain, and I turned out of the trail to see if I could find a bit of something dry to strike a light, It happened that the first thing that my hands came in contact with was a birch stub, covered with strips of bark. Peeling one of these off, I felt for a dry spot and struck a match. Touching it to the bark it soon flashed out into a flame and lighted up the woods all around us. The light had a good effect upon him. He got upon his feet and said, "Let us go on as long as the light lasts." We had gone but a few rods, not to exceed twenty, when we came upon the cabin we were looking for. I never saw a light in a window that gave me as much joy, save once, as that did. We went in, and the first thing that H. said was, "I want a bed." I said, "Hold on; you are not going to bed till you get some tea and something to eat." He said, "Yes, I am." And to bed he went. I said to the woman, "I want a cup of tea and something to eat." While it was being prepared, I dried my clothes by the fire, rubbed myself, and after supper went to bed, about 2 A. M. In the morning I got up feeling a little stiff and sore but otherwise none the worse for my trip. Poor H. did not get off the bed all day, but grunted and groaned. The second day he got up and did his business, and on the third day we returned, but we voted unanimously that it was not the most pleasant trip we had ever taken.

Society slowly improved, and a better state of things, morally, began to manifest itself. We built a small church, and paid for it, while I was here. While I was here, also, the first burial ground was set apart for that purpose, save an old Catholic burying ground at L'Anse Mission. Here was, also, during the first year I was there, built the first sawmill in the Lake Superior region, unless it was a small one built near the Cliff mine; but that never did much business. The one at the Ontonagon was a steam mill, owned by a company there. It was built on the banks of the river, about one-half mile from the town, and was run by steam. The logs were floated down the Ontonagon river. The mill did a good business and was a great accommo-

dation to the whole country. On the fourth of July the mill closed for a holiday, and as I passed by the mill the boys greeted me with a shower of *snow balls*. They had dug down into the sawdust that had been dumped upon the new fallen snow during the winter and had got into high glee, and any one that passed by was fair game and took his chance. But a few rods from the village was a swamp, and one day a man looked out of his house and saw a lynx (the Indians call it "pe-shu") eating the carcass of a dog that had been thrown there. He told a man by the name of Cobern what he had seen, and Cobern took his gun and stepped out and shot it. Full of fun, he came over to my house and said, "Day, if you will come to my house tomorrow and take dinner with me, I will have this 'cat' cooked and we will eat it. You shall bring your wife with you." I said, "Go ahead, I will be there." So the next day, without saying to my wife what the bill of fare would be, we went. The dinner was gotten up in grand style. When we sat down to dinner the center dish was the lynx; it was nicely roasted, and looked fine. He cut off a generous slice for me. The ladies, who had learned what it was, thought they would prefer something else. Then he cut off a slice for himself and tried to eat it, but he could not get it into his mouth, and amid the laughter of the ladies he ordered it removed from the table. We had a jolly meal, but not of "cat." And yet, is it not a matter of taste? We eat the oyster raw; we esteem the pig a delicacy, and pay large prices for frogs. The flesh of the lynx is as fine flavored and as delicate as that of a chicken. I know, for I have tried it. When the first boat reached LaPointe a large number of Indians came on board and went into the hold of the vessel. Soon they came back holding their noses and laughing. I asked, "What is the matter?" "O," said they, "something stinks so down there!" When I inquired what it was, they pointed to a pile of codfish that was stowed away, and they wanted to know what the white man did with it. I said, "Eat it." With a look of deepest disgust, they turned and walked away. Yet the flesh of the lynx or muskrat would be a delicacy to them. Whose taste is the correct one?

The two years I spent at the Ontonagon were years of hard trial and labor, but on the whole years of enjoyment. The summer months were pleasant, and brought a multitude of sight-seers, and you could get an insight of human nature as you could not in society life. Ladies who, in Pittsburg or Cleveland, could not walk a square, but must have a cab, could walk a mile, yes, even run, when away up in the woods. Those who had been used to cut glass and silverware, could here sit down on the ground with food spread on a napkin on the sand, with tools such as God made for them, eat a good hearty meal, and be none the worse for it. Those whose voices were so weak

as to be difficult to hear them across a parlor, could here, without difficulty, be heard a quarter of a mile. It was no smothered giggle here, but a good, hearty laugh, that made the woods ring again. A little wetting did not immediately insure consumption, unless it was the consumption of an extra amount of whitefish and potato.

Two incidents occurred while I was at this place that I shall never forget. They are so deeply burned into my mind that they can never be effaced. One of the incidents is this: I had gone on one of my usual winter trips to the farthest point on my work, 22 miles from home. I had finished my Sabbath labors with satisfaction, and on Monday morning started on the trail for my home. The weather, which had been mild during the night, changed to severe cold, with the wind in the northwest. A few inches of snow had fallen, but with a brave heart I started for my home. Sixteen miles were through the thick woods, then came a stretch of eight miles on the shore of the lake. At two o'clock I had reached the lake shore, and in a clump of bushes built a little fire, made me a cup of tea, ate my lunch, and then started to face the storm for the next eight miles, on the shore of the lake. The wind had increased to a gale, and the cold was most bitter. I made perhaps a mile, when I found that the cold was so intense that I could not endure it, and so I sought the woods. But the low evergreens in the woods were so loaded with snow that I could make no progress in them, and again I sought the shore of the lake. The cold was intense, the air filled with snow, which seemed to go right through my clothes. Could I ever reach my home? With a brave heart I pushed on, peering through the storm to see if I could catch a glimpse of the point, beyond which my wife and children were watching for me. At length I could see the point, but could I reach it? Wearily my feet dragged, but still I was getting nearer and nearer. When I had got within a mile of home an almost irresistible desire to sit down and rest came over me. I was not cold, but, O, so sleepy. But the thought of wife and little ones urged me on. But now another thing troubled me; my feet tripped at every little obstacle, and I measured my full length in the snow. But I fell forward and not backward, and that was a comfort. Soon I came to where I could see my house, but it had got to be dark, and the sparks as they streamed from the chimney seemed to tell of warmth and comfort within, but could I reach it? In sheer desperation I made the last effort and struggled up to the door, or against it. My wife and children heard me and soon had me in the house. My wife says it was half an hour before I spoke, and that I acted as one dazed. I have only a faint recollection that the fire felt good, and that a cup of hot tea was not, under some circumstances, a bad thing to take.

Strange to say, I was not frozen, only completely chilled through. I think had my house been 20 rods further away I could never have reached it. Men who lived in the village made the remark during the day that no man could face that storm three miles and live, but I had traveled 22 miles that day and for eight miles had faced the storm, and am still alive, but I don't want to try it again. A few days after, when the storm had abated, a younger man came over the same pathway and was brought in badly frozen, and for weeks was confined to his bed. But he had whisky with him, which made all the difference in the world. Whisky is a great help sometimes.

The other incident happened in the summer, and caused me for the time being keener anguish than that which I have been relating. I was going from the same location on a beautiful day in the summer following. The waves made beautiful music, as I leisurely walked along the shore, stopping now and then to pick up a curious pebble, or mark the track of some animal that had come to shore to drink or bathe, or maybe to find a savory meal of some fish that had been cast upon the shore. Going along with gladness of heart and snatches of song upon my lips, I was arrested by an object that the waves had cast ashore. I looked at it, and stopped to pick it up. It was a hat, nothing but a palm leaf hat, but it was my boy's hat, that I had purchased for him the day before I started on my trip! I stood as one dazed. I was six miles from home. I trembled in every limb. Should I soon find his body! I dared not look, and yet could not help looking. Could I go home and find only a desolate house, instead of the joyous greeting, "Papa has come?" O! how I longed to be home, and yet dreaded to go there! Crushing the hat in my hand, I went on, startled by every log or block that could be made to look like a body. I at length came in sight of the house. I stopped. Could I go in and face what might be mine to face? While I was slowly approaching the house, with a shout and laughter, both the boys, who had seen me coming, rushed out to greet me. Can you imagine my feelings? I can't tell them. Soon one had hold of each hand, full of talk and laughter until they caught sight of the hat. Then they told how they had been on the shore at play, and the "naughty" wind had blown the hat off his head, and carried it out into the lake. How they had waded out just as far as they could, but could not get it. And then, how did I get it, and was it spoiled? All this was a joy song in my heart, "for this my son was dead and is alive again; was lost and is found." Don't tell me that I cannot mourn with those that mourn. I know that I can taste with them the bitter cup, for it was pressed to my lips. Don't tell me I can't rejoice with those that rejoice. I have felt the thrill that makes the heart ache in its very gladness.

My second year at the Ontonagon was drawing to a close, and I knew I must soon leave. But where was I to go? To me the future was a blank, a lottery. No, not that, for I then, as now, believed that "not a sparrow falls to the ground without the notice of our Father." At the next session of our conference, I was appointed to take charge of the Indian mission on the lower peninsula, extending from away below Allegan across to near Coldwater. And so, after seven years of hard labor in the Lake Superior region, I bade it farewell. I have not visited the region since I left. They tell me mighty changes have taken place since I was there, and I can believe it. The Indian with his canoe has gone away, and the railway and the palace car have taken their place. Where the dusky maiden filled her basket with wild fruit, now stand two populous cities. The clank of the sawmill is now heard tearing in pieces those lofty pines, among which the dusky hunter sought his game, or won the coy maiden of the forest. Changes have also come over me. I cannot now, as then, bound through the woods, defying cold and hunger. My limbs refuse as ready obeisance to the will as they gave in those days. My hair, which was then of the color of the wing of the raven, is now white as the snow. I should like to look upon those scenes of my early labors, and note the changes. But I may not. I should be a stranger in the land of my early activity. A nation that "knew not Joseph" have filled the land. It is well that it is so. Other and better laborers are finishing the fabric of which I could only lay the foundation. When the Master shall reckon with His laborers I shall not be forgotten.

THE POTTAWATTOMIES.

BY HON. A. B. COPLEY.

The peninsula of Michigan was inhabited at an early day by various tribes and bands of Indians, changing from time to time. Levi Bishop claims in his poetical work "Teuch sa Grondie" that there was a large Indian village at Detroit and a populous region surrounding, for a long time previous to 1649, about which time the eastern Indians, or confederation known as the Iroquois, achieved a victory over the Hurons and Ojibways, resulting in a partial annihilation and practical abandonment of Michigan and the country bordering on Lake Huron on the Canada side. Although the Indians were divided into tribes independent of each other, yet for mutual aggression and defense the tribes were united in two great confederations known as the Iroquois or Six Nations, whose headquarters were in western New York,

and the Algonquin race, whose homes were in the northwest, comprising Pottawattomies, Ojibways, Ottawas, Menominees, Sacs, Foxes and others. These two confederations were at deadly enmity with each other for years, and history does not record the time when the young braves thirsting for distinction could not organize a war party from either of these great clans to prey on the other. War with each other was their normal condition. The Iroquois about the time of their great victory had become possessed of firearms, owing to longer intercourse with the whites, which gave them great advantage over their enemies, and made them a terror to their ancient foes, who were ready to leave a country so fraught with danger. Some early writers speak of the Pottawattomies occupying southern Michigan at that time and leaving, going around Lake Michigan and northward to the region of Green Bay. In 1641 two Jesuit missionaries visited the falls of St. Marys, but they do not mention the Pottawattomies. In 1668 Marquette founded the first mission at Sault St. Mary, but mentions no Pottawattomies. In 1671 Monsieur Perot called a great council of western tribes at that place and the Pottawattomies were present from Green Bay in large numbers. In 1673 Marquette went to Green Bay and found the Pottawattomies there at that time. Accurately speaking, our first authentic knowledge of the Pottawattomies was when at Green Bay a party of them helped Marquette on his visit to the Illinois as far as Chicago, where he wintered in 1674, finding the Miamis there.

When La Salle came to St. Joseph in the fall of 1679, where he built a fort, he found the country occupied by the Miamis, and the St. Joseph river was known as the Miami of the lakes. Within a short time, not more than two years, the Iroquois went west, driving every tribe before them, and even severely crippling the Illinois, leaving southern Michigan debatable ground. For twenty years thereafter history is not accurate in regard to the Pottawattomies. Cadillac was stationed at Mackinaw, as commander of the French interests in the Northwest, and thinking the English were acquiring too much influence with the Indians, situated as they were at Fort Pitt, where Pittsburg now stands, petitioned the French government to be allowed to establish a military post on the Detroit river, which he did in 1701, inviting the Indians of various tribes to trade and settle near, through the protection afforded them from their ancient enemies, the dreaded Iroquois. Be that as it may, we next hear of the Pottawattomies as occupying southwestern Michigan, northeastern Illinois and northern Indiana, with bands and settlements near Detroit. Some historians say that the Pottawattomies were crowded south by the Menominees. Those of them in Illinois were known as Pottawattomies of the prairie, and those in Michigan, Pottawattomies of

the woods. Father Marest says in 1706, that the Pottawattomies and the Ottawas formed an alliance, and made war on the Miamis, driving them south to Indiana and Ohio; a quite probable story, in view of the friendly relations existing always between the tribes. The Pottawattomies in Michigan seem to have claimed the region watered by the St. Joseph and Kalamazoo rivers, and their tributaries, while the Ottawas claimed the tract watered by the Grand river and streams emptying therein, and the Chippewas, eastern Michigan and the northern part of the peninsula. Father Marest, writing in 1712, says the mission at St. Joseph, among the Pottawattomies is in a flourishing condition, seeond only to Mackinaw. In 1712 the English instigated an attack on Cadillac at Detroit, and six tribes, the Pottawattomies among the number, came to their assistance. In 1763 the Pottawattomies joined the Pontiac conspiracy, furnishing many warriors. This conspiracy arose from the treaty made between England and France, in 1763, whereby the French title in the Northwest was extinguished. The Algonquins always having been taught that the English were their natural enemies, resented the idea of being transferred to their former foes and hence the wild project of Pontiac to free his country and drive the English into the sea. Pontiac's scheme included the capture of all the English forts in the Northwest, and was successful except at Detroit, Niagara and Pittsburg. There were twelve posts in all to be attacked, comprising a distance of 1,200 miles. The Pottawattomies, after the first attempts on Detroit, were sent to capture Fort St. Joseph, which they accomplished, May 25, 1763; of the little garrison of fourteen men, eleven were killed and three made prisoners, who were taken to Detroit and exchanged for some Pottawatomie prisoners, taken by Major Gladwin of that post. In 1766, Pontiac was killed by an Illinois Indian at Cahokia, nearly opposite St. Louis, while drunk. Pontiac was an Ottawa Indian, and the interests of the Pottawattomies and Ottawas were so intimately blended that they made the occasion of the death of the great warrior an excuse for war with the Illinois, which was carried on with great vigor, and savage ferocity, leading finally to the utter extinction of the Illinois at Starve Rock, on the Illinois river. Less than twenty escaped, and they went into different tribes, and their names disappeared forever. This once proud and numerous tribe had been greatly humbled one hundred years before by the Iroquois, and fell an easy prey to their enemies, after restreating to the rock where they were literally starved, as the name implies, till crazed with thirst and famine they made a desperate sortie, only to be slaughtered.

In the Indian wars which succeeded the Revolution, the Pottawattomies took a part and were represented at the defeats of Harmer and St. Clair,

being themselves defeated by mad Anthony Wayne, and at his summons met him, with the chiefs of other tribes, at Greenville, Ohio, and signed a treaty of peace, which lasted about fifteen years. Among the signers from the Pottawattomies was the chief, Topinabee, who held the chief position among the Pottawattomies for nearly forty years. In 1810 another occurrence took place resembling the Pontiac episode. The celebrated Shawnee chieftain, Tecumseh, came into the villages of the Pottawattomies, accompanied by three other chiefs of lesser note, mounted on spirited black ponies (probably the first they had ever seen), their object being to combine the western tribes in a new war with the Americans. The hostile attitude of England towards the United States, just beginning to develop, was made the occasion, by English traders and posts, to instigate the savages to war. Tecumseh was successful, and the Pottawattomies, with chief Topinabee at their head, joined the union. The Pottawattomies were at Tippecanoe and defeated with the rest; for a time they were quiet, but on the announcement of Tecumseh that he would join the British against the United States, they participated in the battles of Lower Sandusky, River Raisin, and the massacre at Fort Dearborn, and finally ended their warlike exploits at the battle of the Thames, October 5, 1813.

In regard to their lands, in 1795 they joined with other tribes and ceded a strip of land six miles wide, on the west side of the Detroit river, from Lake St. Clair to the River Raisin. In November, 1807, they made a treaty with Gen. Hull, comprising southeastern Michigan, in connection with Ottawas, Chippewas and Wyandottes. The Pottawattomies, Ottawas and Chippewas were considered as forfeiting all rights to their lands, by joining the English in the war of 1812, but September, 1815, Gen. Harrison made a treaty of peace with them, restoring all rights of lands, on condition of maintaining allegiance to the United States.

In 1821 at Chicago the Pottawattomies, Ottawas and Chippewas met Gen. Cass and ceded the greater portion of their lands in Michigan, reserving a few choice tracts as tribal homes and providing for the Pottawattomies and Ottawas a school and blacksmith shop to be kept up fifteen years with $1,000 annually for their support and $5,000 yearly as an annuity to the tribe. The school and shop for the Pottawattomies were located by the late C. C. Trowbridge of Detroit in 1822, west of and adjoining the city of Niles. In 1827 at Carey Mission, the school alluded to, Gen. Cass held a council with the Pottawattomies and several of the small reservations were ceded to the United States, and in the following year they ceded nearly all the remaining lands held by them, some more money being paid and on other conditions, such as keeping the blacksmith permanent and providing three laborers, four months in the

year, for ten years, to work for the St. Joseph band. In 1833 a final treaty was made to give up all reservations remaining within three years and move west of the Mississippi. Pokagon, a Catholic convert, and his followers were exempt from its provisions and purchased lands in Silver Creek township, Cass county, where some remain to this day. Before the time set for departure the Indians regretted their promises and vainly tried to escape from the results. It was not till 1838, or two years after the time set for their removal, that they were called together, and notwithstanding their remonstrances, a band small in number compared with their early history left under an escort of U. S. troops. Left their old hunting grounds, the graves of their fathers, and with sorrowful recollections of past happiness turned their footsteps, with sad forebodings of the future, to the west. At first they were located in Missouri opposite Ft. Leavenworth, but in two years, at the instigation of citizens of the State, were transferred to Iowa, near Council Bluffs; staying there but a short time were moved to Kansas, where after thirty years they were moved to Indian Territory. Their next move will probably be to the happy hunting grounds of the Great Spirit, as their numbers gradually but surely diminish from year to year; it is only a question of time when they will as surely vanish, as the Illinois tribe did by the valor of their arms over 100 years ago. Some of the Pottawattomies deserted and escaped on the way west; some were hid in the woods, and in 1839 those found were removed. The means used to make treaties with the Indians and general treatment of them in carrying out their provisions reflect no credit on the white race, and will ever remain as a dark blot on the pages of their otherwise brilliant achievements. A remark of Topinabee, the head chief, to Gen. Cass, who advised him to keep sober and care for his people shows their condition and utter helplessness to resist the temptations which unscrupulous and interested white men surrounded them with. "Father," says Topinabee, "we do not care for the land, nor the money, nor the goods, what we want is whisky, give us whisky."

In 1826 Judge Leib, a government agent, visiting Carey mission, reported favorably of its condition; improvements in agriculture, raising of domestic animals, and other evidences of civilization, are among his statements; but at that time the Indians were at their best, for Rev. M. McCoy, the mission keeper, writes that whisky traders were increasing, and the results on the Indians, who were unable to resist their appetites, were demoralizing. They seemed to abandon all attempts for improvement and gave way to excesses on the least temptation. Articles of clothing, cooking utensils, guns, everything necessary to sustain themselves with, were sacrificed to their appetites. A silver-mounted rifle would be sold for seventy-five cents in whisky. Clothes

and cooking utensils, purchased by the traders for liquor and bartered for furs back at exorbitant prices. The missionaries associated with the Rev. McCoy were perfectly discouraged at the prospect. Mr. Lykins, an assistant of McCoy, wrote to General Cass: "I tell you every hope, every prospect for the Indians around us is prostrate, is entirely cut off; I entreat you to plead for their removal;" with much more to the same effect. Judge Leib, who made annual visits to this tribe, relates that he urged upon the chief the importance of overcoming their propensities, abandoning whisky and accepting the advantages of civilization. Said one of them, "What you say is true, we are falling from day to day, but we did not seek whisky, it was brought to us, we could not prevent it; neither could we abstain from drinking it when within reach. We have lost manhood and independence; we look on the white race as superior, and who know more than we do, therefore we cannot resist their wishes; but," continued the chief, "if our Great Father (meaning the U. S. government) feels such an interest to preserve us as you mention, all powerful as he is, why does he not command his people to abstain from seeking our destruction; he has but to will it, and it is done. He can punish, he can save us from the ruin which surrounds us." No stronger statement of the duties which a government should exercise in behalf of its enslaved people could be made in as few words as these by the besotted chief of a once manly and powerful tribe of red men.

At the Nottawa Seepe reservation the same testimony is given of the rapid degradation of the Indians from communication with evil white men. In August, 1833, the writer, when a boy, was at Niles and the streets were full of Indians, squaws and children, many of whom were drunk, although it was an ordinary occasion. The river ford connecting the mission village with Niles seemed full of Indians and squaws, ponies with children on them coming and going continually.

About 1837 or 1838 a small band of Indians, about 30 in number, summered in Marcellus, Cass county, planted corn and raised a crop. A grocery store was kept at Charleston, on Little Prairie Ronde, about six miles from their camp. For weeks they came almost daily on their ponies to this store; on their way there they were dignified, courteous and orderly, returning like demons, racing, whooping, yelling and quarrelsome. One night when worse than usual, a squaw was killed, stabbed to the heart, but a sensible conclusion was arrived at, the whisky did it, and the murderer went free. Among the letters at the John Jacob Astor House, Mackinaw, written in 1817, the writer of one deplores the almost necessity, because rival companies did, of dealing in liquors with the Indians, as it was leading to such

fatal results. When away from trading posts and free from the influence of liquor they were entirely different.

The writer's experience, except in the summer encampment referred to, recalls no such cases of debauchery. The Indians came in families, rarely more than three together, made their camps, hunted, fished, picked berries, and traded venison, berries, tanned deer skins and moccasins for salt, potatoes, flour, pork and bread. They were, however, inveterate beggars, teasing for bread or other food for themselves and pappooses, and generally, being sober, sharp at a bargain. The bargaining was conducted mostly by signs, certain words or phrases, as whiteman, Indian, deer, venison, pork, corn, flour, bread, shilling, good, bad, and some others in Indian language, comprised the vocabulary of trade, numbers being computed by holding up the fingers and hands. There was but little difficulty in making a trade, although the Indians were often supposed to understand the language of the whites better than they pretended to, in order to profit by the communication of the whites with each other. They were friendly, hunted and fished with the whites on the best of terms, always strictly honorable with the laws of the woods, any game taken in partnership being divided equally, except the skin, which went separately to the one who first wounded it, be it never so slight. If a bee tree was found in the spring, as was quite customary, and the finder wished it to remain till there should be an accumulation of honey, a simple chipping of the bark preserved the right of discovery intact, and no charge of theft was ever laid to an Indian, though the tree was miles from the owner's home. The squaws did the work, planting the corn, cultivating and caring for it, dressing the skins, getting the wood, doing the camp work, making cord from some preparation of bark, and gathering rushes to weave into mats for covering their wigwams, or making beds. The Indians at camp were generally smoking, cleaning their rifles, drying their clothes or moccasins, as the dew, rain and swamps made this daily avocation almost a necessity. Dogs were common, generally a small, thin, cowardly set of curs, and if a fat dog, made a rare feast, as is frequently claimed, for Indian diet; they did not have many in Michigan. Indian ponies were their beasts of burden first, the squaws next. These ponies were small, and all seemed to have their work to do; the older ones were almost buried under camp equipage, with a squaw on top, and even yearlings would have to carry a boy or girl. One or two of the leading ponies wore a bell, which, during the march, was stuffed with leaves, but in camp the leaves were removed and the ponies spanceled, which was done by tying the fore feet together, loosely, with bark, so that they could feed on all within reach, and by rearing up and plunging ahead, could have a limited range of pasture,

and yet always be within hearing. These ponies were a comparatively new acquisition to Indians. The early French explorers never wrote of them, and it is supposed that they were first introduced to the Indians by the spoils of Braddock's defeat, in 1755, as the Mexican Indians obtained theirs from Cortez. The hardships of winter exposure and poor feed gradually changed the high bred English horse to the dwarf pony of the Indian. There were exceptions to squaws doing all the camp drudgery.

One afternoon in October, two Indians about thirty years of age, passed my father's house on foot, going into the woods south of where Nicholsville now is, which woods at that time were a dense forest, from eight to fifteen miles in extent without a habitation. They had blankets, a camp-kettle and rifles, and were accompanied by several dogs. From the firing heard from day to day, we knew they were camped within a mile or two. About a week from the time of their arrival, they came from the woods without the dogs or camp fixtures. The next day being Sunday, the frontiersmen's holiday, my brother and myself went to their camp, which we readily found on the main trail, about a mile distant. The dogs made a pretense of defense at a distance, but ran to the woods at our approach. The Indians had killed six or seven deer, and built scaffolding of poles on which was the venison cut up into pieces about one inch square, and strung on strings of bark, like apples to dry, above the reach of the dogs, showing quite conclusively that they had employed their time diligently. In two days they returned with ponies and got their jerked vension. It is claimed by some writers that the Indians used discretion in regard to the game; hunting one season in a locality and not repeating their visit for several years, so as to allow game to become more plenty, but I think this a mistake as far as the Pottawattomies were concerned, at the time of which I write, as they were in the practice of coming every season, and even killing game when out of condition, for instanoe decoying wild turkeys in the spring of the year at pairing time, when they readily came within reach of the rifle at the counterfeit call of the hunter. A more cruel practice was by means of a reed instrument by which they could successfully imitate the cries of a fawn in distress, and thereby lure a mother doe, which happened to have fawns hidden near by, within easy reach of the fatal rifle, she perishing by the bullet and the fawns by starvation. Having often heard the Indian hunter I imitated the sound one day, while driving cattle from the woods, at the proper season, and was much surprised if not frightened at the result. A doe came rushing through the brush, her hair turned forward, indicating attack, making frantic efforts to release the supposed captured fawns.

Speaking of the reed instrument used for decoying deer, reminds me of a similar one used by a young chief, which produced a monotonous, plaintive, flute-like tone, which presumably was for the purpose of fascinating the dusky belles of the forest. We often read of "Laughing Water," "Star of the Sky," "Light of My Eyes," and many other wood nymphs of the forest glades, with step of the fawn, neck of the swan, eyes like the gazelle; dressed in robes of the richest furs, trimmed with the plumage of rarest birds, moccasins gaily bedecked with porcupine quills and colored with the brightest dyes. These exist in the brain of the poet or historian, generally, at least such characters were not plenty at the time written of. I remember but one, and she was dressed in calico, and somewhat of her brilliant beauty was evidently owing to a remote French ancestor. The squaws were usually dressed in blue broadcloth leggins with fringes perhaps one and a half inches wide on the outside of either limb; a blue figured domestic calico short gown, over which was worn a blanket, unless it was warm weather. On their feet they wore moccasins of dressed deer skin. The blanket was supported by a belt at times, especially if there was a pappoose, a year or two old, who rode on the back of the mother inside of the blanket. If the child was young it was strapped to a board and hung on the back by a belt over the mother's forehead. The hair was wound up on a chip about two inches square and fastened just back of the head; another style was braided and hanging down the back. If the weather was inclement, the blanket was brought up over the head, otherwise there was no head covering. The carrying strap was an indispensable article of female use; it consisted of leather four to six feet in length, two inches broad in the center, where it crossed the forehead, the rest being about an inch in width for convenience in tying up the immense packs of household goods or other articles to be moved. The Indians wore leggins, moccasins, a calico shirt generally of a lighter color, when new at least; the leggins also were rarely blue, generally light colored blanket cloth, the fringes consisting of the colored border seen on Mackinaw blankets. A blanket was belted at the waist and worn loose over the shoulders. In the belt were carried a knife (protected by a leather sheath) and a small ax or tomahawk, while depending from the right shoulder, hung on the left side, the powder horn and charger, and bullet pouch containing bullets, bullet molds, bullet starter, patch cloth, and extra flints, for flint locks were in common use, and any other needed extras for the chase, also not forgetting pipe and tobacco. On the head was almost invariably worn a large colored cotton handkerchief, wrapped around in somewhat of a turban style. This dress, with a rifle across the shoulder, whose lock was protected from dampness by

a fox squirrel skin, completed the costume. Sometimes a feather or two was added, especially if the party was high in rank.

Topinabee, the head chief before mentioned, had other chiefs under him, the principal of whom were Pokagon, Weesaw and Shavehead. Pokagon was a native of Topinabee by marriage, his wife being a niece; his headquarters were near the prairie named after him. He moved to Silver Creek township, exempted from removal west, as stated, and died August, 1840. Weesaw was nearer related to Topinabee than Pokagon, having married his daughter. He had two other wives, but the princess was the favorite, she had the place of honor and walked next to him in the rear, the other wives following her whenever they visited the whites. Hon. Geo. B. Turner describes him as being every inch a king, tall, stately and dignified, fond of ornament, his leggings being bordered with little bells, his head adorned by a brilliant turban, his waist bound with a like sash, while on his breast he wore a huge silver amulet kept very bright, and heavy rings of silver depended from his ears and nose. He had a village near Niles, also at a later period in Volinia township on the Buell farm.

Shavehead was a different man from either of the others, being much older. He had participated in many battles, and had a settled hatred of the whites. His home was in the southeastern part of Cass county, on a prairie of that name. Many incidents are related of his vindictiveness. Claiming his rights as proprietor of the soil he levied tribute at a ferry of the St. Joseph river at Mottville. At other times he took property such as he wanted, without pay, till the settlers chastised him for it, and although law abiding thereafter, he was always morose and sullen. It was currently reported that he had ninety-nine white men's tongues strung on bark, and meant to have the one hundredth before he died. The writer saw him frequently. He was the only exception as to head covering; what hair he had was drawn tightly together upward and tied with a string, making a tuft on the top of his head; sometimes a feather or two was inserted.

When only women and children were at home he enforced his demands for food by laying his hands on the knife in his belt, and it needed no repetition to secure a supply. The first time I met him he carried an old rifle. Within a year or so his rifle had been reamed out and was what was termed a smooth-bore, using either ball or shot. Not long afterward his smooth-bore had been exchanged for a shot-gun, and a dead partridge hung to his belt. His step was less firm, his head less erect, and it could be seen at a glance that he was but a shadow of the proud chieftain of other days. His last appearance in the settlement to my recollection found the shot-gun gone, and in its place he carried a bow and arrows, begged his food and shot

at pennies inserted in a cleft stick for a mark, the coin to be his if he hit it. He had a far away look that seemed to reach back to childhood days when he shot arrows with boys of his own age, or roamed in freedom through woods full of game, untrammeled by the restrictions of the hated pale face. Or else, he might have thought of the wild battle scenes of the war path so often trod by him in his early days. The writer once saw him when he was recalling stirring events of other days. It was in my father's cabin; he was sharing its hospitality one night, so also were two French traders. They were talking to him in his own language, and he was telling them of old battles he had passed through. The words I did not understand, only as interpreted by the traders; but the significant gestures, the tone of voice, the flashing eye, spoke eloquently of the chase, the surprise, the struggle, the fierce combat, the triumphant result. His death, like his life, is enshrouded in mystery, and the various statements carry us back to the legendary stories of the middle ages. First, to be brief, he had an intimate friend of the white race, a valiant hunter, living near his home, on Shavehead prairie. They were often companions in the chase and nearly as often successful.

After a time Shavehead told another settler that deer were getting scarce on account of the white man—not enough for both, one or the other must go. The white hunter heard the statement and interpreted it to mean that he or Shavehead must go to the happy hunting grounds. On the next occasion when hunting together the settler returned alone, but Shavehead was never heard from again. Another theory, as recorded by Hon. G. B. Turner, was this: The island in Diamond lake was first purchased and occupied by a half recluse and hermit called Job Wright, who fished, hunted, trapped, made baskets, and farmed a little. He was known as the basket maker. Little else was known about him except from rumor that he had been a soldier (and scars on his face indicated it), a sailor, lost his fortune, been disappointed in love, etc. But these were but surmises, as he was very reticent and said but little of his former life, and evaded all questions on the subject. One afternoon he was in Cassopolis disposing of his wares and making some necessary purchases; had concluded his business and was on the point of leaving, when his attention was attracted to a street group, in the center of which was an Indian partially drunk, gesticulating violently and rehearsing some tragic exploits enacted on the war path. The Indian was old, the hair at the base of his head was shaven off, and the rest gathered in a bunch at the top and tied. His singular appearance and actions caused the basket maker to linger, and hearing the word Chicago, he paid close attention to a recital, every word of which he evidently understood, of the

brutal massacre of the garrison of United States troops at Fort Dearborn, together with women and children, after they had surrendered and abandoned the fort, and were a mile and a half on their way to Fort Wayne, in accordance with the terms of capitulation. The Indian warmed up with his subject, forgetful of his audience; told the fearful tale with all its horrors, and when he boasted of his achievements, even to braining innocent children clinging to their mothers' knees, and then striking down the mothers, and then, with hands reeking with blood, tearing their scalps from their heads even before death had put an end to their sufferings, the hermit started, and muttered between his compressed lips, "It is he; I thought it was at first, now I know for certain." He involuntarily took his gun from his shoulder, but paused, evidently changing his mind, listened carelessly, it seemed, to the further recital, waiting patiently and watching the Indian's farther movements.

Just before sundown the old brave left the village, and the old soldier, a survivor of the massacre, as we now know him to have been, marked the direction he went and silently took the trail of the red man, with his gun off his shoulder resting in the hollow of his left arm and the right hand clasped around the lock, with forefinger carelessly toying with the trigger. The last rays of the setting sun from the western bank of Stone lake cast lengthened shadows from their forms,—red and white man alike. Did it ever do so for both again? Never! It was a common remark in the village that Shavehead had not been seen or heard from since that afternoon. One more account and I close—a more prosaic history and perhaps the true one, but I like the hermit story the best, as it seems more fitting that the old warrior should go out of life in harness as it were, in a fiery struggle becoming a brave chief who had taken a successful part in a hundred engagements. The last is this: The old chief, enfeebled by age and worn out by toil and poverty, was taken sick on the old Pe Peeaw farm within two or three miles of this place, Four Mile Lake; was cared for by the Indians, treated professionally by the late Dr. Andrews of Paw Paw, finally died and was buried in a hollow log in the woods, where one dark night Dr. Clapp and one or two others who shall be nameless, visited his grave and severed his head from his body with a lath hatchet, deposited it in an empty 8x10 glass box and triumphantly bore their trophy to Paw Paw in a one horse wagon without fear of the ghost of the departed brave; boiled the flesh from the bones in the back yard of one of the citizens of the village, and the skull may yet be a prominent and attractive article of curiosity in the collection of the pioneers of Van Buren county.

JUDGE CONSIDER A. STACY, OF TECUMSEH.

[Died November 5, 1888.]

BY HON. T. M. COOLEY.

Fifty-two years ago Consider Alphonzo Stacy left his father's house in Madison county, N. Y., to seek his fortune in the wilds of Michigan. He came with the tide which was then flooding the State, and he came full of hope and confidence. In all Michigan there was not at that time a town of greater promise than Tecumseh. It was sufficiently distant from Detroit and Toledo to constitute a center of large trade; it was in the midst of a very fertile country; it had that first need of the pioneers in the line of manufacture, good flouring mills; it was on the route of a great thoroughfare across the State; it was the county seat; it was selected as the location for a branch of the University, and it had a number of very enterprising and capable public and business men. It might therefore very well look forward to a great destiny. Only one circumstance seemed threatening to what otherwise were very favorable prospects. The village of Adrian had secured a railroad to a lake port and might become a dangerous rival. But nobody then even faintly imagined the power the railroad was to develop, to build up and to destroy towns. Moreover Tecumseh was expecting its railroad also, and the Palmyra & Jacksonburg road was already under charter. When, therefore, this young man, then but 19 years of age, decided to take up his abode in Tecumseh, the decision was to all appearance fortunate and wise. It was six years after this that, coming to the State at near the same age with that of Mr. Stacy when he came, I saw him. Meantime the prospects of the town he had settled in had very considerably changed. It was no longer the county seat; it had lost its direct connection with the University; its expected railroad had not been built; the State had provided for a great line of railroad through Adrian to Lake Michigan, and to any extent that this would be beneficial to Adrian it would be injurious to Tecumseh. The rival town had evidently gained a permanent ascendency. Mr. Stacy, however, had cast his fortunes with the town; his home was here, his friends were here, and here he remained. He had entered upon the practice of the law, and soon displayed qualities admirably adapted for success at that day. He had remarkable quickness of perception, a great fund of humor, unusual versatility; his oratorical powers were good, and he had a facility in making use of legal principles and precedents that was not surpassed among those to whom my early acquaintance extended. He was besides a man of most generous impulses; he naturally took the side of those least able to defend them-

selves, and the poor went to him for counsel freely. Soon after entering upon practice, he associated with himself Fernando C. Beaman, who was then one of the most painstaking and accurate of our lawyers, and already giving proofs of the eminence he was to attain, and the two made very formidable competitors for any lawyer they ever encountered. But the partnership had been dissolved, and Mr. Beaman had taken up his residence in Adrian just before I came.

Mr. Stacy remained in Tecumseh. There are commonly no great legal prizes in small towns, except as one may perhaps obtain control of what may be called the gleanings after some great commercial disaster. There was a considerable harvest of that description in Michigan for a few men after the great revulsion of 1836–8, but Mr. Stacy was not one of those to reap it. His practice was mainly in contested cases. In such cases he held his own with the best and the strongest, but the number was small, and the fees then paid in the country as compared to what they were, and especially with what they have since become in cities, were insignificant. Had he cast his fortunes with the builders of some flourishing city the pecuniary results would no doubt have been widely different. Mr. Stacy was made judge of probate in 1844, and held the office for 12 years. But the returns from the office were not large. He had to pay for his own clerical service, which was considerable, and the office did not add very much to his income. He lived very prudently, as the people of Michigan generally did in those days, and he had the esteem of all who knew him. He was a party man always, and from first to last adhered in victory and in defeat to the party of Jackson and Cass, and Tilden and Cleveland. But no man could be farther than he was from being a party bigot. The mantle of his charity covered all political differences. We all know too that in the great crisis when the existence of the nation was threatened, his patriotism was of that intense sort that admitted of no question and no hesitation. And we all remember that he was at all times one of the most active and efficient supporters of the public schools and of the higher institutions of learning.

It would be appropriate, did time admit of it, to take some notice here of prominent citizens of Tecumseh who were his early associates, but who, before he passed over the boundary which limits our life, had preceded him: Musgrove Evans, Joseph W. Brown, Levi Baxter, Selleck C. Boughton, Stillman Blanchard, Peter Morey, William H. Hoag, Andrew Backus, John J. Adam, Serril C. LeBaron, Michael A. Patterson, Daniel G. Quackenboss, Perley Bills, Olmsted Hough, Alonzo B. Palmer, Charles Hewitt, George, Charles and Sumner F. Spafford, Charles DeMott, Joseph W. Gray, Ezra F. Blood, Samuel Satterthwaite, Aaron Comfort, Wm. Baldwin, Simeon David-

son, William Richards, Thomas Lovett, Peter R. Adams—I hardly know where to stop the list when I begin, and it might easily be very considerably increased, with names only of persons widely and favorably known. Most of those named were warm friends of Judge Stacy, and the attachment of some of them to him was peculiarly close and intimate.

But, if we were to give our thoughts to historical reminiscences, the most conspicuous and striking fact demanding attention would be the State itself, which indeed, when Mr. Stacy came here was scarcely yet a State, and was engaged in what seemed to be a dangerous and was certainly a doubtful struggle to maintain as against Ohio the integrity of its territory. It was a State almost lost in its woods. Its largest town was a straggling hamlet whose people were content with carts for carriages and with clay for pavements. But the magic touch of industry plied by vigorous hands, worthy of New England ancestry, speedily transformed the scene; the woods opened to the building of many beautiful and prosperous towns, and the territory has now become a mighty commonwealth, the home of two millions of sturdy, vigorous and intelligent people, and as full of resources and probably as prosperous as any commonwealth which the sun, in his diurnal journey, looks down upon. And all this wonderful transformation took place in one man's business lifetime, and was so continuous and steady that the change went on from day to day unnoticed.

But, in the face of death, family considerations engross the thoughts. Doubtless we are all aware that Judge Stacy was of New England descent, the American ancestors having emigrated from England and settled at an early day at Cape Ann, Massachusetts. His father, Consider H. Stacy, removed to Madison county, New York, in 1814. His grandfather had been a soldier of the Revolution, and had fought under Stark at Bennington, and in Hamilton's command at Yorktown. It was of the best blood of the land, and it is an interesting fact, illustrative of the tenacity of Puritan habits, that the eldest son had for several generations been named Consider. The father was a physician of high repute, having a large family, to whom he gave such education as was then available. But this scarcely went beyond what could be obtained in the common schools. Young Stacy was early taken into his father's office, but his aspirations selected another profession, and at eighteen years of age he began the study of law with Peter Morey. Two years later he followed his preceptor to the west, and in 1837 he was admitted to the bar. As soon as he became of age he was made justice of the peace, a fact I mention as indicative of the fact that he at once took strong hold on the public favor. Elsewhere I have mentioned his having been made judge of probate. He was also, in 1844, appointed

prosecuting attorney for the county, and for one term afterwards served the State on the board of education. He was also at one time the candidate of his party for a seat in Congress. Judge Stacy's first business association was with Mr. Morey, his second with Mr. Beaman. After that he had for partners Thomas M. Cooley, Edwin B. Wood, William A. Underwood, and his own sons, Scovel and James. At the time of his death he was postmater of Tecumseh.

The marriage of Mr. Stacy to Mary M. Walker took place in 1838. Three children survive the father; the parents followed four to the grave. Two of them were daughters who died in infancy; two of them were sons who came to manhood and demonstrated the possession of unusual abilities. We all remember how sad were the circumstances attending the accidental death of one of these.

In August last we were sending our congratulations to Judge Stacy on the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage to the companion from whom he had then no expectation of being so very soon rudely separated. It was a golden wedding in more senses than one; the union had been protracted far beyond the average of human life, and the attachment which doubtless began in romance had ripened year by year, but had never weakened, for it was not dependent on rosy cheeks, or golden locks, or on other charms so attractive in youth, but which long before we reach our three score years and ten are present only to a fading through perhaps a still fondly cherishing memory. Time, the iconoclast, respects very few things; but it is a pleasing reflection that there is sometimes a union of hearts and of hands on which time sets the highest sanction, crowning it daily with continuous approval. We have seen that Judge Stacy has had his full share of family griefs. When in the loss of sons we feel the prop of our age breaking under us, we sometimes incline to say "Let us also depart and be at rest." But reason bids us summon the energies to new efforts, and take on courage for what may be still before us. We can penetrate the veil that conceals the future but slightly, but we discover on all sides the evidences of a goodness on which we feel that we may securely rely. In our afflictions, therefore, we turn to the duties that still demand our attention, knowing well that in the faithful performance of these we must look for the blessings of content.

The grave closes now over our friend and our associate. We shall not again clasp his hand or hear his cheery greeting, but to the last day of our lives his genial qualities, his wit, his humor, his kind heart, his strong attachments, and that charity that inclined rather to excuse than to exaggerate the faults and foibles of others will come fresh to the memory whenever his name is spoken, and the heart will not fail to respond with tender

emotions. And the bar will especially miss him, for his has been a prominent personality among its members for half a century; fifty years of hard work with competitors whose acquirements and reputation would put the ablest practitioner on his guard; fifty years during which he saw many a strong man bow his head to the conqueror, death: Greenly and Tiffany and Baker and Beaman and Croswell; but I must not stop to name them now; their names load our memories and remind us that there is one battle we may wage long but must be overcome at last, though even this we shall have won if we still live in the grateful recollections of those who, because of what we have been or have done, are themselves the better and the happier.

PIONEER DAYS IN KALAMAZOO AND VAN BUREN.

BY EDWIN S. SMITH.

In the fall of 1830, at the age of three years, the writer was brought to Michigan. Emigrating to such a wilderness as the whole country west of Detroit was at that early date, and the dangers and privations attending it, was an undertaking but few ventured to encounter. Scarcely any of the incidents of the trip are remembered. Our company consisted of an old Scotchman, by the name of Scott, and family, Anthony Cooley, an uncle of mine by marriage, and family, and ourselves, father, mother and two boys. Traveling with ox teams all the way from Detroit, fording all the water-courses, eating in the open air when weather permitted, under wagon covers when stormy, where we also slept, with an occasional killing of a wolf or deer, constitute, in the main, the incidents of the trip that I can call to mind. But occurrences following the arrival at our destination on the west border of Prairie Ronde were more thoroughly impressed upon my mind, and the recollection of many of them is as vivid as though they were the happenings of yesterday. There our troubles began. We had not only to contend with the encroachments of wild animals, but the Indians as well, who, more numerous than the whites, besides being nearly as wild and uncontrollable as the wild beasts, were troublesome enough. Wolves, bears, wildcats and deer were everywhere more plentiful than rabbits are now. Hearing the little pigs squeal at night (if we were fortunate in having a few) was evidence that bears were making preparations for a feast. One North American panther was seen by Mrs. Cooley, a sister of my mother, a year or two after our arrival. The writer remembers hearing what was said to be

his scream, on one or two occasions. The shriek they make is similar to that made by a woman in distress or fear. When seen, he was taking noonday meal, near uncle's house, from the carcass of a calf, either he or some other animal had killed and feasted from the night before. After satisfying his hunger he retired quietly and was seen no more.

What is now the city of Kalamazoo was at that time a wilderness, and what are now celery beds, just north of the city, was an impassable marsh and tamarack swamp, covered with water the year round. Only two houses, and those log huts merely, covered with shakes, marked the location of the present city, while Schoolcraft boasted of quite a number of dwellings, a store or two and a "tavern," entitling it to the distinction of being the oldest town.

Up to that time the Indians knew very little what it was to have to pay for what they had, and had become beggars from habit. Besides recognizing no rights to the country but theirs, and viewing the whites as trespassers, made them bold to demand anything we brought with us, or produced, that they coveted, particularly when under the influence of "sco-ta-wa-boo" (fire-water), which traders were not restrained from selling them, and did sell them, both for the profit and influence gained thereby. The Indian will never molest anyone who furnishes him with liquor for a price, great or small. Once started on a debauch, he will as soon pay a dollar for a drink as five cents. But while the trader was safe enough, other people were subjected to all sorts of annoyances, to say nothing of our constant fear of being butchered by them, as a pastime.

The regulation Mackinaw blanket, cotton shirt and cloth leggings, moccasins, a piece of blanket wrapped around the feet for socks, and a sort of turban, made by twisting a red cotton handkerchief or small plaided shawl and tying it around the head, between which and the head, on public days, were stuck some eagle feathers, constituted the apparel of the Indian, while to that of the squaw was added a skirt of calico, or blue broadcloth, on occasion, which could not be too high colored and gay, and in place of the shirt, a calico waist.

The men, particularly those of any note, wore huge silver rings in the nose and ears, and a large plate made from the same material pinned to their shirt front. Every full grown Indian was owner of a rifle and knew how to use it, which, with a tomahawk and butcher knife carried under a broad leather belt, constituted his implements of offense and defense, besides affording the means of obtaining about all the meat used. Occasionally, for a change, they would "swap" with us "suck-see-we-os" for "cook-coosh" (venison for pork, pound for pound). At times their offensive demonstra-

tions were anything but pleasant, requiring courage and the steadiest nerve to face. They came and went at all hours, frequently at midnight, intoxicated, demanding shelter and food, and, believing that to refuse them anything asked for was to invite their hostility, their demands were invariably acceded to. An incident in this connection is well remembered and will serve to illustrate the terror we were in for a number of years. The next fall after our arrival father had sold his claim on Prairie Ronde and with the proceeds located a larger tract on an adjoining Genesee prairie, where we had permanently settled. Our house was a low, one room log shanty, having but one window and one door. A full curtain our means would not afford, consequently only the lower half of the twelve-light window was curtained at night. This was at the time of the historical "Black Hawk" war, and fearing an attack at any time by the home tribes it will be readily imagined how trifling a circumstance would frighten the scattered settlers. On this particular day father had gone to Schoolcraft to learn what was to be done to repel any demonstration that might be made by the Indians, and not returning at night as was intended, mother had a large log fire built in the fire place, affording both heat and our only light. With father away, the family consisted of mother, her young sister and us two little boys, aged four and seven years respectively. All had retired and were asleep except mother; she stood guard over the family. About midnight she was startled by hearing the tramp of feet and talk in low tones outside, and horses crunching vegetables in the garden. Presently the head and shoulders of a tall Indian appeared at the upper sash of the window above the curtain. Very much frightened, but making little outward show of it, mother awoke her sister and putting it as mildly as possible informed her that Indians were about. With remarkable tact she managed to quiet the nervousness of her sister, then confronting the Indian at the window demanded what was wanted. Having picked up a few words of English he replied, "Me come in, me sneep" (sleep), to which mother answered "che-mo-ko-man (white man) gone, you mar-chee" (travel or go away). Noticing her fear, which was not wholly concealed, he would turn and converse with someone, then come to the window and renew the demand for admittance. Seeing the futility of an attempt to keep them out, the room being brilliantly lighted by the big open fire, enabling them to see every object within and to shoot us through the window if so disposed, decided mother to admit them. Whether it was by that wise course we were indebted for not being molested will never be known, but at any rate they were apparently friendly and intended us no harm, only wanting shelter for the night, and to be satiated with such provisions as we happened to have. The group consisted of an

Indian, squaw and two pappooses. Having blankets of their own they spread them on the floor and soon retired, leaving their ponies free to roam at will outside and continue the demolition of our little garden, which by morning was effectually accomplished. Just before day, however, we were given another little scare by the Indian getting up and departing with one of the ponies, leaving squaw and children, as mother imagined, to guard us till his return, perhaps with reinforcements. But that like the first was only a scare. He returned about sunrise, bringing the carcass of a deer he had killed the day before and hung up in the woods. Before leaving they cut out and presented us with a venison ham for our trouble.

Old "Shavehead," so named by the whites because, like many of his ancestors, he kept the hair clipped from a portion of his scalp, will never be forgotten. As a noted warrior of the Pottawattomies, and feared by them as well as the whites, boasting openly of the scalps of men, women and children he had lifted, he was the terror of the country. One son of his rearing, who was of similar type, a few years later was sent from Kalamazoo to State prison, under a life sentence, for the murder of a man by the name of Wizner, on Sturgis prairie. The life of an Indian in solitary confinement is short, and he survived but a year or two.

On a trip with father to Flourfield, with a grist of corn to have ground, I recollect seeing "Old Shavehead," with about three hundred braves in their war paint, congregated at Schoolcraft, holding a "council of war" to arrange it was said, for going to meet and join "Black Hawk," who was reported on the march from the west with his forces, to drive out or exterminate the settlers from Michigan. Our people began at once recruiting to organize a company to intercept them; but the affair proved a scare only, as did several others that followed, growing out of the irritability and discontented condition of the tribes on account of a treaty effected with them by the government, stipulating that all non-freeholders should remove to reservations west of the Mississippi river, for the signing of which, without their approval, they butchered their chief, "Sau-go-ma," an excellent man for an Indian; whose body, it was said, was literally chopped in pieces by squaws, with tomahawks. The bulk of them, however, notwithstanding their show of resistance, had to go; but not liking the open prairie country of the west, many of them sooner or later straggled back, who finally, as settlers became more numerous, were again, at a good deal of expense and trouble to the government, collected and returned to their western home.

"Sau-go-ma" was succeeded by a son, "Show-a-na-ba," unlike his father, a drunken brute, possessing too little ability, and his habits being too low to afford him any influence over his people, their condition was not improved

by the change. By the terms of the treaty, the few that were permitted to remain in Michigan were to receive a pro rata proportion of the stipulated annuity of money, blankets, utensils, etc.; but for seven years, from some cause, that part of the contract was not complied with by the government, and the Indians were forced to rely on what they could beg and the proceeds from hunting, trapping, sugar and basket making, and a few cranberries, "po-ka-min," they were able to dispose of in their season. Finally, however, payment of the annuity was resumed, after which, for a few days once each year, they were happy in the possession of a few dollars in coin that they were at liberty to dispose of in their own peculiar way. But the small amount received by each family soon vanished, and having little or nothing to show for it they were as dependent as before. Becoming discontented and restive under the chiefship of Show-a-na-ba they divided up into small bands, locating at Silver Creek, Cass county, under "Leo. Po-ka-gon," at Paw Paw and Deerfield, Van Buren county, under "Pe-pe-yah" and "Sin-e-go-wa" as chiefs.

Passing over the events of the next few years finds the writer, at Paw Paw, in the fall of 1844, in the employ of Isaac W. Willard, the pioneer merchant and miller of that place. Here he learned the language to a limited extent, which was of great service in business intercourse with the Indians. For those located in Van Buren county and their visitors from away, Paw Paw was headquarters. Furs, pelts, venison, maple sugar, baskets, berries and what not that they had to dispose of for the lack of any other trading post, came to us. Berry time was an important event. Indians, squaws and pappooses with dogs and ponies, and the entire paraphernalia of tents, blankets, "mokuks" (an oblong basket made of birch bark) and cooking utensils, flocked to the swamps, and for a few weeks on alternate days trade was lively. The merchant or clerk who could talk or understand their language had the advantage of those who could not. Ponies, pack-saddles and "mokuks" were their means of transportation from the swamp; in fact, for the lack of wagon roads, were indispensable. It was not unusual to see twenty and thirty ponies bearing their loads of two mokuks of berries, holding one to one and a half bushels each, and generally a squaw and a pappoose or two on top, wending their way single file, at a slow gait into town, arriving about noon, and from that hour till nearly night we had our hands full. Later on, when there were roads through the woods, we frequently made excursions to the swamps with teams, carrying in goods and provisions, and brought away the berries. But as a rule they preferred the old way, for coming to town "was a necessity" and "time not money" with the Indian. The practice of dropping everything else and going to the

swamps annually to gather berries for market is kept up to the present day, but owing to the growth of the country and frequency of market places, Paw Paw has less of the deal.

On annual pay days, when the government commissioner made his appearance, and their little stipend was paid them, there was a general scramble among our people for their money, and merchants had a harvest while the Indians remained in town. It was a holiday looked forward to by the Indian with as much interest as Independence Day ever was by our people, and they made the most of it, the young Indians and squaws by squandering their money for nicknacks and drink by day and making the night hideous with their whoops and yells, and having a high time generally, the older and sober ones by purchasing clothing and other supplies, far as the money went, having a day or two in town and seeing the sights.

The impression, however, that generally obtains with our people, that all Indians in liquor are dangerous, is to some extent erroneous. Their dispositions vary the same as in other people, but lacking moral culture, they naturally show out their propensities, and knowing no law at so early a date, and there being no restraint, through fear of the consequences from that source, those that were inclined to be ugly were to be feared the same as the wild beasts. Although very reticent when sober, all are very talkative, and some absolutely silly, under the influence of intoxicants. Such is their propensity to talk, when drunk, that a continual jabbering is kept up, whether alone or with others, showing that the human is temporarily out of their construction, and that liquor and the animal have possession. The quarrelsome ones were usually disarmed, and if too troublesome, were bound hand and foot, by their Indian friends, and laid away to sober up. Kac-kac and Wap-seh were of the silly kind and notably the jolliest of fellows in liquor. No amount of tantalizing ever ruffled them, and nothing short of the sobering up process would remove the broad grin from their faces. Wap-seh was a member of the Sin-e-go-wa band, and still lives, notwithstanding his intemperate abuse of himself. Kac-kac was a brother of Mrs. Pe-pe-yah, and with his family shared their abode till consumption did its worst.

Finally the different bands joined in an effort to effect a settlement with the government and have the whole amount due them paid at one time, which through the persistency of an educated Chip-pa-wa, who married a squaw of the Po-ka-gon band, was accomplished, and an agreement was made by which they were paid $39,000 in full settlement of a claim amounting to about $25,000. At first the Indians tamely refused to ratify the agreement, setting up the claim that it was made without authority and the amount too small; but when the commissioner came to make the distribution

and each head of a family or individual of the required age saw their portion counted out, and were asked to touch the pen, which was equivalent to signing their names, there was no hesitation. That soon went the way of all moneys they had received from time to time, and having "sold their birthright," they were again forced to rely upon themselves.

Sin-e-go-wa and Pe-pe-yah were both fine types of their race, possessing more than an average amount of intelligence, setting examples of morality and thrift that would have been better for their people to have followed, but which but few of them did. While living those chiefs succeeded in keeping their bands together, visiting backwards and forwards, and enjoying life reasonably well. But following their death there seemed to be no head or system to their management, and a steady depletion of their numbers was the result, until now, of the Sin-e-go-wa band but few families, and of the Pe-pe-yah band none are left on the old grounds. Of a roving disposition by nature, the few who have not succumbed to disease are scattered. The land occupied by Pe-pe-yah and his people, one and a half miles southwest of Paw Paw, is now a fine farm, owned by Mrs. J. R. Baker, purchased by her husband from the widow of Pe-pe-yah for a consideration of about $3,000, which through her indulgence to a thriftless grandson was soon squandered, and she died at a ripe old age, an object of charity among relatives at Nottawa, in Calhoun county.

"Pe-pe-yah" was succeeded by an only son "Na-na-qui-ba," also a good Indian, as Indians go, but lacking the energy and influence of his father. He died young of consumption, the prevailing disease of the red man.

"White-wolf," the English definition of the name of an old Indian of the original stock, father of Mrs. Pe-pe-yah, was a character never to be forgotten. He and his squaw never varied the habits and customs of their ancestors. With a few others they strictly adhered to the old style of dress, namely, the blanket, leggins and moccasins; preferring a bark wigwam also, to a more modern house. The young men and squaws latterly donned the dress of the whites and now an Indian cannot be told by his dress. "White-wolf," than whom a more honest man never lived, retained through life a strong hold upon the affections of both Indians and whites. In his young days, it was said, he was intemperate and very ugly when drunk. An incident is told of him, that at one time, under the influence of liquor, he quarreled with Joseph Woodman—well known by all pioneers in VanBuren county, as a quiet, well to do farmer, near Paw Paw—who, in order to control him, resorted to the horse-whip, giving Mr. "White-wolf" a sound threshing, after which he was never known to drink. Money would not hire him to taste of liquor, fearing if he did, that revenge would get the

mastery, and the killing of Woodman might be the result. Another incident will illustrate his honesty. When near his death he sent his aged squaw to pay the writer a debt of 75 cents for a field hoe sold him six months before. The moment the government annuity was received in the fall, there was no rest for him till every debt was cancelled.

Another conspicuous character, claiming identity with the tribes, was an eccentric old Frenchman by the name of "De-ro-sha," called by the Indians "Ke-no-sha;" his wife a Pottowattomie squaw. Speaking both the Indian and English languages fluently, made his services as interpreter on annual pay days indispensable. His squaw and half breed boy, drawing their little stipend with the others, were recognized members of the band. His home was on the bank of the river, about a mile north of Paw Paw; known by the early settlers as the old French trading post, where he lived in the same log hut, faithful to his squaw wife till he died. Personally he leaned to the habits of the whites, yet tolerating his wife's adherence to all the ways of her people. He mingled but little with the Indians outside of his family, except on occasion.

Another old Canada Frenchman, called by the Indians, "Moo-saw," but whose real name was "Joseph Lash-ua," having for a wife a deaf mute squaw, with whom and their half breed pappooses he was always present, was also looked upon by the Indians as one of them; but being more filthy and degraded, in most respects, than his associates he commanded little respect from them, and less from the whites. His vocabulary was about half and half, Indian and Canada French, with a sprinkling of English, which was with difficulty understood. His habits were more Indian, of the lowest order, than otherwise, on account of which what he brought to market did not meet with ready sale. His berries were not picked nicely, his maple sugar was dirty and spleened against, and he was shunned largely on that account. Whether his presence for a few years in the "happy hunting grounds" has improved him is scarcely credited by the writer.

In politics all Canada Frenchmen known to the writer were democrats, and Moosaw was not an exception unless he was mistaken, and never failed to be present on election day, to "cast a vote for Gen. Jackson." No insult was more keenly felt than to be charged with lack of fealty to the "old party," although it was well understood that the last man to give him a ballot and the longest plug of tobacco secured his vote, provided he went with him to the polls and saw it deposited. In those times the government had not made it a crime to buy votes and they were cheaper than now. All Indians of course were, by nationality, entitled to the right of suffrage, but they seldom took advantage of it. Their knowledge of the importance of

the ballot was very limited and as a rule they manifested but little interest in politics, in fact were hardly ever seen at elections unless looked after by some one having influence enough (always purchased) to induce them to go. In religion they were either Catholics or Methodists. Sin-e-go-wa's people were of the former faith and from the Toledo and South Haven railroad cars, in passing Rush lake between Covert and Hartford, can be seen their church and schoolhouse, near which, here and there, were their homes. J. R. Baker, himself leaning to Catholicism, was their adviser and largely through his influence they were induced to engage quite earnestly in religious matters. Being a democrat also, Baker's influence, when brought to bear, never failed to secure their support of that ticket.

The time is close at hand when we shall have lost both sight and remembrance of the "noble red man." Their numbers are already depleted to an insignificant remnant, with no organization as bands, scattered here and there among the whites, and the present generation will probably see them nearly wiped out from Michigan.

HON. ISAAC E. CRARY.

BY DR. O. C. COMSTOCK.

In the perusal of the reminiscences of Ben Perley Poore, pages 234–5–6, Vol. 1, I came upon the account of Thos. Corwin's attack in 1840, upon Hon. Isaac E. Crary, the only member of Congress from the then recently admitted State of Michigan. This brutal attack was occasioned by some remarks made probably without malice or forethought on the military record of Gen. Wm. H. Harrison, then a candidate of the whig party for President of the United States, an honor and distinction he soon after achieved. No one doubts the animus of Mr. Crary's remarks, as he was the champion of all the party measures to which he belonged, and to which he gave a willing and devoted allegiance. But his life record would fail to disclose a single instance of departure from what he conceived to be the honor and interests of the country. He was not an office seeker in the well understood sense of the present time, although he was an office holder all his life.

The tricks and sycophancy of men who make office seeking and office holding a trade and business of their lives, were utterly distasteful to him, and consequently he had but few personal followers, *i. e.*, followers aside from the principles and measures of the party with which he was identified; in other words, his successes were the result of party dominancy. The article

in Poore's "Reminiscences" is illustrated by a picture of Gen. Crary "marshalling his troops at a corner grocery to assauge the thirst of his exhausted troops with copious draughts of whisky from the shells of slaughtered watermelons." He says that this was a favorite campaign document, and by the hundreds of thousands was circulated through the mails under the franks of whig congressmen. This last mentioned fact, if fact it be, was most insulting to the constituency of Mr. Crary, which, be it remembered, were the electors of the entire State. They were not whisky drinkers, and are now clamorers for prohibition.

Thomas Corwin never let an opportunity escape for the exhibition of his unrivaled and relentless tact of killing by ridicule what he could not set aside by fair and manly argument. This remark is not made in mitigation of Mr. Crary's criticism of Gen. Harrison's military career, for what that was I really don't know, but in justification, rather, of my dissent from the transmission to posterity of so scurrilous and false rendering of a most unfortunate and unjustifiable affair. Mr. Poore volunteers to account for Mr. Crary's non-appearance in the House of Representatives thereafter, to "his utter annihilation, as a man and politician, by Mr. Corwin." The fact is, however, that in the division of the State into congressional districts, other distinguished men, and men whose local attachments were dominant, were very naturally selected for the place so long successfully and satisfactorily filled by Mr. Crary, a decision approved of by no one more cordially than by Mr. Crary himself. He was prominently before the public in some capacity until the day of his death. His remains were committed to the grave with military and civic honors. Elsewhere in the Pioneer Collections the writer has given expression to views which he begs herewith to transcribe: "At all elections in the early days of Marshall, the entire population were out and took a lively interest in everything in which the business or reputation of the growing town was involved. In consequence of the sparseness of the population in 1831–2–3, many of the prominent citizens held several offices at the same time. Fitness for the place, rather than political availability, was the sole consideration. Among this number was Isaac E. Crary, whose promotion from the office of school commissioner, commissioner of highways and justice of the peace to delegate in Congress from the territory of Michigan was rapid and eminently deserved."

Mr. Crary was a ripe scholar, a sound lawyer and a good and enterprising citizen. He identified himself at an early period with the religious and educational interests of the town and county, which were ever ready to do him honor. As a co-worker with Rev. John D. Pierce in the establishment of our common school system upon its present admirable basis, he is entitled to very

great honors. As a delegate to and subsequently a member of Congress, and in political accord with the party in power, he was enabled to secure princely appropriations of the public lands for the benefit of our common schools, and of the University. He never attempted the cheap and silly eloquence of the wordy orators, but relied entirely upon the presentation of his convictions in a plain and simple manner. That a man of his discernment and characteristics should have been a useful and popular citizen need not excite any surprise. He was a member of the convention to form and subsequently to revise the constitution of the State. In these bodies he was constant in his attendance, untiring and conscientious in the discharge of his duties, and his course was universally approved by his immediate constituency and the general public. In the convention to form a constitution, he was chairman of the committee on education, also chairman of the committee on revision, and working member of other important committees. He was absent but once at roll call, and enjoyed the respect and confidence of his fellow members to a high degree.

"The American Biography of Men of Distinction in Michigan" has the following:

"Isaac Edwin Crary was born in Preston, New London county, Conn., October 2, 1804; was a graduate of Trinity college; went to Marshall, Mich., in 1833, where he entered at once upon a successful law practice. He was the first representative in Congress from the territory of Michigan, and for three terms was a member of that body. Was a member of the legislature, and for one term was speaker of the house of representatives. He was early identified with the school interests of Michigan. He died May 8, 1854."

There are several blunders in the foregoing notice, and I quote it only to show that Mr. Crary was a man of note and that the homage paid him had a solid foundation upon which to build. The attempt to belittle the man and to blast his well earned fame has been futile. He was cold in his temperament, sometimes abrupt and caustic in his speech and manner; careless about his dress, etc.; not dressed as dudish as many now are, but as to the cut and color of his garments, he never gave a thought. He had the habit of cocking his hat a little one side, and swinging along, often alone, engrossed in his own thoughts. If I should say he was taciturn it might convey a wrong impression. I will say, however, that he wasted but little time upon men of small calibre, though they counted one at the polls, and that one always cast for him; and yet he was never rude. He was twice married, and left no one in Michigan to transmit his name. Numerous children in Calhoun and Eaton were named after him by parents who reverenced Mr. Crary for the traits of character which we have endeavored to place upon the

enduring pages of the Pioneer and Historical Collections. Time may dim, but cannot obliterate, the fame of the men who conceived and consummated the plan, almost divine, of the free education of the children of a whole State, and for all time. Detraction of such men is a crime.

THE LOG SCHOOLHOUSE ERA IN MICHIGAN; OR,

MY SCHOOLS AND MY SCHOOLMASTERS DURING OUR FIRST AND SECOND PIONEER DECADES.

BY A. D. P. VAN BUREN.

"Our schoolhouses, those little cabin forts and arsenals scattered over our country, are more than fleets and armies for the defense of our national institutions."—*Clark T. Hinman.*

The Emigrant Family.

"The course of empire" that took its way westward, in the "Mayflower," carried with it the effects and fortunes of that picturesque group, the emigrant family, which, in their first New England homes, laid the foundation for a new republic in this western world. Later, we find this family leaving those New England homes for newer ones still farther west. And still later, we see the same familiar group aboard the tented wagon or canal boat, again moving westward. They are next seen at Buffalo, where they take a steamboat for Detroit, Michigan; and in the early "thirties" they might have been seen in the canvas covered wagon leaving Detroit for their destination in the interior of the new territory. We can follow this group on its pilgrimage through the wilderness, now putting up at the rude tavern, or, farther on, camping out in the woods by their wayside fire. Thus, after a wearying, toilsome journey, over bad roads, impassable marshes and swollen streams, they reach the spot selected for their new home in the unreclaimed wilderness. A log house is soon erected; a log schoolhouse soon follows, in which the schoolmaster, who had "come abroad," with the emigrant family, is installed as instructor of the children in the new settlement. And as he entered that cabin schoolhouse with his baton of power, "the birch," he became the *avant courier* of the common school system in Michigan.

The Town Meeting and the Common School, the Most Important Factors in our Civilization.

That great American romance, the settlement and marvelous growth of the west, is ever an inspiring and prolific theme for the chronicler of past

events. And, in this wonderful story of "The Winning of the West," there is no issue that has been so potent for good in our development, and so beneficent in its influence upon our civilization, as the common school. The Puritan had established the town meeting and the common school. The former, Jefferson says, was "the wisest invention ever devised by the wit of man for the perfect exercise of self government and its preservation." And by the latter was secured the diffusion of knowledge and the spirit of universal liberty, which, with the town meeting, became the potent influence that turned the discontented colonists into a new nation; a nation in which

> "every class unites
> For common interests and common rights;
> Where no caste barrier stays the poor man's son,
> Till step by step the topmost height is won;
> Where every hand subscribes to every rule,
> And free as air are voice and vote and school."

The early settlers builded better than they knew. And, while every American child is born to a rich heritage of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, it was by those astute statesmen and wise counselors, Rev. John D. Pierce and Isaac E. Crary, who hewed the shaft and laid the architrave of our incomparable school system, that the youth of this commonwealth were dowered with the additional heritage of a common school which gives the poorest boy of the State as fair a chance as the richest, for an education.

"*The Magna Charta of the Northwest.*"

The ordinance of 1787, the germ of all State universities in the west, was passed by Congress in that year, and, says President Angell, ought to be engraved in letters of gold on fitting monuments in every State that was carved out of the northwest territory. "Religion, morality and knowledge, being necessary to good government, and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of an education shall forever be encouraged."

It was the spirit of the imperative *shall* in that instrument which moved Congress to make those ever memorable appropriations of land for university and educational purposes. This was a beneficent act for the common people. That a poor boy need not remain poor; that an ignorant man or woman may become educated and wise, is a discovery that outranks the engine or the telegraph, because knowledge is power. Our system of education obtained from the Prussian, and, like it, beginning with the common school, expands into the higher or union school, and culminates in a university. Yet it differs from and is better than the Prussian or English system, which is governed either by church or State, while ours, more democratic, is

governed by the people. For we believe that, in truth, neither the church nor the State has the first right and duty in training children. The family, with us, take the precedence of both, and, whatever church or State may do for universal education, the family, that earliest of human institutions, can never be superseded, either in its duties or its rights. "The new born child is placed neither at the door of the church nor on the steps of the court house, but in the midst of the family." Here its education should begin, and from thence continue in the common school, the alma mater for developing its possibilities, and fitting it for the higher schools till it shall come into possession of the full intellectual heritage designed for it by its Creator.

The men who formed the constitution and shaped the early legislation of this State were men of large views, great enterprise and marked force.* They had come from Ohio, New York and New England, though a few conspicuous leaders were from Virginia. Most of them were college bred, and all saw and felt the great importance of a well organized system of public education. Isaac E. Crary, a graduate of Trinity (then called Washington) college, in Connecticut, was chairman of the committee on education in the constitutional convention, and drafted the article on that subject which was incorporated into our first constitution. Fortunately he had studied carefully Cousin's famous report on the Prussian system of education, and under the inspiration of that study sketched in the article a most comprehensive plan. It provided for the appointment of a superintendent of public instruction, an officer then unknown to any other of our States, for the establishment of common schools, of a library for each township, of a university, and in general for the promotion by the legislature of intellectual, scientific and agricultural improvement. What a noble and statesmanlike conception these founders of Michigan had of the outfit needed by the young State, which they foresaw was destined to be a great and powerful State. What a rebuke is their action to theorists of our day who would confine the action of the State, in providing education, to elementary instruction. Would that these men of narrow vision would study the words and the acts of the men who framed our first constitution and shaped our early legislation on education, and would thus learn what was the original and genuine Michigan spirit and temper concerning the support of all our educational institutions.

When Isaac E. Crary came to Michigan he was one of the historical personages in his native State of Connecticut. Dr. Horace Bushnell, in his lecture on the historical characters of that State, pays Mr. Crary high

*Much of this is from Pres. Angell's address on the University.

tributes of praise for what he had done for that commonwealth, and adds, "he has now gone to help found a new State in the west." Through Isaac E. Crary's influence, his friend, Rev. John D. Pierce, a graduate of Brown University, who had placed Cousin's report in his hands and had discussed with him at length the plans of education needed in Michigan, was appointed the first superintendent of public instruction. It was a singular good fortune that befell the State when Mr. Pierce was selected in that formative period to that important office. "I cannot here pause," says President Angell, "to recognize what he did for the common schools. But, I will say that Henry Barnard did not do more for the common schools of Rhode Island, nor Horace Mann for those of Massachusetts, than John D. Pierce did for those of Michigan."

Territorial Schools.

During our territorial nonage the facilities for obtaining the smallest part of an education, in the sparsely settled portions of the country, were very meager. There was no want of a disposition to establish schools, but a want of means, and a want of a sufficient number of children in a settlement to constitute a school. But the settlers did all they could. Often the rudest log hut was erected, a stick chimney put up, a broad fireplace made, rough benches and seats arranged, and a teacher hired and set to work as instructor of the few children that came. The teacher was paid a stipulated sum in money, if the patrons could raise it, otherwise in "dicker,"[2] so much for each child sent. He was to teach six days per week, six or eight hours per day and twenty-six days per month.

The old territorial law read: "Every township containing fifty inhabitants or householders shall employ a schoolmaster of good morals to teach children to read and write, and to instruct them in the English and French languages, as well as in arithmetic, orthography and decent behavior."

The periodic visits of the teacher to the homes of the pupils were regarded as a great event by each household, and many were the preparations that preceded his appearance to "board out" the share of any patron of the school. This was during the territorial days of our school regime.

Our Present School System.

This was adopted and passed by our legislature in 1837. Its founders, as said, were Rev. John D. Pierce and Isaac E. Crary. This law first provided for raising school revenues by district taxes. This was found insufficient, and in 1843 the "rate bill" law was enacted, which raised from the patrons

of the school whatever was lacking for its support. The parents or guardians of the children were assessed a tax in proportion to the time such children attended school. This rate bill was made out by the teacher at the close of each term. He was interested in it for his salary in part came from it. This law did not work well, for poor parents or those indifferent to education would send to school as long as the funds lasted, but when the rate bill set in took their children out.

How often has the teacher seen good scholars leave, his classes broken up, and his school dwindle in numbers, as the term drew to a close. And no one was more pleased than the schoolmaster when the "rate bill" law was repealed in 1869, and our schools made free to all alike.

To more fully complete these annals, a sketch of the author's early life is herewith given.

Anson De Perry Van Buren,

the son of Ephraim and Olive (Jay) Van Buren, was born the 21st of April, 1822, in Kinderhook, Columbia county, N. Y. He was the youngest of nine children. The family, in 1826, removed to New York Mills, Oneida county, N. Y., where Anson received such an education as the village schools of that day gave to a boy of his years. And here, in his later boyhood, he had the rare opportunity of listening to the preaching, lectures, and public discussions of the foremost preachers, orators and reformers of that day. Here he heard the eloquent Mc Dowell of New York, on moral reform; Theodore Weld, on temperance; President Beriah Green, the powerful abolition advocate; Gerrit Smith, the anti-slavery reformer; Charles G. Finney, the revivalist; and that brilliant orator, the James Otis of his day, Alvan Stewart, on temperance and reform. This was the dawn of the great moral and political reforms in our country. And it was here, being thus early taught by such great masters, that the subject of this sketch imbibed those views of religion, temperance and reform, that have governed his after life. He came with his father's family to Battle Creek, Michigan, in 1836.

Now and Then.

And now, reader, let us for the moment lay aside the spectacles of today and look through those of 1838, the period we are considering, if we would see things just as they were then; we shall find human nature the same in both periods, but all else how changed. The era of 1838 was the offspring of its own environment, as we are of ours. Eighteen hundred and twenty handed the lamp of its own experience to eighteen hundred and thirty; hence the latter decade began with what learning and experience it had received

from its predecessor, with the old stage coach and steamboat as the fastest and best mode of travel and carrying news. We now have the light and aid of a more advanced civilization; we travel and carry news on the railway train, by the speed of the wind, and we talk by telegraph and telephone. Then there were but three professions, that of the desk, the bar, and medicine. There were then but few trades and vocations, and less diversity of labor than we now have. Life was simpler then, and it required less knowledge to equip one for its trades, professions and business than it does for those of today. As the curriculum of the common school embraced fewer studies there was more time to master them, consequently greater proficiency could be made in them than is made in the same studies now-a-days. The primary school was of the greatest importance to a community then, for it was all the school a township or a village had, and must answer all the educational purposes and wants of the entire people, this side of the college; hence the settlers' children, young and old, all went to it. The district school was the "harbinger of better things; the rude forerunner of a system not surpassed in the world." Many a pioneer boy acquired such an education in these schools as to enable him to become a man of mark in the State. There was at this time an academy at Marshall, one at Kalamazoo, and some of the larger towns in western Michigan had similar schools.

The appetite or desire for "schooling" in a new country was always greater than the supply—we might say greater than at any later period. The old district school was not only larger than ours of today, but it was better attended and well taught. The entire district or settlement took a deeper interest in their schools then than we find taken in our primary schools at present. The result was a greater enthusiasm in the cause of education, fuller attendance, and a greater desire to study, on the part of the pupils. We had older teachers, those wiser in experience, during the log schoolhouse period, than we have in our primary schools of today. There was this good reason for it: The education of children was considered too important a matter to be placed in the hands of novices, as is often done in our schools at the present time. A young miss on the giddy side of her teens, or a beardless "hobble-de-hoy," such as are now put in charge of our primary schools, would have been out of place in attempting to wield that baton of pedagogic power, "the birch," over the big boys and girls in the district school of the old regime. That they have got the "examiner's certificate" does not qualify these youthful aspirants for pedagogic honors for the important task of teaching. It is giving to the "'prentice hand" work that requires the knowledge and skill of a "master." In those bright boys and girls there may be the making not only of fine scholars, but of noble men and women.

And nothing can compensate in after life for the failure, on the part of the teacher, to develop the latent intellectual resources of the young pupils in his charge. "The teacher," says an eminent educator, "is the living, speaking, personal element in instruction. He makes or mars. He is the object of respect or reverence. He must be more than a salaried official; he must love his profession as the noblest and most sacred. No ministry approaches that of education; no temple the schoolhouse. We have too few who teach for the love of it, too many who make it a stepping stone till something better turns up; too many whose inexperience, indiscretion and youth disqualify them. They do not inspire the pupils with a love of study. More than ninety per cent of all children who attend school never get beyond the study of the elementary branches, and the question comes, do schools accomplish as much as they ought to in this respect? This is an indictment of painful significance. If school work is not well commenced it never will be well finished."

To begin well, on this "hangs all the law and the prophets" in pedagogy. It is the incapable teacher, or the one ill fitted to teach, that is to blame that no more than ten per cent of the pupils ever get beyond the elementary branches. We must have better primary teachers if the youth of the land are to have a fair and equal chance for education in our schools.

The Old and the New District School.

The study of the past gives us the knowledge of what has been, and this affords us an explanation of what now is. And in reviewing the past we see that the present has the advantage of improved methods, and of knowledge and skill in the art of teaching, over the old days. But it is not so much what a teacher knows, as what he is that gives him his greatest power for good in the schoolroom. Then, as I have said, the average teacher in the old school was not only older but better equipped for his part, by the wisdom and experience that age gives, than the average teacher of today is.

Again, the pioneer district school may be said to have been an embryo college; its four grades answering to those of the collegiate course. The small pupils being the "freshmen," the class above them the "sophomores," those well up in the "three R's," the "juniors," and the big boys and girls the "seniors." The school officers were the "board of regents," and the schoolmaster played the part of president and professor in that rude seat of learning, the pioneer schoolhouse. He must needs do this as his advanced students drove him beyond the "three R's" into natural philosophy, algebra, and perhaps into botany and astronomy.

Hence the old schoolmaster had a greater task to perform than his successor has in the same kind of school today. For the latter consists now merely of the small pupils in the district, as the large boys and girls are attending the union school in town, or, are away at the seminary or college. So that the district school of today compared with that of fifty years ago, is more like a simple primary school compared with our present union school. Of the teachers who had charge of the old district schools, I do not remember a college educated one among the whole list. Yes, there was Carlos Smith, a graduate from Amherst, who taught in East Le Roy, Calhoun county. He was also an excellent penman. But he was not among the best teachers.

The schoolmasters during the first pioneer decade were men who had not only attained their majority, but had been well trained in the common school course. They were better qualified for their task from the fact that they had graduated from the district school. They were well up in all the branches taught in such a school. A graduate from an eastern college visiting my school one day, I gave him the book, and asked him to take charge of the class in parsing. He stepped back surprised, and said to me in an undertone, "I would not dare to undertake it." It was a class of some twenty young men and young ladies, and it must be a hard sentence that they could not parse correctly. My friend said to me afterwards, "I hurried through grammar and the elementary studies, in fitting for college, and now consider myself utterly incompetent to conduct such a recitation as you have just finished." Here was a college educated man who was not qualified to teach a common school. And this was not an isolated case.

The reason that the college bred man was not so competent to teach a district school as the teacher who had been trained in the curriculum of that school was not far to seek. It was a simple matter of competency, or thorough training or fitting for the task to be performed. While this is nothing against colleges, it is much against that system of education that hurries the pupil over the primary branches and into those that will fit him for a college where nothing is taught but the higher branches.

Thus we find that when the schoolmaster of the old days stepped upon the floor of the log schoolhouse his foot was on his native heath, and he was at home amid his surroundings, while the collegian may have been a stranger in such a place, ill adapted to the position.

My First Certificate.

In threading my way through the period of school teaching, during the log schoolhouse epoch in central Michigan, I begin with the pioneer pedagogues who laid the foundation of our educational system in this State. In

the autumn of 1838 Wm. Henry Andrus, director of school district number four of Battle Creek township, secured my services as teacher for the winter term of the Goguac prairie school. I was a stripling, then entering my seventeenth year, and knew far more about school books than I did about school teaching. I told the school officers that I was not old enough to teach; but as they would not ask me to teach grammar, and teachers being scarce, it was a matter of accommodation to the district, and I took the school.

I had gone over studies enough in a New York village school to embrace the full curriculum of a Michigan district school; yet I feared grammar, that stern censor on all utterances of tongue or pen. But, as none of the pupils were to study grammar, the director had the school inspectors waive it in my examination.

The inspectors were Judge Tolman W. Hall and Dr. Wm. M. Campbell. I met them in Dr. Campbell's office in the then young village of Battle Creek. I remember that their manner put me, a bashful applicant, so much at ease that, by degrees, I got command of my wits, and was thus led to pass a successful examination; otherwise I should have failed. Their questions were put, not in a way to foil or fag me, but to lead me naturally into the subject, not to frighten me from it, as many learned inspectors do now-a-days.

Although I had obtained a certificate, yet I found I had to tussle single-handed with all the trials and difficulties that beset me in the schoolroom. It is the schoolroom, and not the examination after all, that affords the true test of the teacher.

The following are a few comments, by able educators, on the present method of conducting teachers' examination, given here as a contrast to the examinations by the old school inspectors:

Twenty or thirty candidates, or more, as the case may be, are seated in a room by themselves, as subjects for examination. They are not allowed to speak to, or aid each other by word or motion, on pain of expulsion from the room or forfeiture of a certificate. The examiners then pass around among them giving to each a set of questions on printed slips of paper, to each of which a written answer must be given, then and there, during this silent session of two hours or more, and each teacher or applicant must answer seventy-five per cent of all the questions correctly, or he is rejected. Now, as Rosa Dartle would say, "is not this a little, just a little, too arbitrary?" No wonder some of the very best teachers fail to get a certificate under such a test.

An able educator, one who has earned the title of "professor" in one of our best colleges, after witnessing one of these examinations, exclaimed,

"It is the height of absurdity to force any teacher to set his reputation upon such a 'throw,' merely to please these technical inquisitors, and to be rejected simply because he has not, at the point of his pen, the ready answer to 'seventy-five per cent' of a set of questions, one half or two thirds of which should be 'ruled out' as irrelevant or of no account in such an examination! Absurd, because a teacher is never put to such straits in his schoolroom work."

A friend informs me that one of our superintendents of public instruction, when asked whether he thought he could pass the county examiners' ordeal, replied that "undoubtedly he could not." Hearing this, an old teacher pithily remarks: "It seems almost impossible for the applicant for a certificate to escape the traps and pitfalls among which he is led or ambushed by those *inquisitors* with their printed slips," each one of which bears the inexorable, sphynx-like edict, "answer me or, as an applicant for pedagogic honors, you die!" There is no escaping it; the terrible ordeal must be passed; and, to do it, the poor applicant must hold in his memory a set of answers to questions, a mass of unassimilated knowledge, as the stomach would hold food undigested, thus perpetrating a mental and physical violation sufficient to induce dyspepsia in either case. In other words, it is putting the applicant through a kind of a "star-chamber court" trial, in which the examiners play the part of the inexorable judge; a trial where memory, or the power to hold answers to questions, goes at a premium, and knowledge, that one cannot for the moment command, goes for nothing. Thus, as a dernier resort, the teacher is driven to train himself as an expert in the art of answering questions. Books covering these questions and answers are printed; these the applicant masters. The whole thing tends to develop a parrot-like faculty of memory in a class of young teachers whose highest ambition is only to learn to "scribble off" ten or a dozen answers to as many questions in each study, in order to secure a certificate. These examinations are no fair test of the student's competency to teach, nor of his ability as a scholar. They are not, as they claim to be, the key or "open sesame" to the applicant's text-book knowledge; and here great injustice is done him, as this kind of examination so often rejects the thoroughly competent teacher. It is an educational farce; for there is quite a difference in merely learning the answers to certain questions, and understanding the full import of the questions answered. By the present management of county examiners, too many of the former class get certificates to teach and too few of the latter.

The Certificate.

The certificate of that day read as follows:

It is hereby certified, that Anson D. P. Van Buren has passed a satisfactory examination before us, in the following branches, viz.: Orthography, reading, writing, grammar, geography and arithmetic, and is able to give instruction in the same. He has moreover been found of good moral character, and of competent ability to teach a school, and we have, therefore, licensed him to teach in the schools, in the township of Battle Creek, in the county of Calhoun, for the term of one year from the date hereof.

Given under our hands, this 16th day of November, A. D. 1838.

WM. M. CAMPBELL.
TOLMAN W. HALL.

The old school inspectors began with a few simple, preliminary questions in each of the above studies; and these were followed by others that led to a knowledge that gave satisfactory proof of the candidate's ability to teach these branches. And the questions and talk on the study were so managed as to lead, by degrees, to a clear understanding of the subject under consideration. Neither was the number of the questions answered or missed considered so much a test as to giving or withholding a certificate, as was the knowledge of the study that the candidate evinced in a free common sense talk on it with the inspectors. I remember that a bashful and timid young lady missed most of the questions asked her, yet Dr. John L. Balcomb, one of the inspectors, said he would vouch for her. They gave her a certificate, and she succeeded well as a teacher. Here is where the present technical, and, shall I say, pedantic and arbitrary method of our county examiners works great harm to quite a large class of teachers. To place thirty or forty of them in a room by themselves, and compel them to answer, on the spur of the moment, a set of the hardest and most difficult questions on the studies to be taught, that the wit and learning of the "chief inquisitors" can spring upon them, is as unfair as it is unjust and ridiculous, when considered as a method of examining teachers. One plea for it is, that it saves time. That they could not otherwise examine the great number of teachers in a county without taking more time than could be given to it. Yes, it saves time, but at a sacrifice of a just, reasonable and properly conducted examination. Finally, we consider it an arbitrary, "machine" method, without soul or sentiment, that is working great injury to the cause of education in our schools. If these strictures seem too severe, remember they are held to be just by many of the ablest educators in America.

My First School—1838.

My schoolhouse stood on the north side of the territorial road that ran westward across Goguac prairie, Calhoun county, and was about half way

between Deacon Joseph Young's log house and "Uncle" John Stewart's frame house, and on the lands of the latter. It was a small, one story, rude log structure, one of the first outcroppings of the log house epoch of Calhoun county. John and Enoch Stewart had been seized with mercantile aspirations in the early days of the settlement, then some seven years old, and had erected this building for a grocery. But the grocery business proved a failure, and the building, in true pioneer spirit, had indulged in frequent fits of hospitality, for on many occasions it had turned itself into a dwelling for emigrant families who had sought a temporary sojourn on the prairie, while prospecting about the new region for a permanent home. Such was the previous history of this rough tenement, which, after remaining tenantless for a year or more, was now to lend itself to the beneficent purposes of a schoolhouse.

It was built of oak logs, with "cobbed up" corners. The roof was composed of shakes that were held in their places by long poles laid lengthwise over the lap of each course, and pinned down at each end. The floor was of puncheon. A fire-place with broad jams was surmounted with a stick chimney, which ran up on the outside and east end of the building. There was but one door, and but one window, close beside it, on the south side. The door swung on oaken hinges, and was fastened by and answered to a wooden latch that was raised by the accustomed leather latch string. The logs were "chinked and mudded up," and the building was considered fit for winter use. There was not a nail or a particle of iron about the house. The glass was secured in the sashes by little wooden pegs, and the cross-piece over the fire-place was a wooden support.

Our schoolroom furniture, like the building, was of the most primitive kind. Holes were bored into the logs, some three feet from the floor, on the sides and west end of the room, into which long pegs were driven; boards were secured on these pegs slanting inward, for desks. Rough boards on wooden legs ran parallel to the desks for seats. Slabs with shorter legs constituted the seats for the smaller children. The schoolmaster's table was also of pioneer make. On it, in early morning, he wrote the copies in all the writing books, and mended all the pens, which in those days were all quills, and put each in its own book which was kept in a pile on the table till writing time, when they were distributed to their owners, and after that exercise, they and the pens were returned to the master's table again. In the drawer of the table the school roll and cherry ruler were kept. At the close of each day's exercise the roll was called, and to each parent's or patron's name was noted the number of children who were present. To the schoolhouse then, on Monday morning, of the last of November, in the year of

grace 1838, I wended my way. And, as I pulled the latch string and entered my new home, I began to feel the responsibilities of the teacher weighing upon me. Here I am, thought I, at the foot of the "hill of science," up which I am to lead this troop of aspirants for knowledge. Or I am to lead, persuade, urge and whip some up, if they ever get up at all. For despite Dogberry's saying that "to read and write comes by nature," some don't take them that way. It was thought in those day that art must be supplemented by the use of the "birch," in educating boys and girls.

School was called by rapping upon the window sash with the back of a book. School bells were not in vogue then, neither was the blackboard or any of the modern facilities in school teaching. The teacher was equipped with his cherry ruler, whip and penknife; the pupils with their few text-books, supplemented with slate and pencil, a writing book made from foolscap, in which was a Holland quill.

The morning exercises began by hearing the first class, composed of the best scholars, read in the old English Reader. The second class, composed of the second grade of pupils, then read from the same book. Both classes read twice round. The third class read from the elementary spelling book, and then came those little "freshmen," the a b c darians. These little beginners took but shallow draughts at this Pierian fountain of knowledge, two or three times in the forenoon and afternoon. The teacher used the pap-spoon, so to speak, giving them a letter at a time, with now and then an inspiring "up-a-diddy" to the dull and timid ones. It took from three to six weeks for one of these little neophytes to master this alphabetical column, this key to all knowledge. Then it was put to the task of learning to master simple syllables of two letters. Beginning with b-a ba, b-e be, b-i bi, b-o bo, b-u bu, and so on to the end of that chapter. It then began on simple words, where it soon broke loose from "leading strings," and commenced to read alone.

Writing came in the forenoon immediately after reading. All who wrote engaged in the exercise at the same time; the teacher in the meanwhile looking over their work, giving directions as to position, and holding the pens when he was not mending them. The pupils wrote twice a day. The pens were made of the goose quill imported from Holland, in bunches of 25 or 50, bound with the accustomed red cord. The writing book was made at home of foolscap paper, six or a dozen sheets sewed together, covered with some coarse paper, and the pupil's name written on the cover. The book was kept scrupulously clean, the pupil regarding it as his duty to keep it so. The schoolmaster was a good penmaker. He was supposed to have graduated in a school of penmanship where legibility predominated to such

a degree that you could easily read every word of his copies. It did not require an expert to make out the meaning of his writing, or that of the people of that day. The schoolmaster was usually the penmaker for the whole district or settlement. Pens were often sent by some resident of the district to him to be mended, and quills to be made into pens. But the old quill pen and the use of the old penknife have long since gone out of use.

The classes spelled once in the forenoon and once in the afternoon. Each half day's school closed with the spelling of the first class. The pupils "went down" for missing a word. A credit mark was given the one who was at the head of the class at the close of each afternoon's spelling, and the next morning he took his place at the foot of the class. In spelling a word every syllable was pronounced. Thus—incomprehensibility was spelled: i-n in, c-o-m, incom, p-r-e pre, incompre, h-e-n hen, incomprehen, s-i si, incomprehensi, b-i-l bil, incomprehensibil, i, i, incomprehensibili, t-y ty, incomprehensibility. This we called spelling. Merely rattling off the letters in a word, as is often done in schools, is not spelling. Spelling is properly arranging the letters in their syllables and these in the word. Letters are to the word what words are to the sentence.

Our fathers and mothers learned to spell from Dilworth's spelling book, and they did it thus: I-n in, there's your in, f-a-n fan, there's your infan, t-r-y try, there's your infantry.

There was no particular lesson given (for we had no class) in arithmetic. Each pupil was urged to go on in this study, as fast as he could, understandingly, learn all the rules, which he alone recited to the teacher, "work out" all the examples, and, regardless of any other pupil, get through the book as soon as he could. In those old days no special system or plan regulated the daily work in the schoolroom. The word "grade" was in the dictionary; it was reserved for a later day to see it work wonders in the schoolroom. We let the pupils grade themselves. That always mysterious process by which, in mind as well as body, boys and girls expand into youths, and mature into manhood and womanhood, cannot be regulated by one special system, grade or plan invented by educators, however wise they may be. Had I attempted to put the class restraint upon those bright boys and girls, and forced them to move on with the slow pace of the dullards, I think they, becoming restive and impatient, would have broken loose and pushed on alone. I do not think that we were ready for the "graded system" then. At any rate, we were neither helped nor hindered by it.

The "roll was called" at the close of each day's session; thus the attendance of each pupil was known at the close of the term. This was the basis

for making out the "rate-bill," and for determining the number of days the teacher was to board with each family who patronized the school.

The Curriculum.

From Plato's academic grove to our State University, that curriculum has been adopted in schools which has been considered the most needful to develop the mind of the young. Agesilaus, king of Sparta, defined the best course of study for any school, when asked what things he thought most proper for boys to learn, and replied: "Those which they ought to practice when they become men." A wiser than Agesilaus has given us the same sentiment: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." That is the sentiment for the best school course, one which will enable us to answer the question, "What shall we teach the children, to make true men and women of them?" Train them right when they are young, in those things that they should practice when they are older.

Study is to the mind of the child what food is to the body. One should be that which will develop the healthiest intellectual growth, the other the healthiest physical growth. The law of intellectual growth sets in in early childhood, and must be fostered and developed aright in the early training of the child, or our boys and girls will never reach the full development of true manhood and womanhood.

"Children, like tender osiers, take the bow,
And as they first are fashioned always grow."

The founders of our educational system provided a generous, liberal course of instruction for our common schools, for they believed that in neglecting the education of the child you impaired the making of the man. Here we see the value of early education to the child. And it is this which makes the common school our country's proudest boast, for it is the nursery of citizenship, the vanguard of progress, the stronghold of this republic. And the schoolmaster is the Cadmus, who not only introduces letters into it, but he should be the modern Socrates as well, to train the youth of the land aright, into a full moral and intellectual growth. Says one of our able educators: "The State of Michigan doesn't care when we are through with a boy whether he knows quadratic equations or not, but it does care whether he has a well balanced character, whether he is honest, whether he possesses the elements of good citizenship." Consequently, the way to make the best citizen was to begin with the fullest and best training of the child. It has been said we can earn genuine manhood only by serving out steadily and faithfully the period of boyhood.

But again, in the old school days the teacher was merely equipped with the crude text-books of the time. He, like the settler in his clearing, must work with the rude implements at his command. The settler was often put to his wits' end to get along, and this had a good effect in developing the resources of the man. So it was in the schoolroom. Necessity brought out the genuine qualities of the schoolmaster and made him equal to the task he had on hand, and, at the same time, it put his pupils under the same rigid training, and taught them that self help was the most effectual help for success in the schoolroom, as well as in all the affairs in life.

That schoolroom luminary, the blackboard, had not shed a ray of light on the recitations under the old school management. The schoolmaster had to tussle single-handed with his difficulties, unaided by modern text-books, by the illustrative usefulness of the modern blackboard and school apparatus. There was this benefit, the pupils got the facts and truths fresh from the teacher, with all the enthusiasm for study that comes from personal contact and converse with an instructor. For the pupil not only takes on learning and scholarship, but character, from the teacher. It is, after all, the man and not the book or blackboard that teaches us.

Text-Books.

My pupils had brought the following text-books: The Elementary spelling book, the English reader, Daboll's arthemetic and Olney's geography. The Elementary spelling book, that genuine pioneer school book, has done a great work for the youth of Michigan. How many thousands has it started in their educational course. Yes, how many tens of thousands of children all over the land first learned here, like birds in their home nest, to lisp the primal notes of their mother tongue. It is generally believed, that this early instructor of American school children, has long ago been abandoned for some later rival in the schoolroom. This is a great mistake. After having started the children of the north on the road to a higher education, it is now, and long has been, doing the same thing for the children of the south. And what is still more to its credit, the negro has got hold of this old volume, this best friend to man, and, by it, he has found the way to his lost manhood. It has shown the poor freedman not only the way to a higher civilization, but it has been the inspiring genius that has raised some of them to places of honor and distinction among the great men in the land. It has proved to be the best friend to the negro in the south.

The following from the Hartford Times seems worth preserving in this connection:

Webster's Spelling Book.

"It will surprise some people—pretty old people too—to learn that Webster's 'Elementary Spelling Book' is still a standard publication, and that it is in use in common schools throughout the country by millions of little learners today. 'What! the same Webster we used to study fifty years ago, at the old stone school down in Market street?' So a venerable Hartford citizen asks in astonishment. Yes, indeed. The old stone school, differently located on the same street, is now the more modern brick brown school, and, as the first district school, it is old enough to be the gray school. Webster's spelling book is an old settler, antedating the oldest inhabitant; when it came, it came to stay, for it is still with us, and seems endowed with perennial youth. This little book has a remarkable history. Noah Webster, its author, was born October 16, 1758, in that part of Hartford which now forms the town of West Hartford. In 1783 he published here his First Part of a Grammatical Institute of the English Language (followed in two years by second and third parts), and this first part was the basis of the spelling books which he afterward published. Of his Elementary Spelling Book, in its various editions and revisions, down to January 1, 1876, more than 70,000,000 copies had been sold, and since then more than 1,000,000 copies have been sold every year, which makes 77,500,000 copies, down to July 1, 1883. We cannot remember the cost of this book forty or fifty years ago. It may have been 50, or 25 cents, or even 'ninepence,' as the Spanish 12½ cent piece was called; even the latter low price was a large sum in those days. It is now sold for ten cents a copy, and the south and the west are the great fields for the book, though some parts of the New England and other northern and middle States use it. It is, as the present publishers, the Appletons, claim, 'the national standard.' The leading series of school books published in this country are based upon Webster, the acknowledged standard of the English language. In the latest edition of the 'Elementary Spelling Book,' revision is permitted so far as to bring its notation into a correspondence with Webster's quarto dictionary; but in somewhat modernizing the book, as needs it must be, care has been taken to preserve all of the good in the old original, from the old-time blue paper cover and red cambric back, to the use and arrangement of the same old words for spelling. Who will not remember, say a half-century ago, in 'words of two syllables, accented on the first,' these most familiar ones: Ba-ker, sha-dy, la-dy, ti-dy, and so on? They lead off the column today. And here, today, in the latest edition before us, is that old, familiar lesson in words of one syllable, viz.:

"'She fed the old hen.
The hen was fed by her.
See how the hen can run.
I met him in the lot.
The cow was in the lot.
See how hot the sun is.
It is hot today.
See the dog run to me.
She has a new hat.
She put her hat on the bed.
Did you get my hat?
I did not get the hat.
My hat is on the peg.
She may go and get my hat.
I will go and see the man.
He sits on a tin box.'"

"And, undoubtedly, this is the basis of those wonderful conundrums which the modern users of Ollendorff turn into Paris Poquonock French—only the simple Saxon 'Did you get my hat?' is now elaborated into 'Did you purchase the scarlet hat with the pea-green feather which my gray old grandmother desires to present to the yellow daughter of her black pastry cook?' for our more modern, to some ears more musical, English calls for more combination and color than it used to do. But besides the old familiar words which have done decades of duty in schools and 'spelling-matches,' the book, as of old, in its 'lessons,' is full of proverbs, aphorism, good advice, and plain, practical remarks, with here and there sentences written down with such solemn earnestness as to quite upset the gravity of the old citizen today as he re-reads what was to him portentously important in his small-boy days. It is as true as ever that 'A good boy will try to spell and read well;' 'A duck has a wide, flat bill;' 'The moon is smaller that the sun;' 'The man who drinks rum may soon want a loaf of bread;' 'Birchwood will make a hot fire;' 'Six boys can sit on one long bench,' and a thousand similar solid 'chunks of wisdom.' And here is Fable I, which the oldest inhabitant will remember. It is a classic worth quoting:

"'OF THE BOY THAT STOLE APPLES.

"'An old man found a rude boy upon one of his trees stealing apples, and desired him to come down; but the young saucebox told him plainly he would not. 'Wont you?' said the old man, 'then I will fetch you down;' so he pulled up some turf or grass and threw at him; but this only made the youngster laugh, to think that the old man should pretend to beat him down from the tree with grass only.

"'Well, well,' said the old man, 'if neither words nor grass will do, I must try what virtue there is in stones;' so the old man pelted him heartily with stones, which soon made the young chap hasten down from the tree and beg the old man's pardon.

"'MORAL.

'"If good words and gentle means will not reclaim the wicked, they must be dealt with in a more severe manner.

"As the boy laughed (at first) at the simple old man, so we may smile at the simple language of the narrative; but it is pure and undefiled English, with scarcely a word in it that is not Saxon. And it is because the book is in the best of English, from cover to cover, that it is a standard work now. It is the old, clear well from which our fathers drank, and it is just as refreshing, just as pure as ever. And so with all the aphorisms and anecdotes and fables. It is pleasant, too, to see the same old wood cuts of the dog, the stag, the squirrel, the country maid, her cow and her milk-pail, a little 'improved' (alas!), but generally following the best Bewick style of half a century ago. There are many more pretentious books over which one may spend an hour with less amusement and far less profit; but there is none that has had such a wide and steady sale."

Our text-book in reading was Lindley Murray's English Reader. That famous old text-book has become a classic in the memory of the school children of that day. Among all the recollections of my boyhood, none are dearer than those that cluster around that familiar old volume. There is not a line in the book that the most scrupulous moralist would wish to erase, not a sentiment to unsettle any man's faith, or mislead by a false principle. It was filled with the best selections from the old English classic writers.

"There Addison's and Johnson's moral page,
And Thompson's pleasing style your hours engage."

The American youth were fortunate in having such an admirable guide, not only in reading, but to the higher and nobler realms of thought and literary excellence. It established in them a correct taste in intellectual and literary matters. A boy or girl that had been trained in the old English Reader could be trusted to roam at will in the field of literature and fiction. They had a guide that would lead them to the best authors and the best books.

Our text-book in the last of the "three R's" was Daboll's arithmetic. It may be said that young Michigan learned how "to cypher" from that formidable old volume of Nathan Daboll. Authors of arithmetic then

seemed to be afraid of letting out too much in their books, lest the pupil should get knowledge too easily, and not get the benefit from the drill and discipline of hard study; that they would not be taught to rely on their own energies. A good thought that, as the Scotch would say. And who can tell today how much the children of early Michigan owe to that rigid disciplinarian in arithmetic, Nathan Daboll.

In geography, Olney was our instructor and guide. On his old atlas, published in 1830, you can find but little of Michigan. Outside of Detroit, Pontiac, Saginaw, Brown's Town, French Town and Tecumseh, the only towns on the atlas, all was *terra incognita*—unknown land. There was a little town called Chicago, designated by a little circle with 2½ in it (indicating two hundred and fifty inhabitants), at the southwest corner of Lake Michigan. My pupils did not dream, while reciting their lessons on the western States, that this little, obscure, far away town would so soon get the start of this magnificent western world, and bear the palm alone. An old map gives an excellent outline history of the past. Save the old maps.

Samuel Kirkham set our young State going in grammar. Our pioneer boys and girls, at least, learned "to parse" and to speak and write the English language correctly according to Kirkham, and he turned out good grammarians. And today, if I wished to settle any grammatical difficulty, I would as soon appeal to Kirkham as to any other authority in the case. We have never had but one English grammar, and that is Lindley Murray's, for Kirkham is but Murray's abbreviated and simplified. Take from any one of the many grammars of today, all that belongs to Murray, and there would not be enough left to constitute a grammar.

The Patrons and Pupils of my School.

The early settlers on and about Goguac prairie constituted school district number three, in which was my schoolhouse. Isaac Thomas, the first pioneer to this part of Calhoun county, built the first log house on Goguac prairie in 1830. He came with his large family from Monroe county, New York State. The first emigrant trail passed along the south side of the prairie, and here Isaac Thomas, the patriarch of the settlement, located. His sons were Jonathan, Nathan, Daniel and Frank, all married; and he had one adopted son, Isaac Wallen. These with his brothers-in-law, John Luckett and John Conway, with their families, settled about the old pioneer, formed a large part of the Goguac colony. They lived here some eight years and then removed to Winnebago county, Illinois. We had no pupils from these families. Giles Andrus, living on the prairie where his son Henry now does, came from Binghamton, N. Y., in 1835. He sent his

daughters Elizabeth, Mary and Marcia, and his sons, George, James and William. Elizabeth, afterwards Mrs. David Smith, Mary and James are dead, George yet lives just north of the prairie, and William is a retired merchant in Battle Creek. Henry Eberstine came from Germany in 1834, locating on the lands now owned by Andrew Helmer. He sent George, Charles and Benah. George lives now at Scotts, Kalamazoo county, and Charles in Brady, same county. Benah is dead. A Mr. Gregory, who then lived on the Frank Thomas farm, sent his son Justin, who now lives in Eaton county. Joseph Young, coming here from Otsego county, N. Y., in 1836, sent Jacob, John and Andrew, and Magdalen, Catharine and Nancy. Magdalen is dead, Jacob and Andrew live in Augusta, Kalamazoo county, and John in California. Catharine, now Mrs. Gould, lives in Barry county, Nancy, Mrs. VanDervere, lives in Van Buren county. Mr. Van Denberg, then living on the Enoch Stewart farm, sent Philander, Ann and Jerry. The family later removed to Hillsdale county. John Stewart, usually called "Uncle John," came to Goguac prairie from Ypsilanti in 1831. He sent Sophronia, Elinor and Mary, and their brothers Charles and Lewis. Elinor, Mary and Lewis are dead, Sophronia lives in Wisconsin, Charles in Van Buren county. Taylor Stewart, son of "Uncle John," sent Isabella, Mary Ann, Daniel and Joseph. Isabella, now Mrs. W. H. Brown, lives in Battle Creek; Mary Ann, married, lives near Ypsilanti; Daniel's and Joseph's residence I do not know. John Stewart, also son of "Uncle John," sent his oldest daughter Elizabeth; she is dead. Mrs. Michael sent her son George. They went with the Thomases to Illinois. Mr. Mott, who lived on the east side of the prairie, long known as "Mott's Corners," sent Major, Richard, and a daughter whose name I have forgotten. The parents died long ago. Mr. John Simonds, who came to this settlement very early, sent his son Newton, who now lives in Battle Creek. There may be some other names on the old school roll, but I cannot recall them.

The Reese neighborhood was just north of Goguac prairie, where the old pioneer Andrew Reese lived with his large family of girls and boys. In this neighborhood lived Mr. Shepherd, called "Bee" Shepherd, and a little west of him were the Moyers, Van Woerts, the Tobys and others. South of Goguac were the Dubois and Dea. Case neighborhoods; east was the Warren B. Shepherd neighborhood; west were the Whitemans, Thorntons, Bergers, Sweets and others.

A Visit from the School Inspectors.

My charge and I got along well together during the winter. I early learned that the surest way to keep my pupils interested in their studies was to keep

interested in them myself. You will find that the pupil's dislike of study is often brought about by the lack of interest manifested by the teacher in the pupil's progress.

During the winter the school inspectors, Dr. Wm. M. Campbell and Judge T. W. Hall, of Battle Creek, paid us a visit. It was a new thing, both for teacher and pupil, to go through our accustomed recitations under the critical observation of the school inspectors; but a few hints and remarks concerning the lesson recited was all we got from them. The writing books were all placed on the table for their inspection. Writing was then considered one of the primary branches to be taught in a common school. The three R's, reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic, were the radical basis of an education; and it was well laid in the old schools. Those old copies in the writing books yet sound familiar as we, in imagination, look over the inspector's shoulders, and read, "Evil communications corrupt good manners," "Learn to unlearn what you have learned amiss," "Money makes the mare go," John Young. "Lawyers' houses are built with fools' money," Geo. Andrus. "The lawyer who pleads your case may have a fool for a client," Geo. Eberstine. "Many men of many minds, many birds of many kinds," Elizabeth Andrus. And so on to the end of the chapter.

It was always an interesting study for me to contemplate, that ambitious neophyte, the young writer, as he sat bent over his task holding that instrument, mightier than the sword, the gray goose quill, clumsily between thumb and forefinger, with its feathery top pointing upward over his right shoulder, while he, with distorted face and strained muscle, was striving to write as well as the copy. An interesting study, because I had only to go back a few years to see myself in that way. I was then but seventeen years old; many of my pupils were older. As I have said, in another place, my teaching at that age was a matter of necessity; there was no other teacher to be had then; it was a marked exception to the prevailing rule as to the age of the teacher.

An incident occurred that afternoon, while the inspectors were with us, that I have never forgotten. The wooden cross-bar over the fireplace caught fire and began to blaze away before we had observed it. As we had no water in the room, I ordered a file of boys to go and get snow; they soon returned and pelted the blazing bar with snow balls till the fire was extinguished. As the fire was discovered, Judge Hall remarked, "Let it burn, Mr. Van Buren, the district needs a new schoolhouse, and you will never find a better opportunity to get rid of this old wigwam—let it burn!" But the storm of snow balls soon put out the fire, and saved this old relic of other days. And it was a good thing for us, as it was all the home we had for our large family.

A Visit from the Nitch-in-aw-bees.

We had, soon after, another visit. One afternoon just as we had "called school," one of the pupils descried a file of Indians coming "cross lots" from the northeast part of the prairie through the snow towards the schoolhouse. We were not expecting nor anxious to receive company just then, especially such as were about to pull our latch string. An Indian is a reconnoiterer by natural instinct. He never approached the "white man's wigwam" save by casting cautious glances ahead, and peering about the premises, and in at the window, as his innate caution directs him. The scholars were in their seats, and apparently at study, yet furtive glances were cast towards the door. We soon saw dusky heads peeking in at the windows, and dusky faces flattened against the window panes. The next moment the door latch clicked, the door opened, and in poked Indian heads with a salutatory "bush-oo, bush-oo," to us all round. I answered, "bush-oo, nick-on, bush-oo, nick-on!" It was a cold winter day, and in they came, one after another; with gun in hand, tomahawk and scalping knife in belt, they gathered round the fireplace, with many an "ugh, ugh!" as they extended their open palms to the fire. I placed two long benches before the fireplace, and our company, after standing their guns against the wall near the chimney corner, took seats. Some of them, though, held their guns by their side as if feeling safer with them there. Eight or nine of these stalwart Nitch-in-aw-bees thus seated before the fireplace, was certainly a novel sight, and, although my pupils were accustomed to seeing Indians, yet I saw study, for awhile at least, was giving place to curiosity. Our guests looked round at us as we went on with our recitations, now and then holding out their hands to the fire with their "ughs" of enjoyment at being so comfortably situated on a cold winter day.

The Indians looked upon all teachers as missionaries. They undoubtedly thought that I was the De La Motte or Marquette of these che-mo-ko-man's pappooses. Now and then they would give a strange and wondering look at the pupils reciting their lessons. Holmes says of the Indians when hearing the Yale students recite:

> "When the Greek and Latin words
> Came tumbling from their jaws,
> The copper-colored children all
> Ran screaming to their squaws."

The Indians were bothered, no doubt, to make out what we were doing, but I was bothered more in devising some way to get rid of them, for they seemed to have called on us in true pioneer fashion, "to spend the afternoon and take tea."

After a talk with Philander Van Denburg, one of the pupils, who could converse readily with them, he devised a ruse to get them outdoors. Taking one of their guns he said to them, "me swap," and pointing to the door motioned for them to follow as he went out. The ruse took. The word "swap" always arrested an Indian's attention. He was a trading animal, and the sound of that word suggested to him trinkets, gewgaws, and the many curious things the che-mo-ko-man had. Philander made several trades with them in the way of pocket knives and trinkets, and so we got rid of our troublesome visitors.

The Spelling School.

The spelling school, or spelling matches, the quilting party, the evening frolic or "bussing bee" and various other social amusements then in vogue were a natural outgrowth of the times. The frolics and "bees" above referred to answered their purpose, but something more than the social was wanting; there was a desire for some higher recreation, and as we seldom had any preaching, lecture, concert or like entertainments, the spelling school supplied the want in affording a kind of intellectual tournament for the whole settlement; hence they were very popular. On such an occasion the log schoolhouse afforded an arena for a rare contest between the pupils of a school, or between different schools, as competitors. The parents of the children, or patrons of the school, in fact everybody, both old and young, came either to witness this battle of words or participate in it. It was a kind of spelling book tournament in which that well known knight, "Webster's Elementary," challenged the whole list of competitors for the prize. In this list there was many a little "belted knight" that broke a lance in some close encounter with an older foeman; and, what would seem to be passing strange in other contests, here many a woodsy demoiselle "touched the point of her spear against the shield," in entering the lists with her chivalrous competitors for this wordy prize, and many a passage at words between these fair rivals and their sturdy brothers was the scene of the most enthusiastic applause.

The teacher had but to announce to his pupils, "There will be a spelling school here on Friday evening," and the glad news soon spread throughout the district and the surrounding settlements. When Friday evening came the oxen were hitched to the sleigh or sled, which had been rigged for the occasion with the wagon box upon it, seats thrown aside and the bottom of the box covered thick with straw. Into this the young people were snugly packed side by side. On the route to the schoolhouse they stopped at every settler's cabin, stowing away the accessions to the load till it was packed as thick as a box of Jamaica figs, with a border of boys hanging to the outside

of the sleigh. Meeting one of these merry loads gliding along the winding snow track through the woods, singing some popular song, ditty or catch, one would think it a wandering singing school on runners.

All assembled, the school was called to order. The old folks would be given the seats on the desks, with their backs to the wall, where they sat as honorary members, while the orthographical scrimmage was going on, in which the pupils wrestled with the supreme difficulty of Webster's Elementary. Two boys or girls, or a boy and a girl, volunteered, or were appointed by the teacher, to "choose sides." These leaders taking a central position against the back seat chose alternately a scholar, who, as his or her name was called, took seat where chosen. This continued till the lists were filled or all were chosen. The teacher then announced the rules that were to govern the contest. Strict order was to be observed by all in the room. The teacher, who was umpire, with the Elementary Spelling book in hand, took his stand in the middle of the room. He would pronounce the word but once, the pupil was to spell it but once, and to pronounce each syllable as he spelled the word. If he missed the word or the pronunciation of a syllable the teacher would say "next," and the one who missed was to sit down. The other side was not to hastily catch the word missed and respell it, but were always to wait until the teacher said "next," before they spelled the word. Thus, the preliminaries being settled, a tallyman chosen, the parties arose to their feet, and the contest began. The first word is pronounced; all is silent; the contestants and spectators listen with eager attention, as word after word is given out and spelled, or if missed, how breathlessly they listen to hear whether the opposite side spells it correctly, or perchance to hear the teacher cry out "next," and repeat it again and again. How intently all now watch the contest, and glance along the lists, as the very sound of the word "next," like a fatal bullet, drops a pupil at each utterance, leaving long gaps in the ranks of the spellers. But this is a battle where thorough discipline, and sharp attention to the business in hand, win. The parties, seeing their comrades drop, are aroused to new exertion, and with ears alert they watch every articulation and motion of the teacher and speller, eager to profit by the slightest mistake, as they hear the ominous "next" uttered and reuttered, as word after word is missed, and pupil after pupil drops, until the one who "spells down" the school stands alone in his glory.

The spelling match was a most excellent discipline for my pupils, and I am sorry that it has gone out of fashion in the common schools of today. These matches were often brought about by a challenge to us from some rival school, to meet them in their schoolhouse and dispute the champion-

ship of spelling with them; and we were usually willing to accept the challenge. These orthographical contests remind one of the famous battle for championship between two Scottish clans, related by Sir Walter Scott, which was fought, in the olden times, near Perth:

> "Of these three score wyld Scottis men,
> Thirty again thirty then;"

who fought till but six remained on one side and but one on the other. Sometimes our spelling matches terminated in a similar manner, and, wonderful to relate, our hero would outvie

> "Those valorous chieftains who fought long ago."

For the one who remained pitted against the six, in our battle, would, perhaps, be a slender boy, or a bright eyed, bashful girl, who, standing alone on her side of the contest, before schoolmates, parents and friends, would vanquish one after another of the "last six" amid the shouts of applause from the whole schoolroom. Was not this a proud occasion for the hero or heroine of the evening?

Those who won the palm as the best spellers in these matches were not only the proud victors of that evening, but their names came down from school to school, and they were remembered as the best spellers of that day in their different school districts. Those achievements were not

> "Like a school boy's tale,
> The pride and wonder of an hour."

At least, after fifty years, and that is half of a century, their names are yet familiar to me, as the best spellers in the Goguac school, in the winter of 1838. They are Elizabeth Andrus and her brother George, Isabella Stuart, Justin Gregory, Jacob Young and some others. They saved our school from being spelled down during that winter. In the Dubois neighborhood the best spellers were Esther Mary Dubois and Phoebe Sweet. In the adjoining neighborhood were Susan Goddard and her brothers "Si" and Calhoun. A few years later "Si" Goddard was considered a champion in these contests. In the Reese district, north of Goguac, Electa and William Reese, and the Betterlys were high up in this orthographical art.

My pupils studied their spelling lessons for these contests out of school, hence no time was taken from their studies during the day. The interest that everyone took in these schools made them popular, and there was no difficulty in keeping good order, for all came to spell or to listen, and consequently all were interested in them, and benefited by them. At any rate, these contests, with the aid the pupils got in the day school, developed the

good speller, an important thing in a pupil's education. The boy, who, having missed a good many words in a spelling school, and, being rallied on it, said: "The trouble is, I have not got the hang of the schoolhouse;" this boy must have belonged to a later period than the one I am writing of, for the boys of that day, in the first place, "got the hang" of Webster's Elementary so securely that it made no difference after that what schoolhouse they were in. They had the knack of spelling so well in hand that you could put them through the Elementary, "from a to izzard," and many of them would not miss a word.

The old school text-books, though we used to get tired of them, were really our best friends and advisers. In the by-gone days when it was sometimes the penance, and sometimes the pride of the school-boy "to speak a piece," the "English Reader" and "Columbian Orator," and the like were not infrequently the means by which the taste for literature was first awakened. Books were then so scarce that we committed to memory passages admired, for fear we should not see the coveted volume again. "We are half inclined to think that the old school readers made truer lovers of literature and better critics than the over-free facilities of the present day. There was surely less misquotation and probably less misunderstanding of the things read." Says an old school-boy: "For the sake of those old dog-eared volumes so often read in semi-stealth, under the desk-lid, instead of the more appropriate arithemetic, we have a kindly feeling towards every such compilation —albeit considering professional oratory and elocutionary reading as one of the plagues mercifully spared Egypt by the modern visitation of the frogs." But when the young mind in these days of many books, first gets hold of a story, and first enters or gets "astray in the wilderness of literary delight," then a guide is needed—a mentor. But in those days, the boy or girl with a taste for reading, was in no danger from embarrassment in the great number of books to read. Charlotte Temple, The Children of the Abbey, Alonzo and Melissa, The Scottish Chief, Thaddeus of Warsaw, Robinson Crusoe, Fairy Tales, Arabian Nights Entertainment, and Nursery Tales were about all the story books or reading we had then. The age of cheap books had not set in; periodicals, children's magazines, Youth's Companions, and books and publications of that ilk were not thought of. No constant stream of fresh literature as there is now, when every newspaper, from the little village gazette to the great metropolitan journal, has a story in it. But the boy could not go amiss then, except he got lost in some intricate sermon or theology. He could get no books but what were worth reading. "He browsed at will upon the scanty but nutritious pasture, nor was there any fear of poison from the sweets he found among the floras." But now among

the great number of good and bad books the case is different; in passing through this garden of literary sweets, the unguarded youth is captivated by the "song of the siren," as Ulysses was in passing by the island where those nymphs dwelt. There is no other way to safely lead the young past these dangerous allurements that surround their path, than by giving them the best books to read. But this is not a very easy task. It is very easy to advise as to the best books, and to insist on reading them, but to create an interest in them is another thing. To get the young to read Scott and Pope's Homer, instead of the dime novels, to read Todd's Student's Manual or Tom Brown of Rugby, instead of the Boy Pirate or the Young Brigand of the West, is a thing to be most desired. Graham's and Godey's magazines were the first popular periodicals we had.

The period beginning with 1835, when the slavery issue loomed on the horizon far larger than a man's hand, and ended in 1860, when the storm of civil war was about to burst on the country, this period was prolific in great things.

In purely literary productiveness, it was the richest in our history, and it is likely to enjoy that distinction for some time to come. It was this era in which Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Poe and Whittier became famous, and their works still hold the first place. It was in this period that N. P. Willis, George P. Morris, George D. Prentice, Charles Fenno Hoffman, Elizabeth Oakes Smith, Albert G. Green, W. D. Gallagher and Albert Pike won their literary fame. Of novelists in this era, we had William Gilmore Simms, Robert M. Baird, whose "Nick of the Woods" thrilled with delight the boys who are now middle-aged men. Among the historians were George Bancroft, Theodore D. Woolsey, Josiah Quincy, J. S. C. Abbott. The religious teachers were Theodore Parker, Mark Hopkins, Leonard Bacon, Frederick H. Hedge, and the hymns of Ray Palmer. This period was rich in oratory, First in this list was S. S. Prentiss, who was, as Milbrun, his eulogist, has termed him, "America's most brilliant orator." There was Thomas F. Marshall, endowed by nature with all the gifts and graces of oratory, Rufus Choate, the impersonation of eloquent speech, and his professional rival, the learned and gifted orator, Caleb Cushing. In reform we had Alexander Mc Dowell, Gerrit Smith, Alvan Stewart, Theodore Weld and Dr. Lyman Beecher, with Lovejoy, Garrison and others. Among the great editors, were Thurlow Weed, Horace Greeley, George D. Prentice, James Gordon Bennett and Henry J. Raymond.

Recollections and Incidents of the Old Times.

The books we read, the songs we sung, and the stories we told fifty years ago! We read what history we could get. The novels and story books of the day we have mentioned aback. The only history our family had was Hale's United States History, our last school reading book in tbe State of New York. We read that threadbare. We read Scott's Life of Bonaparte that we borrowed of Henry Andrus, one of the settlers on Goguac prairie. Now and then an old history or stray volume, that some of the settlers had brought into the territory with them, would go the round of the settlement telling its stories, like "The Tales of a Grandfather," to the group about the fireside on winter evenings.

Of newspapers there were none save an occasional Free Press or Advertiser from Detroit, and this was eagerly devoured regardless of its politics. One of our neighbors had several old numbers of the Philadelphia Evening Post. I remember that its stories and select reading took me into a sort of literary elysium. These old newspapers were like novels to us, and in reading one of them we were so choice of it, that it was handled with the utmost care, and returned, when read, as if it had been a valuable book. This was fifty years ago, and since then I have ever had the kindest remembrances of the Saturday Evening Post. One of the old time readers says, "If I had a book I was never lonesome, I wouldn't thank anyone to entertain me if there was anything I could read." What a contrast to the young people of today, who are dying of ennui, even in sight of the best kind of readable books in a well filled library. The songs of the Revolution and the "last war" were then popular. "The Dying Sergeant," "Perry's Victory," "James Bird," "Billy Burlow," "Will the Weaver," and other old songs and ballads that we learned of our parents were sung at that time. There were many good singers and story tellers, on and about Goguac prairie. Among the best was Wm. Michael; he was also a humorist and mimic.

But the epoch of songs and ballads is past—

> "Old times are changed, old habits gone,
> Of songs and ballads, now we've none."

Even the negro songs, like the lay of the last minstrel, are numbered with the things of the past. The frolics and the husking bees developed a love of stories and story-telling. Then each pioneer family, whatever else it brought from the old home in the east, did not fail to bring its own family traditions, or stock of legends or stories; besides, they had interesting narratives of their trials and experiences in coming west, to enliven the long hours of the winter evenings. Thus each settler's family had its own history,

legends, stories and folk-lore, as abundant resources to draw from in conversation, or to weave into interesting narratives, on any special occasion. And as there were few books and no newspapers to read, the father and mother related to the children the experiences and stories of their early lives, and those their fathers had told to them "in the times when there was many a brave fellow, and many a bold feat."

Whipping in School.

The old schoolhouse, to a certain class of pupils, may be said to have been a sort of penitentiary, where they were confined under the abhorred thralldom of "books, birch and pedagogue." Under the old school regime, it was stoutly believed that knowledge could only be made accessible to the child by means of the "birch;" that "sparing the rod" would "spoil the child," was devoutly believed by parent and teacher. It was thought that whipping never came amiss to the boy; that he had done, or that he would do, something to deserve it; hence it was always safe to whip him. His case was similar to the Irishman's when he said of our country, "They have no good weather in America, for when it does not storm, every fair day they call a weather-breeder." So it was with the boy, if he was not already in some scrape, he was supposed, in his most quiet hours, "to be brewing mischief." The boy of the old days was considered a convincing illustration of the Calvinistic idea of total depravity.

It is not with any degree of pleasure that my pen lingers over this subject; but rather, with feelings that shrink from it, and denounce it as a wrong, do I attempt to describe that period in the past, when the pedagogic inquisition was in use in the schoolroom. Much of the punishment inflicted in school then, if it was not torture, was cruel and barbarous. The teacher was the adjudicator of all the difficulties that transpired. This was a time when he had the rare opportunity to enforce good morals, a love of truth, honesty and all that tends to develop a noble character. He ought to have been a clear headed, honest and good man. No one had so many opportunities to do so much good to the young. He had them with him during all the school hours of the week, while the minister only had them an hour or two on Sunday.

For slight offenses the boy was ordered to go and sit with the girls, or the girl to sit with the boys. Some took this as a severe punishment; they would hide their faces in their arms and cry like babies; but now and then a boy would stand a good deal of such punishment, and, though feigning to dislike it, would enjoy it hugely.

Those pupils who through inattention or sheer idleness did not study, were made to wear the "dunce cap" and sit upon the "dunce block" till they made amends for past idleness. The split quill or stick, placed astride of the ear or nose, and the victim to it made to stand on the floor before the whole school, was another mode of punishing a pupil. Parents would have thought such punishment at home ridiculously absurd, yet they allowed it to be inflicted upon their children in the schoolroom. It was a species of schoolroom torture that I once have been guilty of, but could never be again.

There was another mode of torture that was called punishment, which compelled the pupil to stand on one foot, bend over so as to point and hold his finger to within an inch of a mark on the floor. He must not touch the mark, nor let his finger vary half an inch from it; if he did, crack, crack, came the tough beech whip across his back. Reader, did you ever witness such a scene in a schoolroom and see the poor trembling victim of a pupil, thus poised on one foot, his body bent over, his arm stretched out and finger pointing to the mark on the floor until his head grew dizzy and every muscle in his body, legs and arm trembled and quivered with pain? Sometimes, weak from such an over exertion and stretch of his muscles, he would pitch forward until his finger bent on the floor; then crack, crack came repeated blows of the whip over his bent back. Such punishment was inflicted on the pupils in the schoolroom some fifty years ago. I thank God that we have outgrown such cruelty in the government of our schools.

Aside from the beech whip, the cherry ferule was the most important instrument for punishing the disobedient or refractory pupil. With this the teacher ruled their copy books in the morning, and feruled their hands during the day. Sometimes he would compress the fingers and thumb of the pupil's hand in his own, and then strike the ends of the fingers with the ferule. This was a torture worthy of the days of the Spanish Inquisition. Feruling the palm of the hand was bad enough; this was cruelty itself. The extended palm was not only feruled till it grew red under the painful blows, but till it was blistered. And if the pupil shrunk from the pain inflicted, or threw out the other arm to ward off the blows of the ferule, it came down heavier and edgewise on the interfering arm, till the victim screamed out with the pain. Perhaps the thin edge of the ferule would hit the bone in the arm, when the pupil would shriek, with "Oh, don't, oh, don't, Mr. ——, I won't do so again!" Or, if the pupil tried to get away, or did shield his hand with his freed arm, the blow would descend with greater force on his head. This was another species of torture in the schoolroom that reminds one of a barbarous age. Let it be said of this day that we have

not only outlived but outlawed such inhuman practice in our schools. Keeping the pupils in at recess, or after school, for idleness or disobedience, was another means of correcting them. Frightening, by means of threats, was also a method of correcting refractory pupils. I remember that my old teacher, in New York, one day caught a little boy in some mischief, and seizing him in his arms, stepped into a chair, and pushing open a trap-door in the ceiling, exclaimed, "I will fill your pockets full of bread and cheese, and throw you out of the world into a cedar swamp!" At the same time, poking the little fellow's head through the opening, he gave him a tilt up, holding him by his shoes. The poor frightened child screamed as if he was really going to leave us all for the "cedar swamp."

There was much, as we have said, that was not humane in the methods for punishing pupils under the old school system. And as a civilized people we claim that the teacher should never go outside of the humane in punishing for offenses committed in the schoolroom, or by his pupils out of it. At the point where chastisement begins to be cruelty, the pupil commences to lose respect for the parent or teacher, and he naturally hates what he believes to be cruel.

The birch, or beech whips, which were most used in the schools, were the most formidable weapons in the pedagogic armory; they were obtained from the low lands bordering the stream, where the beech grew tall and slim, and secured in desired quantities for the schoolmaster. He would take them, trim them, run them through the hot ashes in the fire-place to wilt and toughen them, then lay them aside behind the chimney, or in some secure place, where the pupils would not see or get them. In all matters of serious import that came before the teacher for settlement, and involved punishment, the "beech" was the infliction imposed. We do not know when the birch or beech whip was first introduced into the schoolroom. We hear of it as far back as the memory of man runneth, and, in imagination, we can hear its "whacks" over the backs of the pupils, and their responsive cries, "Oh, don't," sounding out from the schoolroom all along the corridor of time, till we reach the days of John Calvin, and on to the remoter time of Solomon, who gave the first sanction for the use of the birch in his public saying, "Spare the rod and spoil the child."

It is needless to say, for in fact it goes without saying, that the parents and teachers of the old days, believed most stoutly in Solomon. We do not maintain that no corporal punishment should ever be inflicted on the child at home on in the schoolroom; but we do maintain that punishment should never be cruel, unjust or unreasonable, and that it should not be given in anger or in unkindness. No one knows quicker than the pupil punished

when the teacher transcends his duty in any of these respects. O. S. Fowler gives the following instance of cruelty in the parent most justly rebuked by the child: "The boy was bending over as the father plied the whip across his back; bearing it uncomplainingly until he felt, and knew, that he had been whipped enough, and still finding the blows falling fast and heavy upon his back, he cried out, 'Lay it on, old heathen; lay it on!'" Never was truer and juster rebuke given; and this rebuke should apply to all such instances of cruelty, wherever found, in the schoolroom or household. And do you not believe that some of our children, as they read in the Sabbath-school books about the habits of the people in heathen lands, are inclined to think that we need not cross the water or go to Bor-i-boo-la-ga to find the heathen?

The teacher who best controls his own temper can best control his pupils. The man of noble impulses and a kind heart, who is stern though just and reasonable in the management of his school, is the safest guide and best teacher of the young. "The man of the truest sympathy is the truest man."

As regards myself, on reviewing this subject some fifty years afterwards, it seems almost necessary for me now "to stick pins into myself to be convinced" that I was the young schoolmaster who had ever resorted to such severe punishment in the schoolroom.

The Bible and Religion.

In regard to the Bible and religious instruction, I ever sought to impress on the minds of the pupil the great value of that book and the christian religion. And the longer I taught the more I was impressed with the idea that morals and manners should be taught the pupil with his other studies. No one has greater or better opportunities for molding the character of the young man than the teacher. While he may not be directly giving religious instruction, he can be inculcating the sentiment of christianity in the heart of the pupil, for what the earnest teacher is he will teach. Like teacher, like pupil. The manners of the scholar will indicate the culture he has received in school. I know there are minds that do not give a reflex of their inner worth and beauty in the personal manner and bearing; they are like those surfaces that absorb all the rays and reflect none. I don't mean that a student should reflect his grammar and arithmetic in a "bookish" manner, so to speak, but that the education of the school should embrace the cultivation of the mind and the manners. Conduct constitutes the larger part of the man, but it receives the least part of the culture given by the school. And as regards the Bible or religious instruction in our schools, "a mere

sense of the race values of the three nations, Hebrew, Greek, and Roman, should decide the matter. They have not only entered largely into our civilization, but they constitute its basis, and should form the basis of our education." Then in our school acquisitions the knowledge of the Bible must naturally come in with that of Greek and Roman learning. Among the three great classics, the Bible, Homer and Virgil, the first is immeasurably superior in value to the other two. These are historic facts, and I never found any trouble or difficulty in impressing the mind of the pupil with them as such. Preaching has been defined "communication of truth by personality." Then we may say that the teacher can communicate religious truth by personality. He can teach it, and should teach it by the unconscious influence of his life.

It is a matter of serious consideration with all thoughtful men as to what sort of society we shall ultimately have in States where the common schools have neither religious nor ethical teaching. Scholarship is valuable, character is above scholarship, but the christian is the highest style of the man.

Attending Select School in Battle Creek—1839.

During the winter of 1839 I attended a select school in the village of Battle Creek, taught by Mr. Smith Hawkins, who came from Otsego county, New York, in 1836, and began pioneer life on his new lands in East Climax, where he taught school during each winter season. But Mrs. Hawkins was not satisfied with the settler's lonesome life, confined, as it was, to a solitary log cabin remote in the woods; hence, as she was desirous that her husband should continue in his profession as teacher, she urged him to sell his betterments and remove to Battle Creek. This was done.

By my experience in teaching the Goguac school I had found out what I lacked to more fully qualify me for my profession. I had found that the test of proficiency was only obtained by a trial at the business. I had now a chance to make up whatever I lacked in text-book knowledge, or in the general management of a school. So, equipped with the Elementary spelling book, the English reader, Olney's geography, Kirkham's grammar, Adams' arithmetic, which had superseded Daboll, and Comstock's philosophy, I went to school again.

Mr. Hawkins was an excellent teacher; he was the Quintillian of all the grammarians that had ever instructed me. He governed his school by the power of kindness, supplemented by a love of study which he inspired in his pupils, and which made them studious and orderly.

Among his pupils from the village were Hastings Hall, William Whitcomb, Milton and Lydia Willis, Lucy Wheaton, Richard and Fanny Newman, Phineas Adams and his sister, John and Jane Farnsworth. From abroad were Sarah Mallory, Lucy Thurston, Nelson Rolfe, Abel Hoag, Chester Phelps, Jacob Young, Henry Simons and others both from the village and the country.

The schools of that day classified the pupils when it could be done for their benefit. There were classes in spelling, reading, writing, parsing and in some other studies. I shall not forget one class in spelling that winter, nor the strife there was among its members to get to the head and keep there, nor how Lucy Wheaton staid at the head when she got there. When Miss Wheaton led the class it was a very long siege for the rest of us to supplant her. I have also distinct recollections of our class in grammar, or in parsing, for that is the exercise that develops the grammarian. Mr. Hawkins, as we have said, was a fine grammarian. Never doubtful, never obscure, but always explicit, and clear as a sunbeam in giving instruction; so much so, that we learned to regard his opinions as standard authority. He taught quickly, wasting no time in needless explanations, but came to his conclusions with brevity and clearness. He had the grammatical acumen to see the point under discussion clearly, and the happy faculty to so state it that the pupil saw it as clearly as he did. This happy faculty of so vividly impressing truths on the minds of his pupils characterized his instruction in all the branches we studied. It is said that children at home "are often reared and spoiled at their mother's apron string." We were not spoiled by our teacher's conducting us, through the daily exercises of the schoolroom, by "leading strings." The pupils were so taught that they felt they were daily becoming more and more proficient, more independent in their studies, and most important of all, they learned in the schoolroom how to make the knowledge acquired there useful to them in after life. I know that I felt at the close of this winter's school that I was much better prepared to teach any of the elementary studies, in short, that I had a pretty good mastery of them, and most especially of grammar, that highest attainment of the common school. The first thing is ideas; the next, to express them in fit and correct language. I always endeavored to make the instruction in grammar, especially to the advanced pupils, include rhetoric and logic. They are a part of it, and I wished the pupil to get a knowledge of them sufficient, at least, to encourage him to master them, if he would be a finished grammarian. And it is here, by teaching grammar in this full sense, that we find the best discipline in our schools, a discipline that trains the higher intel-

lectual faculties by an analysis that shows us the structure, beauty and strength of our mother tongue.

In the early days of school teaching in Michigan we had no blackboard, nor any of the facilities to aid instruction that we find in the modern schoolroom. It was simply teacher, text-book and pupil, as Plato taught in the academic grove, as Socrates taught the Athenian youths. Somehow or other, there was an inspiration about such teaching, where, through personal contact, the mind of the pupil got a more vivid and lasting impression of the knowledge imparted than he gets with the best school apparatus where no such personal contact is felt.

During this winter George Fields, a ripe scholar, just fresh from "Merry England," taught the district school in Battle Creek village. He also taught a grammar school in the evening. This I attended. Here I met some of the residents of the village, and was surprised to find that there were some of the professional men who could "plead law" better than they could "parse." We were fortunate in having so able and critical a grammarian for teacher of the evening school, as Mr. Fields, while, at the same time, we had such an excellent one for the day school in Mr. Hawkins.

'Tis said that there are three distinct characters in every school—the good boy, the bad boy and the dunce. Smith Hawkins' school, as to one of these characters was no exception to this rule. Rolfe was our "bad boy," though his tricks were generally confined to affairs out of the schoolroom. Our dormitory was the large upper chamber over the schoolroom. There were three beds in it; each bed partitioned off by thick curtains.

One morning in the schoolroom, our attention was drawn to puffs of smoke issuing from the joints in the stovepipe. William Whitcomb immediately stepped to the stove and, opening a valve in the pipe, put his hand in and pulled out something like woolen cloth, when Rolfe instantly sprang to his feet and snatching it from his hand, opened the stove door and thrust it into the fire, and shut the door. All the pupils queried what that burning cloth could be. Mr. Hawkins did not see enough of this to enlist his attention. There was a hole in the stovepipe that passed through the chamber near our bed. We had seen Rolfe, in the morning as we arose, turn the valve aside and put a wad of some cloth into this hole. All we knew about the matter was, that our worthy teacher, as he retired to rest that same night, hunted long and in vain for his white flannel nightcap. And we knew that Rolfe abominated the very idea of a man wearing a nightcap. He was the rogue in all such escapades. His motto was, "Let others go into a brown study over their books—let it be mine to get all the fun and enjoyment out of life as I go along."

Mr. Hawkins only remained in Battle Creek a few years, when he removed with his family to Eaton county; and after sojourning there a few years longer, he went back to his old home in Otsego county, New York. He was ill fitted for the stern realities of a pioneer life, in fact, he lacked the grit and push that is essential to "getting on" well in the world. Nature had endowed him with intellect sufficient to have occupied a commanding position in either of the learned professions of the day, but he lacked the talent and energy that was necessary to win his way to those positions. Mrs. Hawkins was a lady of bright intellect, well educated, and had the spirit and courage that would have enabled them to have accomplished much more in life than they did, had he been more resolute and hopeful. He died some thirty years ago.

We had the pleasure, during the winter of '39, of hearing that prince of phrenologists, Dr. P. A. Parnell of Maine, lecture. He was an able and eloquent lecturer, and was not only the first who introduced that would-be science to the people of Battle Creek, but he was the best, not excepting the Fowlers. He was a Webster, not only in physique and personal appearance, but in intellectual and oratorical powers as well. He was the great expounder of phrenology, and gave it more prominence with the general public where he lectured than any other advocate of that new science during his day.

He died sometime in the "fifties," while lecturing at Hudson, in this State. He had made many lecturing tours through the west, and it is a question whether much of the science of phrenology did not die with this ablest and best of its expounders, never to be revived again.

The Old Battle Creek House.

Tell me what the amusement of a people is and I will tell you the character of that people. The old Battle Creek house afforded many an opportunity to read the character and spirit of its people during these early days. The pioneer townsmen were wont to meet in its hall and "trip the light fantastic toe." Here, on winter evenings, I have seen the first citizens of the young village, then not half way to her "teens," often with invited guests from Marshall and Kalamazoo, beguiling the "old gray-beard of his pinions," in dance and merriment, till the "wee sma' hours ayant the twal." Colonel John Stewart, Capt. John Marvin, Drs. Wm. M. Campbell and Ashel Beach, Alonzo Noble, and other leading citizens, would take their places on the floor as their numbers were called, bow to their ladies, and the dance would begin.

The old Battle Creek house was the hospitable Mecca to which the stage-coach, the teamster and traveler resorted. It was near midway on the old territorial road between Detroit and Chicago, and from it a line of stages

went to and from Grand Rapids. For many years the town meetings were held in it, and beneath its hospitable roof the first democratic and whig battles of the township were decided.

The Old Schoolhouse.

How much Battle Creek and its vicinity are indebted to the old brown schoolhouse, situated just south of the gristmill, who can tell? For the first pioneer decade it was the schoolhouse, and the meetinghouse for all the religious denominations; in it the Battle Creek lyceum had its debates, and besides it was used for all public meetings of the citizens.

In the winter of 1839, I heard Judge Abner Pratt lecture in this schoolhouse, in defense of slavery. He came there to answer the anti-slavery lecture of the Rev. Mr. Cleveland. At that time the democratic party believed either in slavery or in letting it alone.

As stated, all the preaching the village had it got in this schoolhouse. Here Elder John Harris, that able and faithful minister, preached to the Baptists. But, in those early days, there was almost entire christian unity; whoever preached, the people considered him their minister for the occasion at least. The Universalists assembled here to listen to Rev. Mr. Sias, the expounder of their faith; and so, with the Presbyterians and Methodists, and the Quakers for awhile, I think, till they erected their own meetinghouse.

Among the members of the old lyceum were Judge T. W. Hall, Esquire Moses Hall, Capt. John Marvin, Dr. Wm. Campbell, Erastus Hussey, William H. Coleman, Felix Duffee, a man by the name of Comstock and others whose names I have forgotten.

It is said that we are what our surroundings make us. That our environment is the stern teacher that disciplines and develops us. The environments of Battle Creek in 1839, as regards man's improvements, were the sparse clearings about the log houses of the early settlers, scattered here and there in a radius of six or eight miles from the town; all the rest was unreclaimed wilderness. Many of the elements that are indispensable to the start and growth of the town could be found in Battle Creak at this time. One could hear the rumbling whir of the flour mill, the "clack" of the sawmill, and a water power that would be a priceless boon to any town, was harnessed to these mills. The clang of the anvil, the sound of the hammer and other implements was heard in the various mechanics' shops. There was an appearance of business on Main street. The merchant's sign was over his store, the lawyer's, the doctor's, shoemaker's and tailor's signs were over their doors. John Wolfe was proprietor of the

Battle Creeek House; G. F. Smith, that landlord of the manor born, was proprietor of the American. There were no church buildings, and, as we have stated, all the teaching, preaching, lecturing, debating and assembling for public purposes was done in the old brown schoolhouse. That primitive seat of learning shaped and molded the early character of Battle Creek; for it is the early training we get that affects our consciences, our intellects, and our moral life. It is true that Battle Creek did not have much money to begin life with; not a village in central Michigan had so little capital on the start. But, by developing her own resources, she has grown rich and prosperous.

School in the Olds District—1840.

The summer of 1840 found me *princeps juvenis*, in school district, No. 5, township of Battle Creek, called the "Olds District." This was a memorable year in American politics. The political campaign of 1840 was to the democratic party what the military campaign to Russia was to the great Napoleon—a very disastrous one. And the surviving leaders and soldiers of this political campaign feel like those who participated in the military one of 1815, that they had the honor of serving in one of the greatest campaigns in the annals of history. The reader will find the history of the great whig victory of 1840, in Volume 10 of these Collections.

My school was not a large one, but it was a pleasant school, its curriculum limited to the "three R's," with the addition of geography. There was time to teach thoroughly the studies pursued by the pupils. We surely, in our simple curriculum, did not commit the great fault, so prevalent in our schools today, of teaching too many things at the same time. We began at the beginning, the preliminary work we endeavored to do well. We did it so well, at least, that while giving instruction in it, we did not consider it as merely a preliminary work, only necessary as a means to aid the pupil in taking up higher branches, and considered of no particular consequence after that end was attained. No, if I understand the teaching of that day, we considered the common school course not merely preliminary, but fundamental; not so much a beginning, as an education in itself. For it was very often all the schooling the pupil ever got, and he must make it answer him for a full education in his after life. Knowing that this was the fact, greater attention on the part of the teacher was given to the pupil, and greater diligence on the part of the pupil was given to his studies, that he might master the common school course. I repeat, the teachers during the old log schoolhouse epoch aimed to graduate their pupils in the "three R's," instead of merely imparting just enough instruction from them to

enable the pupil to go on in his advance studies; spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic, geography and grammar, constituted the curriculum. And the pupil was taught to master each and every one of them, as an education in themselves that would be of the utmost value in life, a lack of which, nothing afterwards acquired in their education could compensate for. This passion for hurrying the pupil through the common school, or primary education, in order to get him the sooner into a higher department, is the fatal error of our modern education, and has called for the following from one of our eminent educators: "In no work today is there so much quackery as in the so called educational work of the schools." No wonder Herbert Spencer said of our education: "They teach the wrong thing, at the wrong time, and in the wrong way."

Dr. Orlando Moffatt, who lived on his large farm in this district, had no children to send to school. He was a well-educated, genial, and most interesting gentleman. A path ran from his house through the woods, some mile long, to Mr. Luther Olds' log house. The doctor and Mr. Olds were old line whigs. I can see the genial doctor now, with his newspaper, the Log Cabin, or Broad Axe, in his pocket, wending his way along the path, which passed near to the schoolhouse, to neighbor Olds'. He had a snug log house on his new farm, an amiable and interesting wife, with whom he was really enjoying pioneer life in this new settlement. But he found much of his enjoyment in social converse, which was part of his life. Hence his daily walk through the woods to his neighbor Olds' house, with whom he would discuss the topics, or, I had better say, the topic of the day —whig politics. For whatever else a man might have, in that wonderful year of 1840, he was sure to have an extra supply of politics. And it was politics of a kind which, like Josh Billings' hornet, always felt like business. If two strangers met each other in the woods, they couldn't be together five minutes before they would be discussing this all absorbing theme.

I was a young democrat then, but yet I always liked to hear Dr. Moffatt and Mr. Olds, who were well-informed men, talk over the whig side of the great controversy. This political campaign had so much of the stirring and dramatic in it, that I have always felt that it should be dramatized and put on the stage.

"Boarding round" in those days while teaching school was taking many a long walk through the woods to your boarding place. Yet the teacher found himself doubly paid for his long walks, in getting acquainted with the patrons of his school, and especially in getting acquainted with his pupils at their homes. For the teacher who only knows his pupils in the

schoolroom, only half understands them. The knowledge he gets of them at home may greatly aid him in managing them at school.

I attended Mr. Smith Hawkins' select school again during the winter of 1840–41, at Battle Creek. He had nearly the same class of pupils that he had in the previous winter's school. And at the close of this term of school, although Mr. Hawkins conferred no degrees upon pupils who had gone through certain studies, yet I felt as if I was equipped with a full diploma for teaching in a district school.

My Summer School of 1842.

The summer of 1842 found me installed as teacher in the log schoolhouse, in school district No. 7, at Holcomb's Corners, in south Battle Creek. The early settler found work for his large boys in helping him make improvements on his lands during the summer. Hence none but the smaller children went to the summer school.

None of my classes urged me into any new or untried field of learning while teaching this school. A very pleasant class of pupils they were, and my object was to keep them so, and, at the same time, busy at their lessons. Much depends on the mode and the manner in which the teacher imparts instruction. My first object was to secure the attention of the pupil, the next to teach understandingly, and in a cheerful manner. The dyspeptic, fretting, scolding teacher alienates the attention of the pupil from his lesson, and drives all the memory of the instruction out of his head. I had as lief the towncrier taught my children as such a man. This was essentially the loghouse period. The teacher taught, the preacher preached, the public assembled, and the settler lived, in a log house. I think there was not a frame dwelling in the district at that time, save Mr. Annis'. The patrons of the school were Dea. Soloman Case, Hiram Holcomb, Mrs. Harriet Beach, Joseph Stewart, Mr. Annis, Jacob Laraway, Mr. Eddy, Mr. Scott, Loyd Porter, Thomas Keroney, Isaiah Gore, L. D. Spencer, and others. I received eight dollars per month.

My Winter School of 1842–43.

The officers of school district No. 7 secured my services as teacher, also, for the winter school. My certificate had been obtained from the school inspectors of Battle Creek township, Abner E. Campbell and Joseph Barton. This was a large school; I think the roll embraced some sixty pupils. I had large classes, or a large number of pupils in every study; but recitation by class was confined to reading, writing and spelling; in all the other branches the pupils went on as fast as they could, Indian file, through their text-books,

the teacher helping each one when requested, and hearing him or her separately recite the rules or the lesson learned.

This winter was an eventful one for me. The school was large, including all the large boys and girls in the district; they were studious, hence ambitious to get on with their studies. This school gave me this practical fact in regard to my profession as teacher: That an awakened, lively interest in the minds of the pupils for study is one of the strongest aids to the teacher in governing his school. Studious pupils will govern themselves. Study will not only promote order but will so attune the pupils' action to their task that all the noise they make will be but the hum of the busy hive at work, which will be music to the teacher's ear.

George Willard, now Hon. George Willard of Battle Creek, taught school in the Dubois neighborhood, east of us, this same winter, and during the winter spelling schools afforded much enjoyment. Josiah Goddard and Esther Mary Dubois, of Mr. Willard's school, had won an enviable reputation as the best spellers in the entire settlement. I remember, in a spelling contest with the east school, that "Si" Goddard got my whole school down, save one, Lucinda Worden, and it was for some time doubtful which of these two would win the victory. Word after word was pronounced, and spelled as quick as uttered, by each contestant, until the word *annals* came to "Si," and he spelled it "a-n—an—a-l-s—als—anals." "Next!" Lucinda spelled it, putting in another *n*, and "Si" was beaten. It was really a hard blow for him, for he had come determined to spell us down, and had almost succeeded, when Miss Worden turned his victory into a defeat.

Cornelius Newkirk taught the school in the Sprague neighborhood, in East LeRoy. We visited his school, and he visited ours, each accompanied by his larger pupils. The spelling contest, at such times, was conducted in a fair and honorable manner. My school was not spelled down during the winter. The schoolhouse on the occasion of these contests was always filled with an eager and interested crowd, including the parents of the pupils, and often residents of other districts.

There was another contest, or rather a memorable debate, during the last part of the winter, this time outside of the school, on "Immersion," between Elder John Harris of the Baptist church, and Rev. Roswell Parker of the M. E. church. This debate took place in the Dubois schoolhouse, each speaker occupying the pulpit every alternate Sabbath. The discussion lasted several weeks, growing warmer and more exciting to its close. The schoolhouse was crowded to its utmost capacity. One Sabbath, Mr. Parker, in replying to Elder Harris' last argument (the latter not being present), was unusually critical and severe, in, as he thought, demolishing the Elder's

theory. And, as he closed an eloquent passage, exclaimed, "Remember, it is I, Roswell Parker, that tells you so!"

This debate, on account of the great interest manifested in it, and the large audience that assembled to witness it, was closed in the Presbyterian church at Battle Creek, Elder Harris making the last argument in reply to his opponent. He ascended the pulpit with his arms full of books. Mr. Parker was seated just in front of the speaker with the audience. Dr. Rufus Bement, then pastor of the Presbyterian church, was chairman on this occasion. At one time during Elder Harris' reply he and his opponent exchanged sharp words and sharper looks at each other, upon which Dr. Bement, who sat just in front of the pulpit, his head leaning back against it, and his handkerchief thrown over his face, exclaimed, "Brethren, I think you had better stop and pray awhile."

I do not know what was gained by this long debate. It was interesting and perhaps edifying to listen to it, but neither of the parties or their adherents changed their views; the Baptists went on believing that immersion was the only scriptural baptism, and the Methodists went on believing that sprinkling or pouring had just as much Bible sanction as immersion.

Elder Harris throughout this long discussion was the calm and logical reasoner, the fair and able disputant. Mr. Parker, on the other hand, though fluent in speech and forcible in argument, was too belligerent in manner for such a discussion.

The patrons of the school were those settlers who "broke the lethargy of the wilderness," in this part of Battle Creek township, in the early part of the first pioneer decade.

John Stewart,* or "Uncle John," who first settled in 1831, Goguac prairie, now lived in this part of the town. He sent to school, Charles, Lewis, Elinor, Almira and Mary. His son, Joseph Stewart,* sent James, Edwin,* Eliza* and Phoebe.* Mrs. Dr. John Beach* sent Darwin and Mary Ann. Jacob Laraway* sent Marilda,* Ransom, David and Jerome. Deacon Solomon Case* sent Pulcheria, Salome, Constantius, Thurlow, Veloms* and King.* Hiram Holcomb* sent Orson. Lloyd Porter* sent Malvina, Martha and Henry. Deacon Isaac Mason* sent Mary Ann. Hiram Dennison sent Willis* and his sister. John Cronk sent James. Mr. Annis* sent George and Juliette. Daniel Beadle* sent Daniel,* William, Betsey, Susanna,* Harriet and Joseph. Mr. Bixby* sent Mary and George. Aaron Morehouse* sent Antha* and Amorette. Bradley Morehouse* sent Warren and Louisa.* Robert Mason* sent John and Samuel. A Mr. Scott

* The names of parents and children marked with a star have since died.

and a Mr. Drake each sent children to this school. There were other families whose children attended school, but whose names I do not now recall.

At the close, or just before my winter school closed, I was hired to teach one month longer. This was really a select school, or one gotten up by individuals in the district, independent of the district school. It was done to give time to that class of pupils who wished to finish or continue the studies they had pursued in the winter term. It was hence to this class of pupils, at least, a very profitable school.

I now felt still better prepared to guide any class of girls and boys along the path of knowledge embraced in the common school course. But I had longings, like all ambitious students, for higher attainments in learning. One evening during the winter I attended the wedding of Miss Magdalen Young, at her father's on Goguac prairie. Here I met James Duncan, a student from the University Branch at Kalamazoo, who was then teaching the Goguac prairie school. That evening I was more interested in Duncan than in the wedding; for it was at this time that I became wedded to the desire for a classical education. Duncan's glowing description of the University Branch at Kalamazoo, soon to be under charge of Prof. J. A. B. Stone as principal, and of the fine class of students attending this school, and what advantages a young man had in attending such an institution, inspired me with a desire to drink at this Pierian spring. From that evening I decided to go to the University Branch at Kalamazoo as soon as I could get ready.

Attending the University Branch at Kalamazoo in 1843.

One morning, in the early part of May, 1843, I took the stage on Goguac prairie, Calhoun county, for Kalamazoo. This was during the last days of the old stage line that extended along the territorial road from Detroit to St. Joseph, on the lake shore. Brown, Davis, and Gen. Humphrey, of Kalamazoo, were then proprietors of the western part of this line. I entered the stage happy, with all the bright anticipations of the life of a student in the widely known University Branch at Kalamazoo. There were but two passengers within, both gentlemen. With one of these I soon got into a chat.

From Battle Creek to Kalamazoo, at this time, on the territorial road, there were a number of wayside inns, some of which were well known in their day. Dr. Johnson said that an arm chair in an English wayside inn was a throne of happiness; and, comfortably seated in such a chair, he loved to repeat Shenstone on this subject:

"Who e'er has traveled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
Will sigh to think he still has found
His warmest welcome at an inn."

This was just as true of our pioneer wayside inns, where were always found freedom, and the "warmest welcome;" and although the fare was very plain yet it was given with an hospitality that made it a most enjoyable repast.

The traveler took the stage at the old hostlery at Battle Creek, where he paid one dollar for the fare to Kalamazoo. The old route went southwesterly to Goguac prairie, then over the prairie on whose western border was Mike Furlong's log tavern. "Mike" knew how to catch the eye of the public. His sign, painted in attractive style, read: "The Sign Is Right. M. Furlong." Some four miles westward, just over the line in Charleston, was the once famous log tavern known as "The Cottage," just about half way between Battle Creek and Kalamazoo. This old hostlery was the popular resort for parties from either place. Here they came on drives to enjoy themselves, to dance, to play cards, and to have a gay and festive time.

Chas. M. Nichols' house, a little west of the Cottage, was the finest frame dwelling, at that time, between Battle Creek and Kalamazoo. Beyond him was Asa Gunn's log cabin, the old pioneer of 1831. Then came Cock's Corners, where the old Quaker, Ambrose Cock, settled in 1835. He had a store here, and Orrin N. Giddings was his clerk. A mile or two west and we came to "The Stage Exchange," kept by Orra Bush. Here the stage stopped for meals and to exchange horses. Mr. Bush was also postmaster. Some three miles further west brought us to the Prairie House at Galesburg, built in 1835. Had the register of the guests of this old tavern been kept from that time to this, what a history it would reveal. And what stirring narratives, or romances, could be written from the adventures of some of those guests in land hunting and other experiences in this part of the west. Some mile and a half west of Galesburg we came to the "White Cottage," with genial, convivial Johnny Moore as proprietor. As we got beyond Toland prairie the wheels on one side of the stage struck the soft earth, thrown there by the workmen who were grading the Michigan Central Railroad track, and sank down so deep into it that the coach careened, and we were thrown against the falling side. The driver sprang to the ground, opened the upper side door, and we got out into the mud. Casting about for a rail, we were reminded of the adage yet in vogue, that to ride in the old pioneer stage, "one must go afoot and carry a rail." A rail was obtained and, after some difficulty, the coach was pried up, and the horses drew it out of the mud onto *terra firma*. Three miles

west of the prairie we passed by a small brown-colored frame dwelling-house, the home of Elder Thomas Merrill, so well and favorably known in the history of the Baptist Church in Kalamazoo county. We passed through Comstock village, the history of whose tavern goes back into the early pioneer days of the county. The rest of the way to Kalamazoo we found over a rather hilly, gravel road. The gentleman with whom I first began to converse had taken, on the start, much interest in me as a student, asking about my studies, the University Branch, and Dr. Stone, the principal. The other gentleman was taciturn; I do not remember that he spoke to me on the whole route. As we got out of the stage at the Kalamazoo House, my genial friend, as he looked about him, remarked: "Well, this is beautiful; the founders of this village exhibited good sense when they left these noble forest trees about their dwellings. How much more shade they afford than the 'little whip-stocks' they would have set out, after having cut down the umbrageous oaks."

The taverns in Kalamazoo at this time were, the River House, kept by Mr. Burchard; the American, by Henry Boohr; the Kalamazoo House, by Israel Kellogg; and the Exchange, by Johnson Patrick.

Kalamazoo village at this time, 1843, was a little rustic miss, not yet in her teens, although even then, for her attractive beauty, she was known as the belle among the sister villages in the new State.

My home in Kalamazoo was to be in the family of Mr. Philip Rowe. It was just after school had been dismissed that my brother and I went to the Branch, a two story frame building on the northeast corner of the park. The students were playing ball on the green. My brother called to Dr. I. J. Babcock, whom he knew. He went with us and introduced us to Dr. Stone, who had not yet left the building. The doctor was then some thirty-three years old. He and his accomplished wife had taken charge of the school at the beginning of the present term. Dr. Stone registered my name and age, and asked what I intended to fit myself for; if I had chosen any profession. I replied, if any, it would be law. He then said that an education laid the foundation for any profession, or any business in life. Considering that I had acquired a somewhat thorough knowledge of the primary branches, he advised me to take up algebra, Latin and Greek. These, with the rhetorical exercises, declamation and "composition," would occupy my time. The text-books were Day's algebra, Andrews and Stoddard's Latin grammar, and Sophocles' Greek grammar, with the Latin and Greek readers. The curriculum in use at the Branch then embraced those studies that would fit a student for the University at Ann Arbor. Of course all the higher English branches were in the course here, besides French, which Mrs. Stone taught in her

department in the second story of the building. There was also a small room on the second floor called No. 3, used for a tutor's department. This room was usually rented by some of the advanced students, one of whom played the part of tutor in conducting the recitations of certain classes. The students also used this room for their meetings of various kinds.

Dr. Stone had charge of the young men's department, which was in the first story of the building. Mrs. Stone, as said, had charge of the young ladies' department, in the second story. But most of the classes below were composed largely of young ladies, who came down to recite, and young men also recited in some of Mrs. Stone's classes above.

From the long and eminent career of Dr. and Mrs. Stone, as educators in Kalamazoo, embracing a quarter of a century, they surely deserve more than an ordinary notice in connection with this sketch of the Kalamazoo Branch.

James A. B. Stone was born in Piermont, New Hamphire, Oct. 28, 1810, where he lived till he was fifteen years old. He then removed to Royalton, Vermont, where he fitted for a collegiate course, entering Middlebury college in 1830, and graduating in 1834. The next two years he spent as teacher in Hinesburg academy, Vermont. He then entered Andover Theological Seminary. While pursuing his course of studies here, he taught, at intervals, in Middleburg college and Phillips' academy. After a short pastorate at Gloucester, Massachusetts, he became professor of biblical literature and interpretation, devoting his spare time meanwhile to editing a missionary publication in Boston.

He was married to Miss Lucinda Hinsdale, of Hinesburg, Vermont, the marriage taking place in Grand Rapids, Michigan, in 1840.

It was in May, 1843, that Dr. J. A. B. Stone and wife came to Michigan to take charge of what had been known as the Kalamazoo Literary Institute, but which since 1835 had been a branch of the Michigan University. The first principal of the Kalamazoo Branch was Prof. Geo. E. Eastman. He was succeeded by Prof. David Alden, he by Prof. William Dutton, and the latter by Dr. J. A. B. Stone, as before stated, in 1843. And it was through Dr. Stone's able management and great ability as a teacher, assisted by his gifted wife, that the Kalamazoo Branch became so popular and widely known an institution of learning. The time we are writing of might have been called the formative period of education in this State. Michigan had advanced so rapidly from the pioneer settlement in 1830, had gotten out of the woods into the embryo town and flourishing village, and had done this in so short a time, that eastern people who came here were astonished to find, instead of mere backwoods settlers, a people pushing ahead with a civilization that was brisker, and even outvied the old one they had left in the east. Prof.

J. Orville Taylor of Albany, N. Y., who visited Michigan in 1839, said, "This young State has burst into existence with all the suddenness and beauty of an opening flower in the tropical climate; and although she is not yet the 'Empire State,' she is destined to be the 'educating State.'"

It was a fortunate thing for education in Michigan that Dr. Stone and his wife came among us at the time they did. The log schoolhouse training had prepared the children of the early settlers for a higher department in learning, and the Branch University came into being to answer the demand for this higher school, and with the discipline of its curriculum fit its students for the University at Ann Arbor. This intermediate school was essential then to the development of our full educational system. While this was true, there was another very important truth connected with it. It was this: the fit man is essential to an institution of learning. If you would have an "academic grove," you must have a Plato; if you would have a "Rugby" you must have an Arnold; if a "Phillips Academy," a Benjamin Abbott; a Williams College, a Mark Hopkins. Never was man better fitted for the important task of an educator than Dr. Stone when he came to Michigan. And never was such task more successfully accomplished. He made the Kalamazoo Branch the Rugby of its day. For like the imcomparable Arnold whom he so much resembled, his ideal of an education was the all-round development of the scholar, a thorough training that would carry him to a knowledge of himself and of the world. And most important of all, like the master of Rugby, the ethical training he gave created in the mind of the student "a moral thoughtfulness" that ennobles character. For the man who is educated in mind and morals, and only he, wears the complete armor of manhood. He educated for usefulness. Having found out what the pupil was good for, he gave him the training that would best equip him for his calling, in whatever direction it might lead him. This education became a means of promoting the full, healthy growth of the pupil, embracing his intellectual, moral, and physical development and culture. When the Kalamazoo Branch was cut off from the University, it had become so firmly established, so popular and flourishing an institution of learning that it was only necessary to adjust its curriculum to a higher work in order for it to take on full college aims and proportions, which it now did, including even a theological seminary. And here he and his able assistant, Mrs. Stone, first led the way in this State, to a course of education that embraced the equal instruction of young men and young women. This was a new thing—an innovation in higher education in those early days. The ladies' department was placed in the equally competent hands of his wife, who had received the best academical instruction the times would

allow, and who was an experienced and proficient instructor. Was ever teacher blessed with a companion better fitted to aid him in his professional labors? It may be said of the desk in his study, "that it had two slopes, and she who sat on the opposite side" had made his life work her life work, so much so, that he would have said, in regard to the arrangement of the desk, "I get my inspiration from the other side."

To the building up and thoroughly establishing that valuable institution of learning, Kalamazoo college, Dr. Stone gave over twenty of the best years of his life. The result of this labor is seen in the Kalamazoo College of today, an institution of sound learning, in a christian atmosphere, with steady widening influence and abundant promise. During all this time he was naturally one of the prominent and influential factors in all educational and religious movements in the State, in the latter being identified with the Baptist denomination.

In 1855, when our smaller denominational colleges were just beginning to demonstrate their usefulness by the good work they were doing, he was not only active, but successful with others in securing their proper demands as chartered institutions of their kind. And this work was accomplished, although they had to contend against the powerful influence of the State University, with Chancellor Tappan at its head. Dr. Stone's coadjutors in this successful work, were Presidents Asa Martin of Adrian, E. B. Fairfield of Hillsdale, and Sinex of Albion, and Prof. O. Hosford of Olivet; all but President Sinex still living.

Dr. James A. B. Stone was a teacher of the manor born. Great teachers are rare. From Plato down to Mark Hopkins you can count them on the ends of your fingers. They are not made, but like the orator and poet, they are born.

To our teacher the schoolroom was like the cave of Aladdin, in which he had the magical art to discover the rich treasures that lay concealed in the minds of his pupils. In the recitation room he watched the development of talent or genius, studied its early aspirations and inclinations, and hence knew how best to encourage and direct them. He never allowed the student to become discouraged from any lack of attention to him, or appreciation of his efforts. "It seems that nature has concealed in the bottom of our minds talents and abilities of which we are not aware." It was in the schoolroom, we repeat, that our teacher found out this latent ability and talent in the student. It was here that he discovered the intellectual resources of the learner, and improved the opportunity by developing them. How many of the hundreds of students who have been instructed by him, can say, "I owe all that I have achieved of success in life to my teacher."

Said Martin Luther, "I am indebted for all that I am in learning to John Trebonius, my teacher." Trebonius was master of this power to discover and develop the intellectual resources of the pupil. When he came into the schoolroom he raised his hat to salute his pupils. A great condescension in those severe pedantic days. This delighted young Luther so much that he began to think something of himself. This respect of the master begat respect in the pupil. The other teachers denounced this condescension. Trebonius' reply to them was full of importance and wisdom. Said he, "There are among these boys men of whom God will one day make burgomasters, chancellors, doctors and magistrates. Although you do not see them with the badges of their dignity, it is right that you should treat them with respect." Doubtless the boy Luther listened with pleasure to these words, and imagined himself already with the doctor's cap on his head.

It was through such condescension from our teacher, through his love of his pupils, that this self-respect was cultivated in them. His kindness and courtesy to the students were an unconscious influence that was ever making them better. The gentlemanly respect with which he ever treated them cultivated the same qualities in them, for the pupil not only takes instruction but also character from the teacher. The principle is in the old maxim: Like teacher, like pupil.

The personal characteristics of the teacher impress themselves upon the pupil. This comes from the association and contact of mind with mind. It is said of those three eminent men, Edward Irving, Thomas Carlyle, and John Sterling, who were the most intimate friends, that Irving was part of Carlyle, and that Carlyle was part of Irving, and that when John Sterling lay dying his soul was in a large degree Carlyle. Thus it was with us—the pupil was part of the teacher.

At the reunion of the former pupils of Dr. and Mrs. Stone, at Kalamazoo in 1885, the doctor, in his response to the welcome address, said: "To teach others is a great and responsible work; it is a permanent one, especially when we remember how much unconscious tuition there is, not laid down in the curriculum, but sure to be imparted and received. I have felt that influence in my own experience as a pupil. I had a teacher in my youth to whom I am indebted to no small share of my own encouragement and success, if, indeed, it is allowable for me to speak of success. I learned afterward that the rest of the world, those who were never his pupils, did not consider Ralph Thatcher so great a hero, especially after he had entered another profession, as he seemed to be to myself and schoolfellows. But he was a born teacher, enthusiastic, and apt to excite enthusiasm in others; and gave a new bias and direction to the souls of not a few of us. He loved

his calling; we thought he loved us, and we knew we loved him. As King Philip rejoiced not only that a son was born to him, but also that he was born at a time when he could be under the tuition of Aristotle, so also, although I did not prove to be an Alexander, for sixty years I have never ceased to be thankful that Ralph Thatcher was born just at the time when I could be his pupil. Only last autumn I visited the old schoolhouse, situated on the bank of the Connecticut river, and saw a few of my surviving schoolfellows, some of them dilapidated like the schoolhouse itself. When we came to compare notes, we found, however divergent we were in other respects, we still agreed on the merits of our early teacher; and one of our number thoughtfully remarked: 'When we arrive at the Celestial Paradise, most likely one of our first inquiries will be, "Where is Ralph Thatcher?'"

Now this faithful description of, and loving tribute to his old teacher, by Dr. Stone, most truthfully represents the relation and feelings of his pupils toward himself. Human nature repeats itself in men's acts, and we can say of our teacher what he said of his: We rejoice that we were so fortunate as to have been born at a time when we could be his pupils. And when we shall have arrived at the Celestial Paradise, one of our first inquiries will be, "Where is our beloved teacher?" His great work will be acknowledged there; there we shall see him, wearing his true badge of dignity—the great and noble teacher.

Again, it is a great and responsible work to teach. Who are the men that have been, and are doing the greatest service to this great commonwealth? Are they confined to the men who occupy a seat in our national councils, or in some high public position? I should like to know if Dr. James A. B. Stone, who, for over half a century, covering his full career as teacher, has trained hundreds upon hundreds of pupils for usefulness in their day, trained them in the enthusiasm of the highest life, in the sternest integrity of honor, trained them so as to develop the highest style of the man, the christian; I should like to know, I say, if he was not in such invaluable work, doing great service to this commonwealth, although, as it happened, he was not a United States senator, or an incumbent of some high public office. It is the true and noble teacher that makes the great men, and the great men that make a country great.

It was with Dr. Stone as with all great teachers, the man taught more than the text-book. Besides the full, thorough instruction of the schoolroom, he had the rare faculty of making conversation or talk a most valuable source of instruction and improvement to his pupils. Whether in school or out, as leisure or opportunity offered, wherever he met the student, his con-

versation was ever opening up new vistas, or ranges of thought to the listener, which otherwise would have remained closed to him. And it was all done in such a natural yet effective way, that the student was delighted and instructed at the same time. Meeting the writer of this memoir, and his classmate, Beckwith, on the street in Kalamazoo, one day, he repeated the following couplet as he passed by them:

> "Count that day lost whose low descending sun
> Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

What could he have said to them that would be more appropriate for the leading thought of their lives?

Thus, while advancing in our school course, we got a love of history, of books and of literature from our teacher. Through him, we made the acquaintance of great authors, and the great personages of history, which, besides being valuable to us, established our taste for the higher and nobler things in literature, and for the society of the better and nobler class of people in life.

In these days of universities, colleges, many books and many newspapers, people are inclined to think that all knowledge worth getting must come from schools, books or the press; and in that mania for the practical things of life we have about eliminated conversation from modern society. Yet, as we have said, it is a most valuable source of improvement, one in which such a man as Dr. Stone opened up some of the richest stores of knowledge which we do not get from any other source. He was to us an Edmund Burke, whose conversation was of the highest value—passing the learning of books. We could learn more from his talk than from books; that is, he taught us better than books do. It is the man, after all, and not the book that most improves us. I never met a man of whom I could learn so much as from Dr. Stone, and we can say of him what Garfield once said of Mark Hopkins, his teacher: "All the piles of brick and mortar that have ever been erected, or that ever will be erected in this country, as institutions of learning, have not the power as educational forces of one such man as Mark Hopkins. I would rather a son of mine would sit on one end of a board bench in a little log schoolhouse in the backwoods, with Mark Hopkins on the other as his instructor, than that he should enjoy the facilities of the most splendid college where no such man's influence was felt." This was true of Dr. Stone; it was the man and not the splendid college facilities that was so invaluable to the pupils. He had the genius for imparting wisdom as well as knowledge. He taught as one having an authority that did not end in the classroom. His work was cheerful, healthy, vigorous. As a

teacher he illustrated Emerson's definition of a friend, "One who makes us do what we can."

During the first years of Dr. Stone's life in Kalamazoo, or while he was principal of the Branch in that place, he was also pastor of the Baptist church. At this time his thorough scholarship, embracing science and the classics, as well as biblical learning, with a knowledge of some twelve different languages, and a thorough mastery of Latin, Greek and Hebrew, caused him to be considered one of the ablest scholars in the west.

After he retired from the presidency of Kalamazoo college he was actively engaged in literary work of various kinds, something which he never wholly relinquished. He had been president of the State Teachers' Association, and was ever an active supporter of that organization. He was editor of the Kalamazoo Telegraph for several years, postmaster at that place for one term, during Grant's administration, and was otherwise active in various other good works. He also made two journeys to the Orient, visiting Egypt, Arabia and Palestine. "Increase of years brought to him somewhat less of strength, but abated nothing of the interest with which he took note of all the movements of this on-rushing age, lagging nowhere behind the foremost in zeal and hope as he watched the achievements of the marvelous times in which we live." The older he grew the more he reminded one of John Quincy Adams. His high sense of duty, his active desire to be engaged in some good work, his thorough collegiate training, and that which his profession and business gave him, his "high companionship of books" and men, all tended to make him wiser and abler, and more useful to his fellow men; and, like the younger Adams, ever delighting in active, useful labor, when the summons came for him to go, found working on at his post of duty, he merely ceased in his work here, to continue it in the higher and better world above.

He died while on a visit to the home of his son, James H. Stone, in Detroit, on the 19th of May, 1888.

I quote the closing paragraph in a sketch of Dr. Stone's life that appeared in the Tribune at the time of his death:

"He was a born teacher, and gravitated inevitably into that vocation. Of a cheerful and kindly disposition, and fond of young people, it is no wonder that he was popular among the many hundreds whose privilege it was to come under his influence. He was also greatly attached to children, and his delight in their innocent companionship increased with his growing years; a delight in which they were always sure fully to share. He was one of the best scholars in the State. His knowledge was wide, varied and accurate, and his love for its acquisition knew no diminution to the very last.

"So this busy and useful life has come to its close. Mental decrepitude had not made its palsying touch felt. The sympathies were as quick and the interest in all human affairs as alert and keen as ever. In the twinkling of an eye he slipped across the boundary that divides two worlds. No long delay, no weariness, no pain; he stood at once in that wondrous land whose inhabitants never say 'I am sick,' and where they go no more out forever."

Lucinda Hinsdale was born in Hinesborough, Vermont, September 30, A. D. 1814. She was educated at Hinesborough Academy, at Mrs. Cook's Female Seminary, and at Burlington Seminary, Vermont. In all of these institutions she was afterwards engaged as teacher. She also spent three years in teaching in Natchez, Mississippi. She was married to Dr. Stone at Grand Rapids, Michigan, in 1840, and, after living in Massachusetts three years, came with him to Kalamazoo in 1843. She has made the tour of Europe and the Holy Land twice with her husband, and several times since then with parties of lady tourists, or with young ladies whom she took abroad with her as their guide and instructor. She has lectured to classes of ladies in Detroit, Grand Rapids and at her home in Kalamazoo, on literature, art, or what she has seen in foreign travel.

The following letter given by Ralph Waldo Emerson to Mrs. Stone will explain itself. B. W. Proctor, the poet, is commonly known as "Barry Cornwall," his *nom de plume*. Mrs. Stone carried this letter with her, during her travels abroad, but not meeting Miss Proctor, failed to use it.

Concord, July 25, 1860.

MY DEAR MR. PROCTOR—I have owed to you many acts of special kindness and courtesy, not only when in London, but once and again since. Those goodnesses of yours embolden me to send you a greeting, in these olden times of both of us, by a lady who desires to see your daughter.

Mrs. Stone is the wife of Rev. Dr. J. A. B. Stone, president of the college at Kalamazoo, in the State of Michigan. This is an important institution in that State, and is indebted for its existence and growth (as I learned there, last winter), mainly to the character and energy of Dr. and Mrs. Stone. This lady is a most amiable and excellent person and in accompanying her husband on his travels in search of health, she writes me that she has a strong wish to see Miss Proctor, if she should find herself in her neighborhood. I am sure it will gratify yourself and your daughter to give Mrs. S. that pleasure.

All my knowledge of Miss Proctor is since I saw you. I have the happiest recollections of yourself and Mrs. Proctor, but this genius belongs to the new times.

Affectionately yours,

R. W. EMERSON.

B. W. PROCTOR, ESQ., London.

The young ladies were to prepare compositions each week and read them to Mrs. Stone in their own department. They usually got through with

their literary exercises on Wednesday afternoon in time to come below and listen to the young men's declamations.

The Kalamazoo branch at this time was equipped with blackboard and other school apparatus to aid the student at recitation. As there was a uniformity of text-books in each study, the recitation by classes was carried out in all the branches taught.

A platform some two feet high and eight feet wide extended across the lower room at the south end. Above the platform against the wall a blackboard extended the same length. At the east end of the platform, or stage, sat our teacher in his arm chair. A clock was against the wall at his right. On the east end of the blackboard near the clock was written the order of the exercises for the entire day.

The Branch curriculum, in the English course, was, Hazen's Definer, Porter's Rhetorical Reader, Olney's Geography, Smith's Grammar, Davies' Arithmetic, Day's Algebra, Davies' Legendre, and Lincoln's Botany. In the classical course we had, Andrews and Stoddard's Latin Grammar, Sophocles' Greek Grammar, Ainsworth's Latin Dictionary, Donnegan's Greek Lexicon. For reading in Latin we had, the Latin Reader, Cornelius Nepos, Sallust, Cicero, and Virgil. In Greek, we had, the Greek Reader, Cyropedia, Graeca Minora and Graeca Majora. Beside our regular text-book recitations each student was requested to read an essay on some subject; aside from these the young men were to declaim once a week. But the week the student declaimed he did not write.

Dr. Stone's rule was, mathematics in the morning, when the head was clear; hence that recitation led all the others. The Branch used not only the text-books that were adopted by the University, but all of its rules and regulations were those in use in the best colleges. Each student was required to attend some place of public worship, once at least each Sabbath; and for absences or delinquencies he must give a strict account to the principal. Dr. and Mrs. Stone regarded an education as embracing the mental, moral and physical development of their pupils. They not only took charge of their studies but of their conduct also. Their instructions included the ethical as well as the mathematical; for they so taught as to develop the true christian character as well as the true scholar; and the teachers of the schoolroom had done this work so well that they were our teachers out of the school, and when our school days closed they were our teachers still. Dr. Stone's great object as an educator was not merely to see that the students got good lessons, but to have each lesson aid in developing the true scholar; thus he made each one of our studies an educational arena, where he trained us till

we became proficient in that branch, and so on in all the other studies, ever inspiring us with the idea that we were to get an all around education.

Then, besides the mere text-book education or discipline, "composition" and "declamation" afforded a new field in which certain faculties of the mind could be developed. To be a good writer is an acquisition of value to a man or woman. There was a certain class of students who always ignored composition. This was that class who had a strong penchant for mathematics, and among them are found young men of ability, but who cannot see any value in this kind of culture. On the other hand, we find those who are good in the languages but poor in mathematics. There were a few students who ignored writing, while there were some able mathematicians who were fine writers. All were compelled to write; and what was true of composition was true of declamation. The same class who disliked writing disliked declamation, and for the reason they could not see that it would be of any value to them in this "work-a-day-world;" but the school was to train us in those things which we would be afterwards called upon to practice in this work-a-day-world; and writing and public speaking are two of those things which are getting to be of more and more value to the average American citizen.

The department of composition and elocution, as managed by Dr. Stone, developed the talent of the writer and declaimer or speaker. The students had a weekly paper called The Mirror, which aided still further to cultivate the talent for writing. Two of their number were chosen editors of the Mirror, whose columns were filled weekly by many able productions, both of prose and poetry. The Mirror was issued, or read, after the Wednesday elocutionary exercises were over. The young men also had a lyceum, which afforded a good opportunity for turning the declaimer into a debater, and was one of the best means of teaching him to "talk on his legs." The debate began after reading the Mirror, on Wednesday afternoon. The old "Burr Oak Debating Club," started years before by the citizens, still existed and held its sessions in the Branch building, on Wednesday evening of each week. There were some good debaters in this club, among whom were Alexander Cameron, Edmund and Samuel Rice, David Hubbard, J. W. Breese, P. W. H. Rawls, and others. Some of the older students also participated in these debates. One of the members of this old club said to the writer, "We would have abler and more efficient members in our State legislature and in Congress if men in their earlier years were more generally drilled in debate." He considered a debating club the best school for fitting men for legislative halls.

We, as stated, were trained in the art of writing and declamation in such

a way as to find the use of the pen as writers, and to overcome the difficulties in the way of declamation. After the essay was read to the school on Wednesday afternoon, our teacher called attention to its defects; to get rid of these was the way to improve the writer. It was the same with declamation. We did not leave the stage till the defects of the declaimer were pointed out; and it was all done in such a way as to do us the most good. As the tree grows better and more fruitful from pruning, so we were made better writers and declaimers by these criticisms. Although we used to think it pretty severe on the student, to compel him to stand on the stage while his faults in declaiming were pointed out before the whole school, or to listen to the criticism of his composition in the presence of the students, yet it was right; we were not only benefited by these criticisms, but the whole school were alike benefited by them. In regard to our faults and defects generally, in school or out, our teacher did not agree with those over kind parents and instructors who think it their duty to

> "Be to our faults a little blind,
> And to our virtues very kind."

He thought the greatest kindness he could show our virtues would cause us to get rid of our faults. They must first be removed, then we could make genuine progress in our lives.

In the summer of 1844, a young man from the State of New York joined our school set. He was an intelligent, sprightly young man who had not reached his majority. He was a relative of one of the prominent families in the place. And now came an episode that threw into ripples, for a time at least, the usually smooth current of school life at the old Branch. The idea that we were backwoods students of a backwoods school, in a backwoods country, somehow or other got possession of his mind, and proved to be an evil genius that worked him harm. Taking his place in the different classes to which he belonged, he got along very well up to our second Wednesday afternoon exercises, when his division was to declaim. When his name was called, he took the stage, with a rolled manuscript in his right hand, and recited a poem entitled, the "Indian's Hate," which he claimed as his own production. This was a fatal mistake. The older students recognized it at once as coming from the pen of Lieut. Patten of the United States Navy. It was a favorite with them, and Sam Rice and others had some few terms before recited it from the same stage. The apparent coolness of this act aroused the Branch critics. And the next Wednesday when the Mirror, the students' paper, was read, this "pretender" was assailed by a number of the readiest and sharpest pens in the school. And on the next declamation

day, several of the declaimers, as each name was called, mounted the stage, with a rolled manuscript in his right hand, and in manner of speaking mimicked and burlesqued the new student in his peculiar "stagey" style of oratory. This excitement lasted for several weeks. Finally some of the more reflective students thought that the persecution should cease, and evinced their determination to check it by befriending the new student. He was about to leave the school, when the editors of the Mirror pledged him, that if he would remain, they would make his battle their own, and defend him. He at last consented to this. And after two or three sharp attacks, and as many replies through the columns of the Mirror, the whole affair was dropped, and finally relegated to the ragbag of oblivion. This student is now a prominent lawyer in the State of Indiana.

The Old Court Room.

There was another interesting school that the students often attended. This was just over the way from the Branch, in the court house, where the disciples of Blackstone and Coke were accustomed to discuss the varied questions of law, as they came up in suits tried before Judge Epaphroditus Ransom. Here we heard, in his best days, that eloquent advocate and court lawyer, Charles E. Stuart. He was the model orator of our school days and after life. An eminent lawyer of this State said of Stuart: "He had all the intellectual and legal attainments for the lawyer, with all the commanding, lordly graces of manner and person to match them." No envious fairy, at his birth, stinted him in any endowment of mind or person for the profession he had chosen; he possessed all the gifts and graces of the ideal orator. Here we heard N. A. Balch, called the metaphysician of the western bar. He was the peer of any lawyer who pleaded at this court in serious forensic argument. Here we listened to Samuel Clark, the plain matter-of-fact lawyer, a bold, forcible, and able pleader. And here, too, we listened to Horace Mower, the brilliant and witty advocate, who could convince without argument, and carry his point by tact and telling blows. And here was Elisha Belcher, the strong, logical reasoner, who carried the jury by his sound arguments and clear logic, and in whom the student was always interested, because he was interested in the student. There was Joseph Miller, the office partner of Chas. E. Stuart, the good counselor, unequaled in preparing his cases for trial. There was Edmund Rice, just entering on his first practice in court. And there were Samuel Rice, J. W. Breese, P. W. H. Rawls, and Archibald Eastland, in their reading days.

Here in the old courthouse we occasionally saw, when business in the higher court called them here, Chancellor Randolph Manning, and Charles W. Whipple, and Alpheus Felch, Judges of the Supreme Court. Here the student had noble characters as models to pattern after. And how many times the thought or the wish impressed us that we might live to see the day when we could occupy such high positions as these men did. And who knows what effect the unconscious influence of such eminent men's presence had upon us? It was hearing Herodotus read his history at the Olympic games that fired Thucydides' ambition to be great like him. The eminent lawyers, judges and jurists that we met here in the courthouse were inspiring examples to the students. And we can record the fact that quite a number of those students, among whom were the two Mays, the two Hinsdales, Beckwith, Otis, Farrer, Davidson, and others, undertook to follow in the footsteps of the illustrious lawyers, judges and jurists whom they so much admired and strove to emulate in their school days.

Prospect Hill.

Says a late English writer: "I pity people who warn't born in a vale." Kalamazoo has in Prospect Hill something to give variety to her surroundings. It is of value by association; it is like a constant companion, that relieves the village of the tedium of a dead level. There it stands at all times, to break up the monotony of the plain in the village outline by throwing into view the stirring features of hill and vale. At the foot of Prospect, on a sturdy burr oak, the students had erected a swing

"Where we swung our schoolmates, pretty girls,
Over forty years ago."

Prospect was a favorite resort of the students in their leisure hours. Here, when we felt in the contemplative mood, we would stroll, and, taking a seat beneath the shades of its oaks, talk about our studies, future prospects, and plans for college, and after life. Prospect was our Parnassus. Here we courted the muses. Here we

"Mounted the winged Pegasus, fiery steed,
And strove to claim the poet's meed."

Prospect was our Acropolis. Here we declaimed, making its wooded height resound with the orations that once aroused the Greeks from their slumbers and made them cry, "Lead us against Philip!" It was our Roman forum; here we declaimed those orations that "shook the Senate with a Tully's force." It was our American forum; here we declaimed Henry, Otis, Adams, Webster, Clay and other later orators.

Our Club.

The old Branch building was sheltered by the burr oaks on the northeast corner of the park; a beautiful, cool retreat. There was a small room on the second floor designed for a tutor's department, but which was now rented by some of the students, one of whom acted as tutor to certain classes. This room was also used as our club room. All our class meetings, jubilees at the close of the term were held here. Here the toasts and sentiments were given, speeches made and the goodbyes given on leaving for home. These meetings were noted for the convivial nature of which they partook. Lemonade, small beer, boiled eggs and cookies were great favorites with the students. Everything that pertained to study or the scholastic was forgotten; we became a set of merry fellows. And I confess, at times, we felt more in accord with the Tony Lumpkins' spirit; when some student mounted a chair, to respond to a toast or to deliver himself on some topic, he seemed like Tony in his old strain—

"Let school teachers puzzle their brains
With grammar, and nonsense and learning,
Good liquor I stoutly maintain
Gives genius a better discerning.
Let them boast of their heathenish gods,
Their Lethes, their Styxes and Stygians;
Their quis and their ques and their quods—
They're all but a parcel of pigeons."

Among the orators were Wells R. Marsh, I. J. Babcock, Chas. Beckwith, Wyllys C. Ransom, James A. Duncan, the waggish John Goodrich and the freakish Charley Watson, companions in all manner of fun frolic. John Goodrich was inclined to be too convivial and too free in the use of words "not elegant or classical." At one time the club indicted him for violation of its rules; he was tried and convicted. He was sentenced to sign a pledge drawn up by a committee, and by which he was to abstain from the use of all intoxicating drinks, tobacco and profane language, for one year. He signed this pledge. But, before doing it, he mounted a chair and harangued the club for some twenty minutes in the true Tony Lumpkins style, "by way," he said, "of sobering down to the 'pint' of reform; that is, to render myself fit for signing such a pledge. John afterwards went to New York city as clerk in the Great Pekin Tea Co., of which his brother Solon was a member. He afterwards married Miss Ellen Burdick and went to China for the tea company, where he died.

My School in Antwerp—1845.

Sometime in November, 1845, Mr. Samuel Mills of Antwerp, Van Buren county, visited the Branch at Kalamazoo, in quest of a schoolteacher, for the district of which he was director. The visit resulted in securing me as teacher for this school at fourteen dollars per month. A short time after my engagement, James A. Duncan, who was to teach the winter school in a district adjoining mine, went with me to Antwerp to be examined by the school inspectors, John Hunt and Morgan L. Fitch. We met at the house of the latter for examination. Mr. Fitch was a high-spirited, well informed man. Mr. Hunt had the ready intelligence, tact and hard sense that characterized a true son of the Green Mountain State. In the examination Mr. Fitch was inclined to be captious with us, as Duncan said, because we were Branch students. But we got along with orthography, grammar and arithmetic without any difficulty. It was not so in geography, for when Mr Fitch asked Duncan where the "Isle of Pines" was, the latter coolly replied, "Mr. Fitch, I do not know, neither do I care." Nettled, the inspector turned to me, and asked, "Mr. Van Buren, where is the Isle of Pines?" I told him "it was just south of the west end of Cuba." It was fortunate for me, that I had lately read the newspaper account of the trial of young Spencer, for mutiny on board the brig Somers, and that he was arrested in the act near the Isle of Pines, which was not far from the south coast of Cuba. Mr. Fitch had undoubtedly got his knowledge of this island from the same source I had. Mr. Hunt afterwards said to us that a school inspector who asked such an irrelevant question, as lawyers would say, deserved just such an answer as his neighbor Fitch got. Duncan had been examined by him the year before, and knew that he was inclined to be somewhat hypercritical as a school inspector. We got our certificates, however, and drove back to Kalamazoo toward evening. Another Kalamazoo student, Lyman C. Barker, was to teach in the district adjoining.

I began my school near the first of December. The schoolhouse was a snug, newly erected frame building. We had an uniformity in text-books, and a blackboard. Hence we had class recitations in most of the studies. The school officers were Samuel Mills, director, John Hunt, moderator, and Rezin Holmes, assessor. My first home was with Mr. Hunt. He sent to school Laurentio, Sally A., Hearty, and King. Mr. Mills sent three or four; Rezin Holmes sent Alvin and Narcissa; L. A. Fitch his son Clinton, Jesse Abbey his adopted son Ben Wait, Lucien Abbey, an adopted daughter, Sarah Glass, Allan McPherson his daughters, Margaret, Isabella, and Ann,

and his son James, Ezra Gates sent Mary and Lorinda, Mr. Butler sent his son Marvin, Paris Fletcher, Seth and Paris.

The curriculum was the same as we had heretofore had in previous schools: reading, writing, arithmetic, geography and grammar. These were the schoolroom exercises in which were daily drilled the boys and girls of that school district in the winter of 1845–46. I was undoubtedly better prepared for the task of teaching, by the advance I had made in my studies, and the training I had received, as a student for three years at the Kalamazoo Branch. Hence I entered on my task with a new zeal. And if there was anything in the maxim, "Like teacher, like pupil," the zeal of the former may have inspired the latter with a desire to study. The teacher has something more to do in the schoolroom than merely to conduct recitations and govern his school. If he does not inspire his pupils with a love of study, he fails in the most essential part of teaching. This sentiment has been uttered before; it is worth repeating.

During the winter the inspectors visited my school. When the class in reading was called, Mr. Hunt handed one of its older members a newspaper, remarking, "Please read this piece," pointing to a certain article. This was a poser to the pupil, who was flurried and read with evident embarrassment. But it was right, for the pupil should get the knowledge acquired in the schoolroom so well in hand that he can use it at any and every suitable occasion. He would be called on out of the schoolroom to read something that he had not conned over, and what would his knowledge be worth if he could not use it? This hint from the inspector was very suggestive to me. It said, try the strength of the pupil in every one of his studies; try him out of the lesson, on something connected with it. In arithmetic, give the pupils examples out of the book, and such as they will meet in practical life. So of grammar; teach them to use it out of the book, in conversation, in writing a letter, and in business life; and so of geography, and all of their studies.

The Antwerp school was composed of a rather young, but on the whole, a studious class of pupils. It had all the elements that constitute a good school. Of the pupils that winter, Miss Sally A. Hunt is now Mrs. John Earl of Schoolcraft. Her sister Hearty is Mrs. J. J. Woodman of Paw Paw, Miss Julia A. Mills is Mrs. O. P. Morton of Texas.

The first school in this district had been taught by Miss Matilda Armstrong, the second teacher was Elder Wilder, the third B. Mack, the fourth Mr. Wooster, and the fifth, myself.

I remember that while boarding with the McPhersons, Mrs. McP. gave me a narration of her school days in "bonny Scotland." In their thatched-

roofed schoolhouse the floor was merely the earth made smooth; in the middle of this floor a fire of peat was made, where they had any, which was seldom. The pupils sat at their desks, and when they complained of cold they were ordered to take a little whip, with a bunch of short lashes, and whip a top on the smooth floor until they got warm. Contrasting that school with ours, a snug schoolroom kept warm and comfortable by the fire in a stove, with abundance of wood, I felt encouraged and, in telling my pupils how the Scotch boys and girls kept warm in their schoolhouse without any fire, assured them that they ought to be thankful that their lot was so pleasant and their advantages so great.

There was a settlement of "Buckeyes," or Wesleyan Methodists, in this district. They were called Hoosiers, and were, in their peculiar dialect, habits and manners. Johnny Johnson was a sort of leader among them. They were illiterate, industrious, clannish, though devout in their religious worship. They held their meetings in our schoolhouse. Their minister's name I have forgotten. Jesse Abbey had joined this sect, and was considered a kind of patriarchal chief among them. His hair was gray, long and thin. He wore a straw hat summer and winter, and usually, in meeting, seated himself by the side of the minister, his straw hat on his head; and if anything in the sermon pleased him, he would exclaim: "Good, that's right; ha, ha!" clapping his hands in exultant emotion. Johnny Johnson would walk into church, or schoolhouse, with his long ox gad on his shoulder, and take seat, holding it in his hand. After the sermon, came their class or exhorter's meeting. Johnny's style of speaking always attracted attention; as it was in the real Hoosier patois, impressed on the audience with the fervent unction of the exhorter. The larger pupils could repeat, word for word, one of his accustomed exhortations, in which he gave his experience during his first conversion. I can reproduce but a fragment of it: "Bruth'n, I never shall disremember the time that I was first convarted. It was down there in Ohiar, on the banks of the little Darby, that the Lord was merciful to my soul. And since that time he has been the 'pillar of cloud and fire,' by day and by night, to me and my family. Yes, bruth'rn, the Lord has been merciful to me; he has showered down blessins on my head beyond all bounds of reason!" Father Libby was another member of this little flock. There appeared to have been no little strife between Johnny Johnson and Father Abbey and Father Libby as to who could talk or exhort the best in meeting. One of my pupils, Alvin Holmes, gives the following incident on this head: Johnny Johnson, who could not write, had been in the habit of getting Murray, a young friend of his, to write his letters for him. Murray having written one for Johnny to

his friends "down there in Ohiar," and, having directed and sealed it, handed it to him. The latter took it and started home; but in a short time returned to his young friend, saying: "Murray, there's something that I forgot to put in this letter." "But," says the latter, "Johnny, the letter is sealed now (this was before envelopes were used, when we folded the paper into letter shape), and, unless it is very important, I would not break it open; it will be a hard matter to fold it in good shape again." The latter replied: "Oh, it is very important; there's something more that must be added to that letter." Murray broke the seal and opened the missive, and said: "What is it that you want I should add?" "Tell 'em," says Johnny, "that it is Nick-el-ty tuck-ey with Father Abbey and me as to who can talk the best in meetin'." The important passage was added to the letter, it was refolded and sent on its way to Johnny's friends on the "banks of the little Darby, down there in Ohiar."

Father Abbey was one of the early pioneers to Antwerp, and in the old days kept tavern. His log hostelry was well known throughout the country. The frugal fare of the day and a bottle of whisky were the chief elements in the entertainment for the stage coach passengers or the foot-sore pedestrian who sought the accommodations of this wayside inn. One day a traveler put up with the hospitable old landlord, and, as he went in, told him he had no money, but would pay him some day. The old gentleman replied: "Stay? Of course you can stay, and pay me when you can. I've had lots of customers, but never turned one away." Some short time after this the same traveler called, and, as he offered the money due Mr. Abby on the old score, said: "Do you remember me? I stopped here and could not pay." "I don't remember," said Mr. A——, "but lots of folks have done that thing here. May be you did. You can pay what you please." On receiving the money, the old innkeeper exclaimed: "Hurrah for an honest man! Such a thing has never happened to me since I've kept tavern. I've trusted hundreds of people for their fare, and that has been the end of the matter. If there was a newspaper published anywhere in these parts I'd put this in, sure!"

The Winter School of 1846.

The schoolhouse was a little frame building that crowned a gentle knoll in the woods, some fifteen rods from the old territorial road, west of Goguac prairie. In this quiet, secluded grove I taught the winter school of 1846. Dr. Orlando Moffatt was director, Jerry Bailey and Barnet Wood, moderator and assessor. My salary was eighteen dollars per month. The schoolhouse thus retired from the main road, the grounds about it were admirably fitted

for schoolboy sports; and having an athletic class of pupils, muscle was developed by the sports outside the house, and brain more readily by the exercises within. I have always found that pupils that play well study well. Sliding down hill on their sleds, building snow forts and storming them, and all the other schoolboy sports, at recess, admirably fitted them for study during school hours.

There was not a pail of water in the schoolroom during the winter. I refer to this to show what habit will do. There was really no request for water during school hours, and the pupils felt no more desire to drink than to eat during that time.

The school inspectors, Abner Campbell and Joseph Burton, accompanied by Dr. Moffatt, visited our school during the winter. We went through our accustomed afternoon exercises by request of the inspectors. Here really was the place to test the qualifications of the teacher. These inspectors had examined me, and, finding me qualified in text-book knowledge, had given me a certificate to teach this school. But the examination they made that afternoon afforded them a truer test of my qualifications as teacher. The teacher who knows the most grammar, may not be the best teacher of grammar. And so of the other studies. It has been said of a very distinguished and successful teacher, "Not that he gave his scholars more information than others, perhaps he did not give them so much; but he excited and inspired them, he quickened their minds and awakened their dormant faculties." No board of school inspectors or county examiners will ever test the qualifications of such a teacher. He is only discovered in the schoolroom or by the results of his labors, as is the artist by his work. Having a uniformity of text-books and the later facilities in our profession, we began to leave the old log schoolhouse course, and, by classification and better text-books, to accomplish much more in the schoolroom. On Wednesday afternoon we had our declamation and composition exercises. As usual this was the dreaded afternoon with some of the pupils, but we had only one that was really refractory in regard to writing "compositions." This was a young lady. She informed me when told that I wanted a composition from her, "Mr. Van Buren, mother always taught me that gentlemen should write to young ladies first." I told her unless she complied with the rule, that I should write to her mother. The result was, this young lady was "suspended" for a time at least. She thought more of dancing than study. A frolic in the evening usually upset both her studies and books for two or three days. And besides this her example among her schoolmates was infectious, and I began to fear that this terpsichorean malady would affect the "heel of Achilles" in the entire school. For there is where the young

community about us, at that time, was most easily assailed by such an influence. The pioneer frolics were yet in vogue among the young people on winter evenings, where

> "Hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
> Put life and mettle in their heels."

Consequently this refractory pupil was suspended from school, and we had nothing to interfere with our studies the rest of the term.

We had a number of interesting spelling schools during the winter. I remember, one evening in a lively contest with two or three other schools, that the word "cutlass" brought down a score or more before it was spelled correctly. After school, Jerry Bailey remarked, "What havoc that 'cutlass' made among the spellers! It mowed 'em down as Sampson did the Philistines; though with another kind of weapon!" Among our best spellers were Mary Hart, Sarah Berger and John Helmer. They saved our school from losing the victor's wreath in these contests.

I little thought while teaching school in these early days in Michigan that I should ever become the chronicler of those schools, some half a century later. But what we were then doing in the schoolroom was really a part of the history of that time, just as our work in the schoolroom today is part of the history of the present time; and we worked then by the light and knowledge that the past afforded us, just as we are working today by the light and experience of our past, which is really the lamp by which our feet are guided and the only one that will safely light us on mid the doubt and fog that surround our onward course. The past not only gives us access to its exhaustless storehouse of knowledge, but it is the schoolmaster that instructs us and sets us going. Some one says, "All we have to do with the past is to get a future out of it." The teacher finds that he has the future about him in the boys and girls that he is instructing; for these boys and girls "are the tomorrow of the world."

Going to College.

One pleasant afternoon, in the summer of 1845, two students of the old Branch were seated on the mound that graces the park in the village of Kalamazoo. They had just returned from a stroll about the burr-oak hamlet, and began conversing upon a subject that had long occupied their thoughts; one that had not only stimulated them in their despondent hours of study, but had become the guiding star that was leading them on in their educational career; it was the inspiring theme—going to college. Under the teaching of Dr. Stone they had imbibed a love for a full classical course.

The Kalamazoo Branch had been their "academic grove," in which, like that of Athens, the genius of learning presided, inspiring both teacher and pupil; for to be Plato's pupil was to be inspired with Plato's desire for wisdom and learning.

These students conversed a long time on this favorite theme, and then for a time remained in silent communion with their thoughts, watching the sun in the meanwhile as it sank in splendor behind Prospect hill. The silence was broken by one of them remarking, "Here we are, both emulous for a college education; we shall go to the University at Ann Arbor, graduate, then start out to make our way in life; but where shall we be ten years from now?" The other replied, "Time alone can tell where we shall then be." Those students were Charles Beckwith, now judge of the Superior Court in Buffalo, the other was the writer of these school annals. They both met, as fellow students, in the University at Ann Arbor in the fall of 1847; and ten years from their talk on the mound in Kalamazoo one was a lawyer in Buffalo, New York, the other was taking, at his home in Battle Creek, a rest from his labors as teacher.

The Branches and the University.

"The branches," says President Angell, "served as preparatory schools for the University and as training schools for teachers of primary or district schools. They also awakened a wide spread interest in higher education and led ultimately to the establishment of the excellent high schools for which Michigan is so distinguished. They did so desirable work in our principal towns that there grew up a sentiment in favor of making the support of them the main object in the use of the University funds. Governor Barry, in his message in 1842, affirmed that the branches were to be more useful than the University and ought to be multipled, though he recommended less expenditure on each." But, it was considered best to close them, which was done in 1849. This seemed a pity at the time, for, as said, they furnished trained teachers for the district schools, who imparted their love of their *alma mater*, the Branch University, to their pupils who, in turn, flocked to these popular seats of learning, and were there fitted for the University at Ann Arbor.

The faculty of the University, at this time, consisted of George P. Williams, LL. D., Professor of Mathematics and Physics; Abram Sager, M. D., Professor of Botany and Zoology; Andrew Ten Brook, M. A., Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy; Silas H. Douglas, M. D., Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy; John Holmes Agnew, D. D., Professor of Ancient Languages; Daniel D. Whedon, D. D., Professor of

Logic, Rhetoric and History; Louis Fasquelle, L.L. D., Professor of Modern Languages and Literature; Burret A. Smith was tutor and George Almandinger was janitor, or, "Professor of Dust and Ashes." Each professor became president of the faculty at different times, serving a year, I believe, at a time.

According to my best recollections the first "college" that I ever saw, was the one at Ann Arbor, as I entered it for examination, in September, 1847. Prof. J. Holmes Agnew had lately come to the University, and was president of the faculty that year. He had begun a rigid reform in the University. For, on the start, he had "turned over a new leaf" in the method of examinations. Heretofore students had been admitted, by letter of recommendation from the principal of the Branch University or school where they had been fitted for college. But now Prof. Agnew put every student through a critical examination on all the branches in which he, as an applicant, was required to be proficient. A letter from the former teacher was also required in regard to general attainments and moral character. This letter I had received from Dr. J. A. B. Stone, of the Branch University, at Kalamazoo.

I remember that Elias Cooley, George Trask, James K. Knight, D. Tompkins and myself, all Kalamazoo students, went over to Prof. Agnew's room to be examined in Greek. And here came our first "tug of war," in which my four schoolmates failed. They then went to Ypsilanti, and made up what they lacked in Greek under the instruction of Prof. Felch of the high school in that place. I was fortunate enough to pass in this study. We were then examined by Prof. George Williams in mathematics; in English by Prof. Louis Fasquelle, in Latin by Prof. D. D. Whedon. Having passed the examinations I became a student of the University. I first boarded at Cook's hotel, afterwards at a private boarding house.

College life! The educators of fifty years ago laid great stress on early rising and devotional exercises. The daily college routine began with prayers in the chapel at 6 o'clock in the morning the year round, some one of the professors conducting this exercise. We next recited in Bourdon to Prof. Williams, then went to breakfast. After breakfast we recited in Latin to Prof. TenBrook. The first recitation in the afternoon was reading in Homer's Odyssey before Prof. Agnew. He was a thorough Greek scholar and the most rigid disciplinarian of any teacher I ever recited to. I have seen the most robust and vigorous student in our class tremble, as if the ague shook him, while reading a Greek lesson before the stern professor. Poppleton, who was an athlete in his perfect physical development, used to say, "Put us on the campus, and let us take it out in wrestling, and I will

lay Prof. Agnew on his back inside of one minute. But put me in his Greek class, and I am ashamed of myself, for when I arise to read my lesson my nerves are all aquiver, and the Odyssey in my hands shakes like an aspen leaf." This severe discipline in Greek no doubt did us all good. Poppleton did not sink under it, but on the contrary, he grew stronger, and is now the foremost lawyer in the State of Nebraska.

College life in 1847, if not fully up to what had been our ideal of it, was near enough to it to make us contented and happy in it.

The rules adopted by the faculty were rigidly enforced. A monitor at chapel in the morning, and at church each Sabbath, reported absences to the proper authorities; absences in class room, delinquencies or demerits of any kind, were all noted down by the professor to whom you recited. Five marks against you, and your parents or guardian were notified; ten marks, if not explained away, expelled you. There was no lagging behind, the student must keep up with his class, and the class must accomplish such a task each day. Each professor had the names of the students in every class that recited to him, in the text-book used, and as a student was called on at recitation, a dot was put opposite his name. If the class was large, and all could not recite at one recitation, the next recitation brought out those whose names were not dotted in the previous one, so that, on the average, the students all participated alike in the recitations. It was a strict military drill applied to students in their march along the path of knowledge. For those who desired an education, this was the right place; their minds were awakened to, and took a more active interest in the higher realms of thought and knowledge, as they advanced in their collegiate course. To those students who were indifferent to, or neglected, the golden opportunity that the University offered them in the way of getting a thorough education, we would say of them that better influences, and those nobler and more corrective in their nature, were thrown around them while in the University, than would have been had they not come there; for an awakened lively interest in the cultivation of the mind is virtue's strongest ally. This is a strong plea for a collegiate course. The stimulus a young man gets from the association of ambitious and noble minded classmates; the spirit of classic lore, of encouragement and emulation, that seemed to pervade this favorite seat of learning, made it the most fit and desirable school for the higher education of the young men of our State.

I think it would have been better for the student in the classics had he previously obtained a more thorough knowledge of how the Greeks educated themselves, how they became great poets, orators, historians, painters, and so eminent as philosophers and thinkers. It would have been better for us,

I say, if we had, on the start, learned how they became so great, and then read their works afterwards. And it is a good thing *now* to go back and learn of those old masters, those self-taught, self-made, thoroughly trained scholars and thinkers. They knew themselves, and hence knew others. They had but few books, but they were the great original thinkers, and first opened up the great lines of thought, made the first great investigations in the hitherto unexplored realms of human knowledge. They gave us two thirds of what we now have of learning, and almost all of poetry, painting, sculpture, and eloquence. We have been busy in gathering, combining and comparing the knowledge they first produced for us.

We study in books, teach in books, reason in books, go through college in books, graduate in books; we are a book-bred people. The Greeks became very learned without books; they were, in fact, the only real self-made men; or, they are the noblest examples of self-made men that we find in the annals of history.

Their native wit not only survived, but were sharpened and brightened by their educational training. One reflection on our colleges is, that they often dull the native wits, make the student too dependent on the learning of the schools, instead of developing his full powers, and giving him entire possession of them. In short, that they make mere text-book scholars, who go through life "unweaned" of their *alma mater*.

Besides the class recitations the students had a debating society called the Alpha Nu, which, with the regular literary and elocutionary exercises once a week in the chapel, afforded them an opportunity of improvement outside of their text-book course.

The secret fraternities were the Alpha Delta Phi and Chi Psi. About this time the faculty became convinced that these secret societies were working harm to the University, and passed a law to stop any student from joining them. Those who disobeyed this law were expelled. A number of students were consequently expelled, and entered Union College, N. Y. Among them were H. Seymour, G. Trask and J. K. Knight. Soon after this Judge Abner Pratt, one of the regents of the University, undertook to silence all anti-slavery discussion by voice or pen, as far as the faculty of Michigan University was concerned. And if he did not succeed in his purpose entirely, he did indirectly, in being the cause of the removal or resignation of two or three of the members of the faculty—Profs. Whedon and Agnew, at least left the University. They, especially Prof. Whedon, were the offending ones, and the relentless hate of Judge Pratt continued to assail them till they left.

Hazing, college sports and amusements seem to be the escape valve of the pent up animal spirits of the students.

There was a society known by the name of Bumptonians. The subjects to be initiated into this society were such members of the freshman class at the beginning of each year as they thought fit to select. Being introduced into the society's room, the victim was seized by four stalwart members, two taking him by the arm, two by the leg, they swung him like a battering ram, not head first, against the wall, and as he struck it, they cried out, "bump," "bump," "bump," continuing it, till he was initiated, and declared a "bumptonian."

Faculty meetings were looked upon, by the students, as often boding no good to them; that is by a certain class of students. One day the faculty held a special meeting in their room, which was just opposite (across the hall) to the room occupied by the janitor. Finding the latter in his room, Jones of Texas, and a few accomplices, fastened a rope to the knob on the door of the faculty's room, and the other end of the rope to the knob on the janitor's door. Thus both faculty and janitor were securely shut up in their respective rooms. All was quiet until the faculty meeting was over, then a pull on their door tightened that of the janitor's, and a pull on the latter's door tightened the one opposite. Often both parties pulled at the same time, then, of course, the rope would be very "taut" as sailors would say. After some over two hours' imprisonment, the janitor got out of his room by the window, from which he, by a rope, reached the ground. He then liberated the imprisoned faculty. I think they did not find out, and hence did not punish, the perpetrators of this deed.

I do not know why it was so, but sleep was always the sweetest, just at the hour that the early morning bell rang for prayers. To sleep over at such an hour, seemed to the student like getting into elysium, or, into "the fields of asphodels where old Homer's heroes slept." Consequently the means was made to justify the end with the student in securing such sleep. One morning, the professor who conducted the chapel exercises found the chapel so full of hay that he could not get in. That morning the students enjoyed a delightful sleep. While the professors were at breakfast the hay in the chapel was put in cocks again on the lawn from which it was taken. At another time, in the winter, the college bell was turned upside down, filled with water, which froze solid, and could not be rung in the morning. The students enjoyed a good sleep in consequence.

Prof. Agnew was a severe disciplinarian, dignified, scholarly and stern in manner. It was our recitation in Greek. Wheeler, Jones and Sam. Agnew were already in the class room, and as another student came in, they all

began to laugh at him, and point their fingers at the back of his coat. He of course thinking something wrong, took his coat off—to find himself fooled. He was told to take his seat and join in to help laugh the next fellow's coat off. So it went with the next classmate, and the next, and the next, each one after having his coat "laughed off" joined with the rest, increasing in numbers and in volume of voice, strong enough to laugh the buttons off. And, while they were in the midst of this roaring chorus of laughter, Professor Agnew walked into the room, as a student was taking off his coat. "Jupiter Pluvius," said one of the students afterwards, "What a damper! What an awe struck set of students as Prof. Agnew came in upon us! It instantly reminded me of our famous line in Virgil: 'When a man of distinguished piety walks among a noisy rabble in the streets, they are all hushed, subdued, and hold their peace.'" Professor Agnew stopped an instant, looked around at us, his face blanched, lips compressed, chin quivered, as he stepped to his seat behind the desk. All ears were on the alert, eyes cast on the floor, anywhere to avoid a look from him. The next moment, we heard, "What would one of our townsmen, or a stranger have thought, had they passed by the college just now! That this building was filled with wild animals—howling wolves! You are a disgrace to the University!" Probably our class never got a more severe lecture from a professor than it did at that time. This thing was never repeated in the University while Prof. Agnew was there.

The class was seated in alphabetical order in the recitation room. Sam. Agnew sat next to the door. On some pleasant day, or when he was weary of recitation, he would resort to the following ruse to get relieved, or to relieve some other student from the tedium of the classroom. A rap would be heard at the door, Agnew would arise, and opening the door, listen a moment, then call out, "Jones is wanted." That young man would arise and the Professor would tell him he could go; thus Jones would have a good time down town perhaps. Another rap, and Agnew was wanted; he would be liberated, and was soon with Jones in some wild pranks about town. Sam. was a little ahead of the "Fox girls" with his rappings. He made his on the inside of the door, with his knuckles, but they seemed to come from some one on the "other side." The "Fox girls" made their rappings on a sounding-board, with their toes, but they also seemed to come from some one on the "other side."

Prof. Geo. Williams we used to call a "walking cyclopedia of mathematics." A quiet, undemonstrative man, with a Webster-like head and physique, he sat in his arm chair in the classroom, text-book open on the desk before him, eyes half shut, and seemingly paying no attention to the demon-

strator at the blackboard; but the instant a mistake was made by the student was heard the accustomed "Ah, how is that?" and the error was corrected. We used to think that he could detect an error by merely listening, with his eyes shut, to the demonstrator's chalking on the blackboard; that he went by sound and not by sight in blackboard demonstrations. The students liked him, for although not so severe a disciplinarian, he knew how to develop the mathematician. As said, the students were seated in the classroom in alphabetical order. Prof. Williams used to begin at "A," the head of the class, one morning, the next morning at "W," or the foot of the class. The students would take advantage of this, and "hunt out" the questions that would be likely to come to them. One day Tillotson of Ohio had miscalculated, and was caught on a question that he thought would pass by him. Unable to answer, a little flurried, and much provoked, he naively replied, "Professor Williams, I did not know that question was coming to me!" This recitation was in Bourdon, and was just after prayers, and before breakfast, each morning. Sometimes a student, not yet freed from the influence of the "drowsy god," would be "caught napping" in the classroom. This was the case with Todd Palmer, who one morning fell asleep on his seat at recitation. As the class got through with the lesson, Prof. Williams arose, and motioning with his hand for them to pass out, and not disturb Palmer, they all walked out quietly, and left him soundly sleeping on his seat. The next morning as Todd took his seat with the class, Prof. Williams, with a twinkle in his eye, looked over towards him and said, "Well, Palmer, did you get your sleep out yesterday morning?" The latter replied, "Yes, Professor, I had a most refreshing sleep."

Professor Whedon had charge of us in declamation and composition. On a certain occasion, I remember, he said to the class, in regard to writing, "Now excogitate your best thoughts." In literature we looked upon him as our Macauley. His style of writing was captivating. As a writer he was noted for his boldness, clearness, beauty and strength. He was too fearless and able a writer on the anti-slavery question to escape the notice and Achillean wrath of such a rock-ribbed democrat as Judge Abner Pratt. And, as we have stated, the latter caused Prof. Whedon's resignation.

The Old and the New College, and Their Curriculums.

The following is from the Century Magazine, September, 1888: "The schedule of studies in our better equipped colleges of today surpasses anything that our forefathers considered possible. In some institutions two hundred courses or more are offered the academic undergraduate students, covering every variety of topic, from Pali to political economy. And men

especially trained for their places are at the head of every department and sub-department. The whole body of human knowledge seems to be gathered together and laid before the students, in the curriculum for their consideration and appropriation.

"The absolute meagerness of the college curriculum of one hundred years ago needs to be seen in order to point the contrast with the radically different spirit of its modern successor. Take the course of Yale towards the close of the last century, as given by President Dwight. Freshman year: Graeca Minora, six books of the Iliad, five books of Livy, Cicero de Oratoria, Adams' Roman Antiquities, Morse's Geography, Webber's Mathematics. Sophomore year: Horace, Graeca Majora, Morse's Geography, Webber's Mathematics, Euclid's Elements, English Grammar, Tyler's Elements of History. Junior year: Tacitus, Graeca Majora, Enfield's Natural Philosophy and Astronomy, Chemistry, Vince's Fluxions. Senior year: Logic, Chemistry, Natural Philosophy and Astronomy, Locke on the Human Understanding, Paley's Moral Philosophy, Theology. This course was perhaps the fullest of any of the colleges, the rest were mostly like it and they continued without much change for many years. And yet it was from such institutions and courses of study as this that the country received its great men of the past—men to whose work not only the students but the instructors of the present still look for guidance. The case is stronger with regard to public men, for the lack of law schools and of any higher phase of education then made the meager undergraduate curriculum practically the only basis for the future statesman's training. With little or no historical or political instruction colleges then sent out men whose treatment of difficult problems of law and government still command our admiration and respect. Omitting lesser lights, there were in public life or in training, the latter part of the last century from Harvard, the Adamses, Bowdoin, Dexter, Eustis, Gerry, John Hancock, Rufus King, Lowell, Otis, Parsons, the Quincys and Strong. From Yale: Joel Barlow, Silas Dean, Griswold, Hillhouse, the Ingersolls, Tracy, the Trumbulls and Wolcott. From Princeton: Ellsworth, Luther Martin, Pierpont Edwards, Madison, Bradford Lee, Burr, Morgan Lewis, Brockholdst, Edward Livingston, Dayton, Giles, Bayard, Harper, Malhon Dickerson, Benjamin Rush, Forsyth and Sergeant. From Columbia: Hamilton, Jay, Robert Livingston and Gouverneur Morris. Are the institutions named as well represented in public life now? Now the increase of the undergraduate curriculum has not brought a like increase of able men compared with that the old curriculum produced. The case is the same in literature. Bowdoin's class of 1825, trained under the old meager system, gave more names

to American literature than most of our departments of English literature have yet succeeded in adding. Similar contrasts might be brought out in other directions, but the rule is sufficiently well established to call for explanation.

"Have not modern colleges gone too largely to the mere presentation of facts? The instructor, tending ever to specialism, gauges his work by the greater breadth with which he states the facts embraced in his subject. So that the increased number of courses will mean that the facts which were only suggested or entirely ignored under the old system are now stated in full. That means that the student now has his mental food chewed and almost digested for him, and may go through a four years' course in college without thinking ten thoughts of his own from first to last; while the student under the old regime, compelled to do his own thinking on a great variety of subjects, developed principles and methods for himself, and then accumulated facts during the years in which the modern student is engaged in forgetting them. 'You have no idea,' says Ingersoll, 'how many men are spoiled by an education. Colleges, for the most part, are where pebbles are polished and diamonds are dimmed. If Shakespeare had graduated at Oxford, he might have been a grubbing attorney or a poor parson.'"

Now, to come right to the matter, there is no need of destroying our colleges or going back to the old curriculum. All we need is to see to it that the instructor, in our colleges, should not convert the elective course into a machine for "cramming" the student within narrower lines, as he never was crammed under the old system; and that the student shall not, under the guise of wider freedom, be deprived of the license and encouragement to think for himself, which the old system gave him.

We give here, as connected with this subject, some thoughts suggested by reading a discourse of Prof. Swing on a kindred theme: Thousands of old students and scholars have lately fallen into doubt whether education has been well defined. The schools have long compelled all minds to pass through the one course of Latin, Greek and mathematics. The wise men have at least learned that thousands of minds have come into greatness by some other gate. Think of the poets, orators, philosophers, inventors, artists, and statesmen, preeminent in their special field, who never passed over the prescribed course. This has set even university men to thinking whether, after all, education may not be the training of a mind along the line of its greatest gift. Why make Angelo and Beethoven spend all their youth over Latin and Greek? Why turn Clay and Lincoln away from America, and detain them twenty years among the soldiers of Achilles, the ships of Ulysses, the old wine of Horace, the domain of Pius Aeneas, or of

Dido in Virgil? Has not each mind some special drift in this life? Thus reason the old teachers. Why need we have such faith in our route to a classical paradise, when so many are getting there by another or better route, some by climbing over the walls. There may yet be coming a training of the first twenty years that will transform the old book-worm into a statesman; the boy who was daily flogged over Homer into a warm-hearted philanthrophist, with Homer left out; the genius into a musician who was dead to the mathematics of La Place. Yet, despite all this, it is clearly evident that education must be part classical and part modern, so much of the latter as to make us all children of the present more than of the past. But, while children of the present, we must be diligent students of the past, from which so large a part of our literature, learning, religion and laws has come. And if there are doubts as to the old custom which drove all our gifted youth along the one boyhood road of classic literature and learning, still we must get to the classic east by some road; for our education should embrace a thorough knowledge of the Hebrew, Greek and Roman nations and their histories, because our religion, literature, learning and laws, which form the basis of our civilization, came from these three nations.

So little has been said about Dr. Edward Thomson's* connection with our University that very few people in Michigan know that he was appointed professor of moral and intellectual philosophy and president of the faculty in 1843, appointed and accepted, but before taking the chair of the presidency, declined the proffered honor, and accepted the presidency of the Ohio Wesleyan University. But the address, that he had prepared for the occasion of his becoming the president of our University, though not delivered as intended, was published in the Ladies Repository, of which he was editor. I remember when the Kalamazoo Branch students first read that masterly address entitled "The Necessity of Colleges," by Dr. E. Thomson, they felt like Keats upon opening a volume of Chapman's Homer:

> "Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
> Where a new planet swims into his ken."

A new world of delight seemed to be opened up to us by this eloquent and scholarly address; it stimulated us with a new desire for a college course; we caught a new inspiration for the classic learning of Greece and Rome. The address seemed to possess, to us, every excellence in style, beauty, grandeur, and strength of language, every species of merit from plain, strong Saxon, up to poetry and eloquence. We divided it into parts suitable for declamation, the student taking the part he preferred, which he

*Afterwards so widely known as Bishop Thomson in the M. E. church.

declaimed as his Wednesday afternoon exercise. The part of the address which I declaimed I give here for the value of its thought on self made men, and on the need of colleges:

"Men may educate themselves. I affirm this with emphasis, and would impress it. I love the self educated man. If there is an eye before which I quail, it is his. Who is he? Not that half educated, self-conceited, self-willed, negative being, who grins at his errors and anoints his soul for every conflict with the sweet consolation, 'I have never been to college;' but that noble spirit who, in defiance of poverty, and affliction, and scorn, and difficulty, mounts with untiring foot the rugged precipice of science, and cheerfully beckons the world upward to his lofty eminence. Cannot a man be great without a college? A rational, undying soul, dropped from heaven into a deep and beautiful universe, ought to conceive immortal thought; a spirit leaping from the bosom of God, and sweeping the compass of created things, should give out sparks from collision with its fellow spirits. What though the soul have no books! can it not launch upon the broad ocean of eternal truth, and ascending the topsail, as with sailor's vision, see far into the dim distances of philosophy, or plunging into the fathomless abyss of its own powers, bring up jewels from hidden caves; or hanging the rich harp-string of its own heart to the wild winds of heaven, waken tones that might chord with the songs of the skies? Nature is full of sciences. Has ancient hand gathered every truth from the earth, and swept every lesson from the heavens? If Mediterranean islands inspired immortal song, cannot the scenes of a new world wake intellect and heart to action? Is there no green upon our earth; no freshness in our ocean? Is there no wildness in our rocks, no majesty in our mountains, no music in our babbling runnels, no glory in our matchless streams, no blue upon our sky, no beauty in our sunset? Answer, ye beauteous vales and sunny hills, Alleghanies and Andes; speak, Mississippi, and Huron, and Erie, and thou Niagara, thunder the everlasting lie to such an imputation. But it is said, as the mythology of Greece and Rome spread a charm over nature, and stimulated intellect to the highest point of sublimity, therefore we have not such advantages for the production of noble conception. I repel with scorn the charge. What though no Satyrs dance upon the green, no Fauns and Dryads hide among our oaks, no Neptune rises from our waves, no Jupiter thunders in our heavens; what though no Aeolus rides upon the imprisoned storm, no winged-footed Iris spreads her wings upon the rainbow, yet above all, and through all, and in all, there rises on the christian the great I Am, before whose face heathen gods and goddesses fly and there is no place found for them. Though the rude infidel may bathe his soul thirty, forty, fifty long years in a universe filled from

center to circumference with God, and, by some strange chemistry of depravity, preserve his soul in a vacuum, from which the Divinity is shut out, yet the christian, whether in height or depth, in things present or in things to come, with man or with angels, in life or in death, finds his spirit wet with the baptism of the noblest conception. Shut up in eternal sublimity, his soul cries, 'Whither shall I flee from thy presence.'

"The loftiest, strongest thought that ever leaped into eternity from human intellect, sprang from self educated head. Our own shores have produced, without the aid of colleges, some of the finest specimens of human nature. Henry, Washington, Franklin, Marshall have illustrated their country. Their names will be pronounced with veneration, long as Bunker Hill or the American Constitution, or heaven's own lightning is a subject of contemplation to civilized man.

"Is there anything in languages, or mathematics, or natural sciences, which cannot be surmounted by a vigorous, unaided, persevering mind? Let Euclid, Watt, Davy, Burritt answer. That man can educate himself, we grant; but how few would become educated if left to themselves! Man is naturally indolent. Were not appetite, self love and passion strong, he would degenerate, body and soul. Though ordinary impulses are sufficient to excite men to physical labor, yet they are not adequate to rouse them to intellectual toil. Of those who resolve to educate themselves scarce one in five succeeds. They usually start off like a spirited horse, but soon tire, and find they have no spur sharp enough to prick the sides of their intent. Even the stimuli of the college, emulation, encouragement, the task, the command, are insufficient in four cases out of ten. The most powerful and resolute that ever gained the summit of fame, has often found a mountain gorge, where, in almost utter despair, his soul has cried out, 'Help me! Angels aid! God help, or I fall!' The blast of the bugle, the neighing of the charger, the gleam of the battle blade, the folds of the banner, the thoughts of home, of altar, of ancestral graves, the vision of the vengeful foe, nerve the soldier's foot on the bloody height; but when the student comes to a pass different, but not less fearful than Thermopylae, what is there in the retirement of the study to supply burning coals to his chilled heart strings?"

School at Athens, Calhoun County—1847.

This was a large school, and taught in the log schoolhouse at Hart's Corners, in the township of Athens. It was the first schoolhouse erected in the district. The school director was Philander Knappen, son of Rev. Mason Knappen, of Richland, Kalamazoo county. I was informed by Mr.

Knappen that the teacher he had employed the previous winter had been turned out of his school by some of its unmanageable boys. This did not frighten me, as I replied: "I have been used to tending a threshing machine, and know how to bring out the wheat." This expression was soon known all over the district, and no doubt had a salutary effect on my school, for a while at least. The schoolhouse was furnished in the old style. Desks against the logs on three sides, seats of rough boards with wooden legs; a large brick chimney with broad flaring jams at the east end of the house. I was to receive eighteen dollars per month. The old text-books had been mostly supplemented by later ones. Hence we formed classes in most of the studies. It was an interesting school, composed of boys and girls between the ages of six and eighteen, most of them in, or merging into, their "teens." We got along finely for the first and second weeks; but during the third week we began to see indications and actions that reminded us not only of the trouble in the previous winter's school, but that we had the same "unmanageable boys" in our school that caused that trouble. Finally it came to my ears that these boys were going to defy "this teacher who had tended a threshing machine." This threat was soon put into execution, for the ringleaders of the opposition, Horace Brownell, Elliot Stimpson, and Frank Knappen, openly refused to obey me in something they were ordered to do, and where obedience was simply their duty. Here I was held at bay by three unruly pupils, who persistently defied my authority. I was prepared for the emergency; that was, to settle this matter on the spot. Mr. Hart and Mr. John Rogers had been clearing off some swale land, and had presented me with a dozen splendid beech whips. I had wilted them by running them in the hot ashes in the fireplace, and placed them out of sight behind the chimney. I have no desire to go through with a description of the whipping I gave those boys, but will say that it was the severest that I ever gave to a refractory pupil in the schoolroom. The boys were some fourteen or fifteen years old, and wore coats of corduroy, which shielded them considerably from the effect of the blows. Frank Knappen was the last one punished, and the most stubborn and defiant, but finally yielded, and agreed with the rest to obey the rules of the school. This whipping made some stir in the district, but it was effectual; I had no more trouble from unmanageable boys in the school after that. If there was any other way to settle this trouble I did not, or could not, see it then. I can now.

These stout, robust boys grew up to be strong, muscular young men. And when the south fired on Sumter in 1861, and a call came from President Lincoln for soldiers to defend the Union, Frank Knappen and Horace

Brownell enlisted, "and went to the front." Frank fell bravely fighting for the old flag at Kenesaw Mountain, and Horace Brownell was last seen fighting like a hero in a desperate charge on the rebel entrenchments at Gettysburg. As he was never seen after that battle, there is no doubt but what he was among the slain on that great day. Elliot Stimpson went to California, where he still resides.

This was a large school, numbering from fifty to sixty scholars, and, after "these incorrigibles" were brought to see that their best interest lay in the line of study, we pushed ahead in school work. And, at the close of the winter's school, if we did not formally graduate any in the "three R's," many of the pupils got so near through that they could see out, and readily finish the course themselves. And we aimed to leave all desirous to continue in the pursuit of knowledge.

The spelling school was a source of diversion and improvement to the school and the neighborhood. The school east of us was taught by a Mr. Walker, in what was called the "Walker settlement." With this school we had many a spelling "bout," as also with the one northeast of us, taught by Miss Lovinia E. Hanson, now Mrs. L. E. Cole of Galesburg. The Nottawa mission and school, among the Pottawattomies, was some two miles southwest of our schoolhouse. This mission was then in charge of Rev. Manassah Hickey of the M. E. church. He was assisted by a Mr. Crane and a young lady, Mr. Hickey's sister. Mr. Crane and Miss Hickey had charge of the Indian school. There were then some over one hundred of the Pottawattomie band who owned, lived on and cultivated the section of land purchased for them by their agents, Norton, Hobart and Thomas Ackers. They lived in log houses. The mission house was quite a large log structure and used for the large gatherings of the Indians at home and from abroad. The schoolhouse, built also of logs, was used for school on the week day, and for religious meetings on Sunday. My first home was with the director, Philander Knappen. I found among Mr. Knappen's books, the "History of the Patriot War in Canada," by William Alexander Theller, in two volumes. This was a great treat to me, and I read them through as eagerly, and with as deep interest as I ever did Robinson Crusoe, or the Arabian Nights. I never have seen this history since. It is a rare work. The right man wrote the book. Theller was to this history what Capt. Horry was to the life of Gen. Francis Marion. Both were written by men who were thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the times and had been active participants in the stirring scenes of which they wrote.

"Boarding round" was interesting to the teacher in those early days. There was less attraction from the outside world to enlist one's attention, or

divert it for the themes of social life; hence the old fireside was the more interesting. I wish I could reproduce some of the talk, or at least some of the more interesting stories as illustrative of the life in Michigan homes forty years ago. Charles Dudley Warner, in his "Back-log Stories," says that the best talk is that which escapes up the open chimney, and cannot be repeated. We might say that all of our talk, and the stories told, while boarding round in the district, escaped up the open chimney and cannot be repeated, for the lack of a chronicler to note them down.

Lemuel Davis was, probably, the oldest man in the entire settlement. The electric telegraph had just come into use, and I had the pleasure of explaining its workings to this genial old gentleman, of a generation now past and gone. He had an idea, at first, that letters were sent from place to place, on the wires. When told that a new alphabet was used, one that represented our letters, he was still more surprised, and thought that we might be getting on a little too fast; that we might yet make a better use of some of the old things instead of trying to invent so many new ones. "Yet, let them have this telegraph, it will be a bauble, at least, to please these restless spirits, who can't be satisfied with anything old, and if it proves really useful, we shall be glad of it."

School of 1848, in the "Sprague Neighborhood," East LeRoy, Calhoun Co.

The political campaign of 1848 opened with the democratic watchword of "54–40 or fight;" but ushered the whigs into power again. The Michigan Central railroad and the electric telegraph, connecting the east with the west, had already done wonders towards the improvement of this State. The old text-books had been laid aside and new ones were used in the schoolroom. The blackboard, class recitations, "composition" and declamation were among the new things in the school course. The district in which I was to teach had outgrown the log schoolhouse, and had erected a frame structure in its place. Ten years as a pedagogue had brought its trials and lessons of experience to me. I had carried school after school through the elementary course of the common school curriculum, and had graduated many of the older pupils high enough up in the "three R's" to equip them for teaching a district school, and in this work they had been successful. Some had become clerks, some had found employment in other business; some were mechanics, others farmers, all, we hope, were better prepared by what school training they had received to make their way through life.

I had discovered two things in the township of Le Roy; one was that in whatever part of it you might be you could not get out of sight of an abo-

litionist's home, or a tamarack swamp. They both appeared to be indigenous to the township. The leading abolitionist families were the Bushnells, Bakers, Kelseys, McNarys, Gores, Millses, Coles and Taylors. These were mostly in the west part of the township. In the east part of the township where my school was, the early settlers were the Spragues, Robinsons, Smiths, Barnums, Fishes, Mulhollands, Kingsworths, Rolfes and many whose names have escaped memory.

James Van Tuyle was director in the school district, and had hired me as teacher at eighteen dollars per month. The text-books were Sanders' speller and reader, Thompson's arithmetic, Mitchell's geography, and Smith's grammar. The school south of us, in the Dr. Smith neighborhood, was taught by that most excellent teacher and well remembered pioneer, Cornelius Newkirk. With his school we had many a "spelling match," and many a pleasant visit from him. As the common or district school still retained all the large boys and girls as well as the smaller ones in the district, there was a demand for thorough and experienced teachers. And many sterling teachers had been developed during the pedagogy of the stern pioneer days. As the effort to subdue the harsh soil and overcome the hostilities and reluctance of nature was the means of developing some of the strongest and most enduring characters, so in the school teaching of that early day, the lack of opportunity, the stern and adverse circumstances surrounding both schoolmaster and pupil, threw both upon their own resources, and thus a sturdy class of teachers and pupils was developed. We hardly realize, says an eminent writer, how much better it was for after times that our first settlements were difficult. And we would say the same of the difficulties surrounding early school teaching. In the easy opening and tillage of the rich and sometimes rank lands of the west there was an inferior, and a less arduous discipline. In such places the American temper rushed into speculation, rather than to toil or venture. It did not seem necessary to create wealth by labor; the treasures lay ready for whomsoever should first reach the doors of the treasure houses. To make easy the routes to El Dorado of prairies and river bottoms was the quickest way to wealth. But the times of stern adversity that we in Michigan passed through from 1830 to 1859, gave the best discipline and brought out the strongest characters. Such a discipline not only developed the efficient and thoroughly trained teachers, but the district school, the *alma mater*, by which he was trained conferred its highest degree upon him. This was better than to have the college educated teacher who had not graduated from the school which he was to teach; however high he may have stood as

a classical scholar, unless he was thoroughly versed in the common school curriculum, he was not fully equipped as a teacher of such a school.

The Methodist and the Baptist people in this community both held their meetings in the district schoolhouse, and both not only attended, but took part in each others meetings, thus assuring a good congregation to the minister who preached, as well as a full attendance to the evening prayer meeting. This was a very sensible thing, exhibiting the correct religious feeling of the community.

During the winter a series of religious meetings was held in the schoolhouse conducted by Rev. R. C. Crawford of the M. E. church of Battle Creek. Quite a number were converted, and among them some of my pupils. Among these were J. A. Sprague, Alvinon Rolfe, Almon Gore, who are now ministers in the M. E. church. Wm. Copeland, a school teacher was also one of the converts, and is now a member of the M. E. conference in eastern Michigan. There was one of the pupils of this winter's school who deserves more notice than I can give him here. E. V. Spencer, son of L. D. Spencer, was then a boy of some sixteen years. I saw that he had a desire for debate, and urged him to join the debating club of the scholars, held in the schoolhouse, and to participate in those held in adjoining districts. He did so. Some two years later he held a debate in the Emmet schoolhouse, with the well known abolitionist, Cephas Hoyt. This seemed to young Spencer's friend like a callow schoolboy attempting to break a lance in debate with the redoubtable Gerrit Smith or William Lloyd Garrison. Yet to the surprise of his friends he not only held his own in a contest with that able and well trained debater, Cephas Hoyt, but he won the question. He debated with Mr. Hoyt many times after this.

Spencer attended the Battle Creek Union School one term, studied law a short time with Levant C. Rhines in Battle Creek, and in 1859 went to California. Twenty-five years later he revisited Michigan, at which time I read in a leading journal of the State the following: "With an honest purpose, a brave heart and persistent effort, any manly boy can get along in this world. E. V. Spencer took these along with him when he went out from Battle Creek in 1859, at the age of 21, to seek fame and fortune in California. He had an earnest struggle for both, but won, and now ranks among the ablest and foremost lawyers of the Pacific coast." When Spencer left for the "golden State" my interest as his former teacher went with him, and, besides that, my interest in a promising young nephew went with him. He was a branch of Chief Justice Ambrose Spencer's family of Columbia county, New York, a family which produced good lawyers.

I think now that the training young Spencer got in the old district

school, and most especially that which he got from those encounters in debate with that formidable old disputant, Cephas Hoyt, admirably fitted him for the beginning of his career as a lawyer in the rough period of California life, and later when he had to tussle single-handed with the most eminent lawyers on the Pacific slope.

The Battle Creek High School—1849-1852.

In the spring of 1849 I took charge of the Battle Creek high school. This school was established some time in the early "forties" by Mr. and Mrs. Nichols. They were excellent teachers. Mrs. Nichols was the daughter of the well-known Dr. Atlee, of Philadelphia, but who was then residing in Battle Creek. The doctor stood high in his profession, as well as a man of learning and social worth. Thomas Atlee, of Kalamazoo, so long and favorably known as clerk in a department at Washington, was a son of Dr. Atlee. The doctor used to say that Battle Creek was the only place in the United States where he and his wife could both attend service on the Sabbath in a church to which each belonged, his wife being a Quakeress and he a Swedenborgian. In Battle Creek he found both of these religious organizations.

Prof. John D. McKay succeeded the Nicholses as principal of this school. Prof. McKay was a graduate of the first class that the Michigan University honored with the degree of "B. A." He was a fine classical scholar. When asked by an old collegemate what he was doing, he replied, "May Apollo and the muses forgive me, I am making bread and butter of my Virgil." He thought it was classical sacrilege to earn his living by teaching Homer or Virgil. Prof. McKay died while in the practice of law, at St. Louis, in 1878.

Miss Cornelia Lapham, when Prof. McKay left, took charge of the school. Miss Lapham, by natural endowment, and by her varied attainments in learning, was admirably fitted for the responsible position as teacher, and most especially in a high school or seminary. The school became very popular under her able management. She, some two years later, went to Norwalk, Ohio, as preceptress of a seminary there. She is now Mrs. Judge B. F. Graves of Battle Creek.

Prof. Press Moore succeeded Miss Lapham. He was a graduate of Middlebury College, Vermont, and a nephew of Hiram Moore, conspicuous in the early history of Kalamazoo county. Prof. Moore, after one year's successful management of the school, closed his connection with it, and, in the spring of 1849, started for California, but died in a short time after his party reached Independence, Iowa.

Martin Metcalf, of Battle Creek, had written me that Prof. Moore had closed this school, and urged me to come and secure the position. A day

or two later I visited Battle Creek, saw Prof. Moore, bought his schoolroom furniture and made arrangements with Hon. Erastus Hussey for the schoolroom, which was on the second floor in the east end of the old Union block. I had previously seen the principal patrons of the school, that is, the mothers of those families who had so long patronized it. And let me here add that to those mothers I have ever felt greatly indebted for whatever of success may have attended my teaching in Battle Creek. Their names will ever be cherished with the memory of that delightful portion of my life that I spent as principal of the Battle Creek high school. Among the number were Mrs. Edward Packer, Mrs. Alonzo Noble, Mrs. Platt Gilbert, Mrs. Richard Titus, Mrs. D. J. Downs, Mrs. P. S. Rawson, Mrs. E. L. Stillson, Mrs. Samuel Androus, Mrs. Partridge. I have often said, and my experience has convinced me of its truth, "Let me have the mothers to support my school, and I have no concern about the support of the rest of the community."

The mother has the care and training of her children at heart, and thus acts from the purest and noblest impulses in regard to their education, while the father, as a rule having the business affairs of the family to attend to, naturally leaves the matter of the children's education in the hands of the mother.

For reference to my school, I had the following named citizens of Battle Creek: Edward Packer, Jeremiah Brown, Tolman W. Hall, Alonzo Noble, Erastus Hussey and Richard Titus. A card containing the announcement of the opening of the Battle Creek high school, with the above citizens named for reference, was published in the "Liberty Press," then edited by Erastus Hussey.

As I sat at my table in the schoolroom on a pleasant morning in March, 1849, I heard the light tripping of feet ascending the stairs; soon the door opened, and two bright eyed young ladies, with books in their hands, entered. They were Miss A. Marie Androus and Miss Caroline Stillson, my first pupils. They were soon followed by others, and by nine o'clock I had an interesting class of young men and young ladies, in groups about the schoolroom. The forenoon and part of the afternoon was given to forming classes in each study. Yes, forming classes, for we were getting ready for the "grade," which was soon to appear in our schools. There was nothing to hinder its coming, for, equipped with uniform text-books, each class could now take up its line of march along its own path of knowledge. First, this path led through the realm of the "three R's;" here the one in reading was to follow Parker (National Reader); the one in writing would be led by the teacher; in arithmetic Davies would be the guide; in the abstruse field of grammar Clark was to make the way plain and instructive; in geography Mitchell

would make the tour of the new and the old world with the class. In spelling and defining words "Towne," with his "analysis," would be an admirable guide. In the higher studies of philosophy, chemistry, and botany, Comstock, Parker, and Lincoln would have their respective classes in charge. In the interesting realm of history they had an admirable guide in that incomparable text-book, "Robbins' Outlines." I have never seen its equal as a text-book of its kind. The author did, in his case, that which so many authors have failed to do, write an excellent text-book. Would it were in use today in our schools. I think our large class in history, at that time some thirty in number, and the interest they always had in the study, was mostly due to this interesting schoolbook. Authors of good text-books, like poets and teachers, are born, not made. Two requisites to a schoolroom, and but rarely found there, are the genuine teacher and text-book. It was about this time that text-books for schools began to be an important consideration with our publishing houses. In this new field A. S. Barnes & Co., of New York, took the lead in not only publishing the latest and best schoolbooks, but sent out their agents to introduce uniform sets in the schools throughout the country. These book agents were the *avant couriers* of the graded system in our schools of today. Dr. McNaughton and B. B. Northrup, of Jackson, and James M. Spencer, now of Topeka, Kansas, were the first schoolbook agents to visit Battle Creek, and were sent out by A. S. Barnes & Co. The tribe has so increased since then that they now swarm like the plagues of Egypt about the schoolhouses of the land.

Through those exercises, so dreaded by the young student, composition and declamation, the teacher was supposed to lead the classes. I said to one of the students, "If you will write me what you have just now given as your excuse for not writing a composition, I will accept it in lieu of one for next week." "Oh, Mr. Van Buren," she exclaimed, "I could not do that; I cannot write as I talk!" "Perhaps not," I replied, "but practice will enable you to do it. Your pen now may be like your tongue when you first began to talk. Your tongue, we may say, had to learn how to talk; you must teach your pen to talk, that is all there is of writing; your pen must learn how to express or trace on paper what you see and hear and think of; to write what you think as fluently and readily as you talk. You cannot accomplish such a task all at once, but by practice you will come nearer and nearer to it."

Then, as regards declamation, it teaches the student to re-deliver the words of the orator or writer with their original force and eloquence. This is the highest view of the subject. The student cannot accomplish this all at once, but by persistent effort he will come nearer and nearer to it. The training

in these exercises may lead to the development of the able writer or author, or to the ready public speaker or orator. At any rate, it should be considered as part of our school discipline to develop what talent the pupil may have in either of these directions.

In the classical course we had Latin, and Greek, and Roman mythology. Miss Mary Brown, my assistant, had the classes in music, painting and drawing, and botany.

Dr. Harrison, now of Paw Paw, had, during the previous year, started and taught the Battle Creek union school. At the close of the year, for some reason, that school had, for the time, been abandoned. He was now teaching a select school in town. Mrs. North of Albion was at the same time preceptress of a school for young ladies, in the building just across the street from our schoolroom.

Whatever pleasure there was in teaching, and I found much, the private school afforded me the highest enjoyment. There the teacher is sole manager, and can give his pupils and their studies all the time and attention they require. This cannot be done in the public, or union school. There the teacher is overcrowded with work, and must necessarily neglect the pupil and the recitation more or less, in order to accomplish the required work in the required time. The private school or academy—for our select school is but the academy of the old days continued among us—affords the teacher the opportunity to give full attention to each study. No hurry; the pupil has leisure to get his lesson, and the teacher ample time to devote to the recitation. On those two things depend all the progress made in the schoolroom. There was always a part of any community that favored private schools, and among other reasons for those given above. And the same can be said of the people in our large towns nowadays; many prefer a private to a public school, as the following statement taken from a leading Chicago journal, of March, 1889, goes to prove:

"The proportion per thousand of the enrolled school children in the two classes of private and public schools in this city are, for the year 1888, public school, 628; private school, 372. Thus of the 71.5 per cent of enrolled school children, in 1888, there were only 48.8 per cent in the public and 26.7 per cent in the private or parochial schools; and those who send to private schools pay school taxes, of 31.8 per cent of their total city taxes, besides their taxation for their private schools." These parents dislike to send their children to the over-crowded public schools.

But, again, some pupils need more explanation and instruction than others. The teacher can give it, if he has command of his time; but, where time, as in the public school, commands him, hurry on is his only recourse.

He cannot give full instruction in any recitation, and has no time to give to conduct or development of character; that is not teaching, where education goes for the mere giving of information without training. Now, the select school affords the teacher the golden opportunity to develop, shape and mold character, which is the most valuable part of education, but which, as our public schools are now managed, is crowded out, most sadly neglected.

Battle Creek at this time was some 18 years old, it streets less crowded and more quiet than today. Our schoolroom was a pleasant one. The windows on the east side opened upon a cool, delightful shade, in the summer months, from the surrounding trees. Many of our pupils had been trained in Mrs. Nichols' and Miss Lapham's schools. The influence of this training was apparent in their method of study and deportment in the schoolroom. I could see plainly that they had been under the instruction of excellent teachers. It is the teacher that makes the scholar—the fully developed man and woman. Says Gen. Sherman: "I honestly believe that the bias given to the minds of Jim Blaine and Tom Ewing, Jr., at Lancaster, Ohio, by Mr. Lyons, their teacher, has furnished us two of our brightest national luminaries." The true teacher will not remain content with the student's merely getting good lessons and making good progress in his studies, but will strive to give each mind a "bias," that will lead to the development of its full powers.

Conduct is so large a part of what constitutes our life, the teacher should give full attention to that. Studies are the drill, or the recitation is the drill ground, in which to exercise and develop the faculties. The studies are a means and not an end; true scholarship and character are the end. Good manners have a refining influence in the schoolroom. Every student is benefited by the good conduct of his fellow student. It is always easier to govern young men in a school where young ladies attend. The milder and more refined manners of the latter exert a subtle influence for good over the bolder and less refined young men. Says one of these old students; "I don't believe that Marie Morgan ever walked across our schoolroom without being admired by every student in the room for her graceful carriage. I can see her now as she walked with a sylph like grace and ease that used to witch us all."

I could afford to give certain students their tuition just for the benefit the school derived from their presence. Good manners are "catching," and a hopeful, cheerful nature inspires all who come in contact with it. Miss Helen Noble's animated, happy and kindly nature, whose natural spirits welled over like an artesian fountain, made her ever as welcome in our school set, and among her companions, as birds and flowers in spring.

It was her influence and such as hers that was thrown around the timid and awkward girl when she first came to school, and made her feel at home in her new situation, befriending her till she became acquainted, and was at ease among the rest of the students.

The recitation room was the place to study not only the demonstration but demonstrator. By the chalkings on the blackboard one seemingly could read the tracings of talent or genius, perhaps, in the study pursued. And I often asked myself: "How much will a knowledge of arithmetic, of algebra, grammar, and so on, benefit the student in making whatever business he or she may engage in a success, or how much will it aid them in earning a livelihood?" That is almost the only view taken of education by the practical world nowadays. But that is not the only value it has; for there is a great deal more in an education than is dreamed of in the practical philosophy of these men of the world. Education in regard to business and livelihood we must have—the more of it the better; even our bread and butter may often depend on it. Consequently, we should secure that, and the full development of all the intellectual, moral and physical powers besides. A mere business education only develops part of the man; we plead for the education that develops the full man.

The students had a paper called the "Gleaner," which they read each week after the usual exercises on Wednesday afternoon, in declamation and composition, were over.

Battle Creek was now an interesting village, and although it had not attained its majority, it had started in business for itself and was "getting on well in the world." The railroad and the telegraph had given a wonderful impetus to the town. We not only got, in the daily paper, a transcript of each day's doings, but by telegraph we had notice of every important event from abroad as soon as it happened. The railroad had so far annihilated distance that we were now in the suburbs of Detroit and Chicago, and in neighborly distance of the great cities of the land.

Nature had said to the first settlers of Battle Creek, "Here are the forces that you will need in starting a town; utilize them." This had been done. The town was now commanding much of the trade from that thriving portion of the State between Marshall and Kalamazoo. In the dry goods line that old pioneer merchant, Alonzo Noble, was yet flourishing with the aid of his well known clerk, Henry Champion. Edward Packer, another of the old merchants, with Chauncy Thiers, his long tried and faithful clerk, was selling dry goods at his old stand. Coleman & Brinkerhoof, in the same line, were on the corner of Main and Jefferson streets where Mr. Coleman began trade early in the "thirties." T. B. Skinner, the leading merchant,

was in the western part of the the old Union block; he had with him his favorite clerks, Ed. Lay and George Hyatt, two of the best clerks Battle Creek had ever known, either of whom would have been a fortune to any man in trade. Brown & Brewster's store joined Skinner on the east, John Brown, Charley Cock and Martin Caldwell were their salesmen. "John" is now J. Mabbett Brown, of Chicago, so well known in insurance circles. Ford & Wakelee, the Hinmans and the Buckleys were also in the dry goods trade. A. T. Havens, with his clerk, William Andrus, controlled the drug business. William Brooks was sole manager in the hardware line. Alfred Starkweather was the village grocer, W. W. Woodnough the editor, Dr. C. E. Bartlett the dentist, Samuel Merrill the jeweler, Moses Sutton the daguerrean, and Joseph Burton the tailor. Rev. S. D. Pitkin was pastor of the Presbyterian and Congregationlist church, Rev. G. V. Tenbrook of the Baptist, Rev. J. F. Davidson of the M. E. church, Rev. H. Safford, Rector of St. Thomas Episcopal church, and Rev. J. P. Averill was pastor of the Universalist. John Fox, Judge Abiel Silver, Judge Chamberlain and George Fields lectured to the Swedenborgians in Union hall. These lecturers had charge of this church, or organization, and supplied its pulpit at different times. In the Quaker "meeting house" we were accustomed to hear one of their preachers, and quite often an anti-slavery lecturer. That modest little brown building was the acropolis in which anti-slavery reform was kept at a white heat in this part of Michigan. Here we listened to Abby Kelly Foster and to Stephen Foster; here C. C. Burleigh, and many other reformers held forth in all their power and bitterness against slavery. I remember that it was in this building that Erastus Hussey held a long and spirited debate with Walker of Ohio, a "Come-outer" on the question, "Does the constitution sustain slavery?" Hussey taking the negative, Walker the affirmative. We all thought that Hussey had the better of Walker in the debate.

The legal profession was ably represented by B. F. Graves and Wm. C. Rowley. The medical fraternity included Drs. Beach, Campbell, Cox, and, later, French and Slater. Dr. John L. Balcomb never practiced in his profession. He was the De Quincey of the place in many more ways than in the use of opium. As was said of Burke, you could not be with him for five minutes without acknowledging him a remarkably learned man, and highly gifted in conversation.

The next thing to seeing and hearing eminent men is to learn of them personally from some one who has seen and heard them. This to me has been better than book knowledge. I had such a companion in Chandler Ford, of the firm of Ford & Wakelee. He had served his apprenticeship in

business while acting as clerk in a book store in Boston, where he was associated with a young man who afterwards became widely known in the literary world as James T. Fields. Ford had been accustomed to sit in Faneuil Hall and listen to Webster, Choate, Edward Everett, John Quincy Adams, Robert Winthrop, Caleb Cushing and other distinguished orators and statesmen. He had grown familiar with the lives of the eminent persons in Boston, and those who came there from abroad. The society of such a man, and that of his accomplished and intellectual wife, was of value to me, not only for the knowledge I got from them, but for the direction given my mind in regard to reading and general literature. Ford had got, while living in Boston, a literary bias sufficient for his lifetime. What he had read and seen we talked of; thus I was introduced to new authors, and would afterwards make their full acquaintance, and he would get from me the same. What we had lately read we discussed, and by this interchange of thought we each added to our stock of knowledge what two diligent readers had been gathering. The habit which I early formed of asking my associates, "What have you read since we last met?" has been a valuable one, a kind of "open sesame" to the stores of knowledge they may have possessed; and this not only applies to Mr. Ford, but to other old time friends in Battle Creek; to Hon. Geo. Willard, whose home was ever one of my favorite literary resorts, and to Dr. C. E. Bartlett, whose office was so long a pleasant resort for a social hour or a literary chit chat; and Moses Sutton's daguerrean rooms I always found a most interesting place to while away a leisure hour with this most popular artist. Dr. John L. Balcomb, who was, as said, the De Quincey of the place, was a cyclopedia of knowledge to me. Erastus Hussey, full of the best thought of the day as a reformer, deeply versed in anti-slavery lore, as well as in the history of the making of this State, I considered myself highly favored in having as a friend. For over twenty years his home in Battle Creek was a haven of rest and safety to the escaped slave. His life, were it fully written, would fill many of the most interesting chapters of the anti-slavery movement in the north. He was a rare man, one whose acquaintance of over 40 years has been of great value to me.

Dr. Orlando Moffatt, the earliest and best friend of my life in Battle Creek, was a most genial, companionable and interesting man, and, with his excellent wife, made his home a most delightful resort for their coterie of friends. Then there was Wm. H. Coleman, the Halls, Skinners, Neales, Wakelees, Hinmans, M. H. Joy, Collier, Woolnough, and others, to round out a most interesting circle of Battle Creek citizens, forty years ago.

B. F. Graves I ever found more ready to talk outside of his profession than

most lawyers were then, or are today. Almost the last time I conversed with him he took from his book shelves a volume from which he read two or three extracts from a speech of Lord Mansfield, in order to point out the peculiar excellencies of his style. This I enjoyed very much, and refer to it here because the lawyer of the day has so completely crowded out literature, and the social amenities of life. I always found Judge Graves' office a social and literary oasis in the accustomed dearth of a lawyer's routine life.

"The man that hath no music in his soul and is not moved by concord of sweet sounds, is fit for treason, strategem and spoils."

The great poet has, in the above, put a large portion of the legal tribe under ban; but not our friend Graves, for that he loved music the following incident well proved: One Sabbath morning, in the Presbyterian church at Battle Creek, he had risen with the congregation while the choir sang. Miss Mary Loughead, now Mrs. Dr. C. E. Bartlett, the soprano of the choir, was gifted with rare musical power; her voice, on the start, it seems, had captured the judge. The choir sang the hymn and took their seats; but not so lawyer Graves; there he stood enraptured, still listening to Miss Loughead's singing, and not till the minister arose and began to read the Bible lesson, was he conscious that she was not singing. Not a little startled, he then took his seat. This was the period of the ballad and the song, and we might say that it culminated in those delightful musical troupes, the Hutchinsons and the Alleghanians. These two companies sang at the celebrated meeting in Tripler's Hall, New York, when Beecher, and Cheever, and Cuyler, and other eminent men spoke on the theme of regenerating the Five Points. The Alleghanians were the special favorites of the Battle Creek citizens, and were a long time popular with the music-loving public.

Then came "The Bakers," that troupe that embodied so much musical culture, and was always so highly appreciated by the people of the west. "The Blakesleys," another well known company of singers, who made the tour of the west at this time, are well remembered by the Battle Creek people. "The Continentals" appeared before the public a year or so later. They were an excellent troupe of singers, and were very popular in their day; but these singers, with those of the "Alleghanians," "Bakers" and "Blakesleys," like birds of passage, have departed, but not like those birds will they return in their accustomed season and delight us with their music again. The opera singer has driven them away; the ballad and the song is no more heard in the land. This is a great pity, for no form of poetry so mirrors the spirit of the age in which it was written as the ballad, and however we may define it, the very name evokes the idea of something epic and heroic, or romantic beyond peradventure.

The period of which we write was one in which the "public lecturer" was a very popular man; wherever he went he was not only sure of a full house but a most attentive and appreciative audience. On one occasion, when Battle Creek was unusually quiet, Dr. Moffatt said to his old friend Dr. Cox, "Let's have a sensation, and wake up the town. You know 'the lecturer' is very popular just now, and the public have got the phrenological craze; you've only to announce that somebody will lecture on such an evening and you can fill the largest house in town. The next day the following was posted about town:

"A Phrenological Lecture.—The celebrated Dr. Goodnough, of Boston, will lecture to the citizens of Battle Creek on the popular subject of 'Phrenology,' at the schoolhouse, on the evening of the 10th inst. He will close the lecture with an examination of heads and reading of character."

On the appointed evening the old schoolhouse was filled with the best audience Battle Creek could produce. Eagerly they waited for the lecturer, yet he did not come. Finally Alonzo Noble grew impatient, arose and said, "I, for one, wish to know why the lecturer does not present himself. Is Dr. Moffatt in the house?" No one answered. Looking about, he saw Dr. Cox, and called upon him to explain why they had no lecture. Dr. Cox did not know; like the rest, he came there to hear a lecture on phrenology. At this Mr. Noble said, "Dr. Moffatt and Dr. Cox are responsible for this audience being here, and as they have played a trick on us, I now call for a lecture or speech from Dr. Cox." Here Mr. Noble, who knew that the doctor could not make a speech, had the latter in a tight place. The audience cried out, "Dr. Cox! Dr. Cox!" The latter arose, went to the desk and said, "Gentlemen and ladies"—cheers from the audience greeted this—"I am no speaker;" "We know that," cried Noble, "tell us something new, go on." Thus every word the doctor faltered out was met by cheers and hurrahs, till he, confused, took his seat. At this discomfiture of Dr. Cox, Noble felt gratified. "Now, where is Dr. Moffatt," he exclaimed, "I want to bring him before this audience, and put him through as we have Dr. Cox; they can't either of them say 'boo' before the public, but they are very bold in getting up a false notice for a lecture in order to deceive the people." But Dr. Moffatt was too cautious to go to the meeting. And when told how Noble had "wreaked his revenge" on Dr. Cox, he enjoyed it hugely, remarking, "Cox ought to have known that 'Noble' would be after him if he went to the meeting. He shouldn't have gone."

Colonel Charles R. Lemanski, the Polish patriot, scholar and orator, visited Battle Creek in 1850, and after delivering a series of thrillingly interesting and eloquent lectures on the "Downfall of Poland," concluded

to remain awhile, which he did, with his family, for a year or more. During this time I engaged his services as teacher of a class in French, in the union school. But his old habit of drink set in, and so interfered with his lecturing and teaching, that he left the place in 1851. Col. Lemanski was a man of brilliant parts, but being a victim to strong drink, he ruined his chances of becoming one of the most popular and eloquent lecturers of the day.

The Battle Creek Union School, 1850–5.

The law of 1843 provided for the formation of union school districts. Silas Dodge, W. C. Rowley, David Galloway and a few other citizens of Battle Creek began, sometime in 1847, a movement that resulted in the organization of the first union school of that place in 1848, with Prof. Harrison as principal. At the close of the first year Prof. Harrison retired from the school, and for a while the idea of a union school was abandoned. In 1850, Hon. Erastus Hussey,* then director of the Battle Creek school, urged me to unite my school with that of the village, which would enable him to start the union school again. The salary was to be seventy-five dollars per month, I to secure an assistant with that. I accepted the proposition. Frank M. Sanderson and F. B. Hinman were the other school officers. The union school at this time was only a beginning that looked towards the graded system. Sixteen years later a law was enacted by the legislature which gave authority to organize a graded and high school in districts having the required number of children of school age. The school board was then increased to five trustees, in the place of the old board of three, viz: director, moderator and assessor, which had constituted the union school board up to 1859. The decade from 1850 to 1860 was very largely a period of experiment in the history of the union and graded schools in Michigan.

With Miss E. M. Palmer as assistant, in the spring of 1850, I mustered the juvenile forces for opening the union school once more in Battle Creek. The basement of the Baptist church building was our schoolroom. This was where the union school had previously been abandoned. The school was now to spring to life, Phœnix like, from the very spot where it had ceased to exist at the close of its first year. Miss Palmer left at the close of the spring term, Miss Anna Eliza Wolf succeeding her; and she leaving, was succeeded by Miss Adeline King, who later became Mrs. Henry Champion.

During the fall term the school sessions were held in the east rooms of the Union block, Miss Genevieve D. Hinsdale of Kalamazoo being my assistant

*Mr. Hussey was then a member of our legislature.

teacher. The winter term began in the then new brick union school building, with Miss Hinsdale as preceptress in the high school department; Prof. Alanson Conkling had charge of the grammar department in the second story, while Miss Emma Jane Whitford, assisted by Miss H. Marie Metcalf, had charge of the primary department in the first story. The schoolrooms were not finished nor seated. The students in the high school room furnished their own desks and chairs. These all being movable, and their occupants movable too, and the latter numbering some one hundred and fifty, all seated in one large room, a view of our situation will give something of an idea of the difficulty we had to encounter in endeavoring to keep the accustomed quiet and order of a well regulated school. I said to the director, when I consented to take charge of the school, that it would damage or ruin the reputation, for government at least, of the best teacher in the State, to undertake the management of one hundred and fifty pupils in a schoolroom thus unfinished and unfurnished, save with the multifarious and nondescript "desks, stands and chairs" which the whim of each pupil had selected and brought there for his or her own use. They acknowledged that the situation was unpromising, but urged me to go on and do the best I could. This was done. We considered our winter's work in that schoolroom the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. And we often said to the students, "Those of you who acquit yourselves as good and orderly pupils under the adverse circumstances here this winter, will not only receive the approbation of all your friends, but you will have received a discipline that will be of great value to you in after life." There were two recitation rooms, partitioned off with studding and rough boards, at the east end of the large schoolroom. I conducted recitations in one, and Miss Hinsdale in the other. Thus for the largest part of the time, during school hours, the pupils in the main room were left to govern themselves. This was an unusual thing, but even the students saw that it was inevitable, and endeavored to make the best of it, as the following resolution, drawn up by Manly D. Rowley, and sighed by most of them, will prove:

"We, the scholars and students of the Union School No. 1, of the village of Battle Creek, feeling a due sense of the responsibility resting upon us individually as students and members of the same, for the maintenance of good order and the establishment of good principles, which we would ever strive to secure; and also feeling the deepest responsibility due to teachers and instructors for the disinterested kindness by them bestowed upon us, hereby gladly respond to the call of duty by signing an article to banish forever from our midst the useless practices of whispering, playing and all other unstudent-like habits by which our school may be disturbed and the progress of our studies much impeded; we now from this time forward renounce all such bad habits wholly and entirely.

"In witness whereof we hereunto sign our several names."

This resolution, signed by so large a number of the students, had a good effect on the whole school, and aided us very much in tiding over the difficulties of our situation in that winter's work; and should any one of those students read these lines they may consider them loaded with my grateful thanks for this kind effort on their part to aid in our school work in the days of "Auld Lang Syne."

We have thus given an inner view of our schoolroom work. But don't let it convey the impression that that work was not successfully carried on. We always felt satisfied with the results of this year's teaching in the Battle Creek union school. Napoleon's passage of the Alps was a difficult though necessary achievement, which led to his glorious Italian victories beyond. So the march of the Battle Creek union school forces through the adverse circumstances surrounding them, as we have stated above, was a difficult though necessary achievement, which led the way to the permanent establishment of the union school in that place. Yes, in that school campaign, we not only crossed the Alps that laid in the way of union school progress, but those that laid in the way of the students' advancement in their studies, by which means they also got into their Italy of higher achievements in knowledge.

At first the branches of the University were intended to do the work of the secondary schools. After they had been abolished there sprang into existence a large number of private seminaries; and there were efforts made to have these supported by State funds. The result has been that the union school, in the course of our educational development, has become the secondary school, the law of 1843 giving authority for its formation. But the idea that the union school came into existence a full fledged graded school, which still obtains largely among the people, is erroneous. As we have stated, the union school, from 1843 to 1859, when the full law for a graded and high school was enacted by our legislature, was in an embryonic state, merging towards the graded school. And for ten years after, from 1850 to 1860, it was a trial school, an experiment that many doubted, while its sanguine friends hoped on, laboring for it till it succeeded.

The text-book is a guide, and, in the hands of the teacher, an instructor to enable the pupil to get command of its particular science, or the art of putting the knowledge it imparts to practical use. The pupil is like the apprentice, learning a trade, studying or working with his master, until he has the trade so well in hand that he is independent of him, really graduates in the business, and consequently is enabled to carry it on himself. Thus the student should get the knowledge of his text-book so well in hand as to be independent of both book and teacher when he would put that knowledge

to practical use. The school was well equipped with blackboards. The text-books in the primary department were Sanders' spellers and readers; in the grammar, the same, with Davies' arithmetic and Clark's grammar. In the high school we had Davies' mathematical series, including arithmetic, algebra and legendre, Clark's grammar and McNally's geography, Parker's philosophy and rhetorical reader. Colburn's mental arithmetic, so long used in our schools, we had outgrown. And while I was trying to find a better one, A. W. Price, agent for Stoddard's series of mathematics, visited us. He laid on my desk Stoddard's Intellectual Arithmetic. Being anxious for such a book, I gave it a careful inspection, and then remarked to Mr. Price, "That is the best book of its kind that I have ever seen." And as I accomplished much with this little volume during the year, I give here a synopsis of my manner of teaching intellectual arithmetic: The class came to the recitation room without their text-books. The teacher read an example, beginning with the simple ones; then named a pupil, who arose and repeated, word for word, the example as given; then solved it and took his seat. If he made a mistake in repeating or solving it, some pupil's hand was raised, the mistake pointed out, and the first pupil took his seat. The example was then given to another, who, governed by the same rule, solved it. It was understood that the teacher was to read the question but once. This method was strictly adhered to. We were careful not to undertake too much, or too difficult a task on the start. In fact, the book was so admirably arranged in regard to this, that the teacher had only to follow it to lead his class successfully through it, and this, too, without their losing interest in the exercise. Thus we went through the book; and we can say this of the class, they did not let one question escape them, from the beginning to the end of the book, some one of them always solving it. The class received much benefit from the mathematical discipline the book had given them. It enabled them to solve any difficult problem with more readiness and ease than they could have done without it. A rule that governed in this and all other recitations was, "There is no harm, but on the contrary there is benefit, in presenting a pupil with ideas somewhat beyond his easy and immediate comprehension." This gives the pupil the advantage, and it is a great one, of making himself the one who studies out or secures knowledge, instead of merely receiving it from the teacher; for that knowledge which he himself acquires, is, of all knowledge, the most valuable to him. This is what, in fact, always keeps the student interested in his studies, for then he is continually finding something new that incites him on in his course.

The large class of young men and young ladies in Stoddard were also members of the larger class in Davies' University Arithmetic; and the drill

received from the one was of great aid to those in the other. When the class finished the University arithmetic, they may be said to have earned their "M. A." in that study. Clark's grammar was another text-book deserving special mention. It was not remarkable for any new feature as a grammar; it was plain, comprehensive, though a concise and explicit text-book. Its great merit over other grammars was in the use of the diagram to explain the nature and use of the words in a sentence. Clark, with the diagram, taught the student how to master the English sentence. And more, he taught those whom other grammars failed to teach; and those whom they could teach, found Clark the readiest, most explicit and logical of instructors. Clark was one of the best friends and instructors that the teacher and pupil had yet met. He made the usually abstruse study of grammar plain and interesting. To the exercises of composition and declamation we gave full attention. Wednesday afternoon of each week was the accustomed "field day" for these exercises. There was quite a number of students who evinced a decided talent as declaimers and writers, which we strove to encourage and develop. And that we had accomplished in this direction something of what we had undertaken, our "exhibition" at the close of the term, or our "commencement," gave flattering assurances. The school year ended in June, 1851. That "commencement" of the Battle Creek union school is a vivid recollection in the memory of the old residents of the place today. It was held in the basement, or first story of the building, and, as we expected a large gathering, in order to get more room, the windows of this story were all taken out and rows of seats were placed around each window on the outside. But we had "counted without our host," for before

> "Twilight had let her curtain down
> And pinned it with a star,"

the people from the entire surrounding country began to come in, and by the time our exercises commenced there was, as Prof. Conkling had it, "all that could get outdoors, and a dense crowd in the house."

The exercises consisted of orations, original and selected, essays both humorous and severe, dialogues and a school paper edited by two of the students. Besides, one of the interesting features of the program, the students produced the play of "The Lady of the Lake" with appropriate scenery. The Battle Creek band with its popular leader, "Charley" Hubbard, sat on the stage at my right, and enlivened the exercises with their best music. The editors of the school paper were Misses Caroline Stillson and Charlotte Gilbert. They were to read it; but Miss Stillson had not

read over three minutes before John Nichols worked his way through the crowd to the stage, and said to me, "Miss Stillson reads well, but her voice is not commanding enough to keep this crowd quiet, get a louder reader." I told him I would. Stepping back, I explained to Miss Stillson the nature of the situation; then gave the paper to Miss Hinsdale and requested her to read it. Before she had read five lines that dense, uneasy gathering became quiet. It was one of the best illustrations I ever saw of the power that a fine reader may have over a restless, dissatisfied crowd. That whole dense mass, inside and outside of the room, now listened with the closest attention till the reading of the entire paper was finished. Then a storm of applause, a natural outburst of the occasion, was showered upon Miss Hinsdale. Walter Morgan, in the "September Gale," took the audience by storm. That provokingly humorous poem was then new to most of his listeners, and not one of them knew that we had such a gifted little orator; hence the surprise was doubly complete. The full sentiment, humor and pathos of the piece were so naturally and effectively expressed that he captured the entire audience, and, as he finished and left the stage, they greeted him with a wild burst of applause.

We had kept some of the "good things" on the program to enliven any dull part of the evening, and among these was "Dick" Eldred's oration, "Mother England and Her Boys," which, like the "September Gale," carried the audience with it. It was a sharp, witty take-off on Mother England, by one of her "boys;" and "Dick" delivered it in such a manner as to impress the full force of its racy, rollicking humor upon the audience. He took his seat amid the plaudits of an enthusiastic crowd; plaudits that a young Burton would have been proud of.

One of the most important things in public speaking and reading is to speak or read so as to be heard by all present. Delivery, says Cicero, bears absolute sway in oratory. But I have found that nothing is so much neglected in our school exhibitions as delivery. A good oration or essay often passes for the poorest because it is so miserably delivered. My instruction to my pupils in school was, to speak and read so as to be heard by all in the room; and they were stopped unless they did so. A feeble utterance leaves a feeble imprint on the mind. Give force enough to your delivery so as to impress every word uttered upon the mind of your listeners. Do not attempt to speak or read unless you do this.

Whatever fault there was in our exhibition, the orations, essays, dialogues and students' paper were delivered so as to be heard. The exhibition was something more to our school than the mere public performance of its speakers and writers. It showed that we had given attention to two things

lamentably neglected in our education; that is, the art of elocution or delivery, and the art of expressing one's thoughts with the pen. Take one profession alone, that of the ministry; in the art of delivery, our ministers nowadays are nearly a failure; and as readers, the same. Had they been trained in their school years in declamation and in schoolhouse debate, we should have better delivery and hence more effective sermons from them today. And had they been trained to use the pen in English composition, from the time they could comprehend grammar to their graduation, would we not have abler and more powerful writers among the clergy of the present time?

In our first year's management of a union school, we had endeavored to do something more than merely to lead each class through its particular text-book line of study; something more than to sit in an arm chair and "hear recitations," seven or eight times a day, and to note down the standing of each pupil, as he or she had answered or failed to answer the questions in the exact language of the book. We had striven to give the pupils a clear understanding of the principle involved in each lesson; to awaken in their minds a love of study and an enthusiasm for an all-round education.

One of the members of this school said to me, thirty-eight years after she had left it, "I owe to you, as teacher, a love of study and a love of books, that have been of incalculable value to me in life." Mrs. Marie Brown, now of Minneapolis, Minn., in saying, this, paid me the highest compliment I could have received as a teacher, and it brought vividly to mind those school days of "the long ago," in Battle Creek, and Marie Canfield, one of the many bright and interesting school girls it has been my lot to instruct.

Learning a trade forty years ago was an inducement for a boy. But now the factories, the great manufacturing establishments, cut a trade into so many parts that no boy can learn to make a whole shoe, a whole coat, or a whole hat. This new order may have its advantages, but it has hurt the character of the American boy. It is so much harder to succeed in any business; the idea of success in trade now meaning working for some manufacturer who controls the trade.

Among the students who have turned their schooldays to good account, or those with whose subsequent lives I am acquainted, I mention the following:

Ashael Cooley, son of a farmer, "did chores" for his board at Mrs. Percy Smith's. He would fix his text-book, open at the lesson, in a little peach tree near the wood pile, and saw wood and learn his lesson at the same time. He saved the class in intellectual arithmetic from losing the question several times during the winter term. Thus he worked and studied,

studied and worked his way on and up. I saw that he had a talent for mathematics, and aided him all I could. After leaving the union school he spent one term at the Normal School at Ypsilanti. Then he went to Illinois; here he invented an anti-freezing pump. This brought him a fortune. The first time I saw him after he left school, he was widely known as a successful inventor, with his headquarters established at Chicago. In the midst of his great success as an inventor and manufacturer, he was, while riding in Chicago, thrown from his carriage, and his skull fractured, causing a mental derangement from which he has not recovered.

A. E. Preston has also been a useful inventor, and a member of our legislature, and is now a successful manufacturer in Battle Creek.

Edwin C. Nichols, known in school as Charles Nichols, is now treasurer of that wonderfully successful manufacturing company, Nichols, Shepard & Co., proprietors Vibrator Threshing Machine Works, of Battle Creek. The schoolboy, "Charley" Nichols, is now one of the most successful business men in central Michigan.

Mr. John J. Griffith sent to the union school, at this time, three little flaxen-haired boys, who, after finishing the common school course, made the most valuable discovery in a boy's life; that is, they found out what they were good for, and pushed their fortunes, in that line, to success. James Griffith has for over twenty years been the Michigan Central telegraph operator at Kalamazoo; Charles H. is a successful lawyer at Denver, Colorado; and John E. is treasurer of the Michigan Railroad Company, at Detroit. The old school roll contains the name of a dark haired, rather timid little boy, who having worked his way through the union school, took a law course at Ann Arbor, then hung up his hat as law student in the office of Judge T. M. Cooley in the latter city. Thence to the Grand Traverse country; and soon many of his old schoolmates at Battle Creek read in the Detroit dailies the name of Seth C. Moffatt, member of Michigan legislature, then speaker of the house of representatives, and still later member of Congress; and then came the sad news of his death.

A little lad who was forty years ago thumbing his first reader in the primary department, is now Rev. Oliver H. Perry, of our western M. E. Conference. And one of our high school pupils, at that time, is now Hon. Henry Hall, representative from Battle Creek, in the State legislature.

Constantius Case, a boy of our school set of 1843, in south Battle Creek, has been eminently fortunate as an inventor, as the Advance Threshing Machine, the product of his genius, conclusively proves. He is also the founder of the "Advance Threshing Machine Company," in Battle Creek,

whose marvelous business success has lately been the theme of public journalism throughout the west.

William A. Burdick, one of the high school students, after some 25 years as a successful druggist at Galesburg, Kalamazoo county, went through with the full medical course at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Cincinnati, and is now a full M. D., an achievement more worthy of note from being accomplished at his time of life. I have made this brief mention of only a few of the old students, those whose lives since they left school I have been somewhat acquainted with. There are many others among them who have made their mark in the world, no doubt; and what of that vast number who compose the long roll of men and women who have lived and died in obscure life. Have they made no mark? Yes, there are many on that roll the worth of whose lives, had they been fully known and appreciated, would have made them more distinguished than their more fortunate fellows whose deeds have caught the ear of fame.

Among those from abroad who visited our school were S. C. Griggs of Chicago (S. C. Griggs & Co.), of the pioneer firm of the west in publishing school books. Hon. Ira Mayhew, of Detroit, paid us a visit and addressed our school. Dr. McNaughton, of Jackson, and James M. Spencer, A. S. Barnes & Co.'s special agents, also visited us. Mr. Hubbard, representing a Cincinnati publishing house, spent nearly a week with us. During this time we exchanged almost all of our old text-books for newer and better ones. Mr. Hubbard took Davies' arithmetical series and gave us Thompson's in their place. All our old readers, grammars and geographies he also took. Gathering all those old text-books together, a dray load and more of them, they were taken to the commons in front of the school building and a huge bonfire made of them. This was grand sport for the school children, but agent Hubbard superintended the burning of the books to see that not one of the rejected volumes escaped the flames. The students afterwards referred to this as "the time when Davies' arithmetics, and all other books deemed heretical by that Cincinnati agent, were 'burned at the stake.'" I had conferred with the school officers about this exchange and they agreed with me in making it. The school officers then left to the teachers almost all arrangements as to school books and school apparatus. Lately the larger number of officers composing the school board control this matter, and we think frequently to the detriment of the school, because they are so often incompetent to judge as to the best text-book or apparatus, or to decide many questions of vital interest pertaining to the cause of education in a community. Qualification, and not numbers, is the thing most to be desired in the make up of a school board.

Principal of a Select School in Battle Creek—1851.

My year's experience as principal of a union school had given me an insight into the new system. I saw its merits and defects. It was surely the people's school, and with all of its defects, it seemed to me that it had come to stay. The chief difficulty with the system, and one that was apparent on the start, was, especially in large towns, too large a number of pupils in one building to be properly instructed by the number of teachers employed.

The number of classes was so great, and the time allotted to each recitation was so small, that genuine, thorough teaching seemed to be out of the question. To a teacher who had been accustomed to do something more than simply to "hear classes recite," and to pupils who had been accustomed to receive more benefit from their lessons than merely to recite them in the recitation room, to these, I say, the union school seemed to produce unsatisfactory results. And many citizens of Battle Creek and other towns also took this view of the new system then being inaugurated. Hence, having been urged by many of my old friends and school patrons in Battle Creek, I decided to again open a high school in town.

We pursued our studies with interest and profit to the end of the term. In every school there is some student who naturally takes the lead in the pursuit of knowledge. And such an one not only encourages the rest to follow, but incites a wholesome spirit of emulation among them to press on in their course, and they thus accomplish more than they otherwise would. How much do scholars owe to the inspiring example of such a fellow student.

The boys and girls of that period were then equipping themselves to take the places of the men and the women in this.

How much the schoolmasters did towards fitting them for the places they were to occupy, we do not know. They endeavored to give the boy and the girl whatever knowledge the school curriculum offered, and how much that aided them in performing their full part in life, time alone can tell. A clergyman came to me with his son, as a pupil. His only advice about what he should study was, "my main desire is that he should learn how 'to figure.'" This father was a money maker, though a clergyman. Another parent wanted "to fit his boy for a clerk;" another would have his daughter fitted for teaching; while other parents desired to have their children get a good education. This last seemed to be the better course, for it would lead to the full intellectual development of the son or daughter, the true object of "education;" to develop all the faculties of the mind; not merely those that would make a clerk or tailor, but all those that would make the man or woman pass for their full value.

The union school had been too great a task for me, as my health began to fail under it. Consequently I had accepted the lighter task of a select school. And here one of those ills that often beset the teacher in his labors, dyspepsia, interfered with mine, and, on the last of November, 1851, I closed my last school in Battle Creek. On bidding the pupils good bye, I urged them to continue their studies, and not to be satisfied with anything less than a full education. That whatever they might have accomplished during the term in text-book knowledge would be of value to them, but what was of far greater value than all book knowledge, was a love of study. If I had been the means of imparting that to them, if I had awakened a desire in them for "the things of the mind," I could bid them good bye, and feel satisfied that my labor for them had not been in vain.

Young Ladies' School at Dowagiac—1856.

Miss H. Marie Metcalf, of Battle Creek, had started this school, but soon found it so large that she sought help, consequently I was requested to take charge of it as principal, which I did, Oct. 4, 1856, she becoming assistant.

The village of Dowagiac was then some seven years old. Patrick Hamilton was the first settler in its corporation. Joel Smith, then a retired merchant, had sold the first yard of cloth in the place.

The village had some twelve hundred inhabitants who lived in pretty cottages, in which the unique and arabesque styles predominated. It had two churches, four taverns and stores enough to accommodate the surrounding country.

The school was composed of girls from the age of twenty down to the child of seven or eight years. These, with some ten or twelve boys, to favor certain parents, constituted our charge. After we had taught a quarter of the term Miss Metcalf had entered upon, the director of the school district made arrangements with us to take charge of the union school that the people of Dowagiac were about to organize. Hence our program was changed, and I was to be the one to call the school clans together here, as I had done six years before in Battle Creek, and form them into a union school.

Dowagiac Union School—1856.

On looking over my diary, I find Wednesday, Oct. 28, 1856, thus chronicled: "Here we are again at the head of union school forces, among whom are many of the pupils of our late select school." This called for organizing,

classifying, and then reducing the wild and restive down to good order. A man may be president of the United States and not be able to govern such a school. Lowndes, of South Carolina, said that the office of president is what no man ought to seek or decline. As regards school teaching, I think many ought to decline seeking it. Had we better school teachers, we should not only have better citizens but better presidents.

The book agents were now furnishing an entire curriculum for the union schools and colleges. Duane Doty and Rev. B. Northrup represented A. S. Barnes & Co.'s interest in this line.

We had Parker's rhetorical reader, McGuffey's series of readers and spellers, Mitchell's geography, and it was one of the best, especially his school atlas. I have one now, and would not take ten times the original cost for it. An old atlas is a rare treasure, it gives something of the world in its day that one cannot get from any other source; keep the old atlas. Clark's grammar and Thompson's arithmetic were yet in use.

Our term closed with the accustomed exhibition. We never allowed any time to be taken by the pupils from their usual studies in preparing for an exhibition. Dowagiac, like many other towns in the State, was now equipped with a union school, so far as the preliminary organization and a year's trial of the school was concerned; but the town lacked a school building—this was built some three years later. The principals of the school succeeding were Profs. Wells, Jones and Whitney.

The business of the town was then brisk. The Jones Brothers, Sturgis & Tuthill, Lazilere, the Stebbinses, and some others, were in the dry goods line; Lybrook & Lisle in the harness and leather business; Henry Deman, banker, and Mynheer Bock was the village landlord. The citizens had a thriving debating society—a good training school for fitting men for the legislature, and mayhap for Congress. James Salivan and Jas. M. Spencer were the leading lawyers; Drs. Wm. Clark, Seeley, Hale, and Wm. Porter, were prominent in the medical profession.

I met at the home of Dr. Wm. Clark, his distinguished sister, Grace Greenwood, and her husband, Wm. Lippincott, and their beautiful little daughter. My first thoughts were, she is younger and more beautiful than I expected to find her. Her eyes were dark and full of deep meaning, her hair was dark and an ornament to her fine head. She was a ready and interesting talker; the subject (and I do not know how it was introduced) was the Hutchinson family. She said that N. P. Willis called this family "a brothers' nest, with a sister in it." And, by the way, Willis was one of the first to discover her genius as a writer, and to encourage her in her early efforts

with the pen. She thought Michigan was "a State of promise," and said that she had a great desire to visit Chicago, "that miracle of a new place."

My home in Dowagiac was with the family of James M. Spencer; his wife had been in charge of the primary department of the Battle Creek union school in 1850 and '51, when I was principal of that school. It was an interesting home, and the memories of it, and of those whom we met there, are today among the pleasing things connected with my life in Dowagiac.

I cannot resist noting down here a pleasant recollection of my school in Dowagiac, as it is connected with one of the prettiest girls of that school. One day during school hours Miss Frances Wilbur, we called her Frank then, saw that I had detected her eating an apple. Knowing that she had violated one of our rules, she immediately took her penknife and cut the apple in two and, taking her book, came to me to ask a question about her lesson, and then said, "Mr. VanBuren, please let me present you with half of this fine, large apple; I only brought one, but I will divide it with you." Of course I took it and thanked her for it; and, of course, it settled the matter with the pretty little culprit. This was the prettiest piece of school girl diplomacy that I ever saw played upon a teacher to avoid punishment.

I find the following entry in my diary of October 17, 1856: "This quiet village has been wrapped in a fog all the week, and it is so dense that you can cut it with a knife. We are 'children of the mist,' and run against each other on the streets. What it is that clouds us so about, from whence it comes, is as misty to our minds as the fog itself." This fog enveloped Dowagiac and vicinity—I don't know how extended it was—for some three weeks.

The diary furnishes this political item, of the same date, October 17, 1856: "Hon. Zack Chandler addressed a large republican gathering in the Congregational church this evening. He began with his hands in his pockets, and as he wanted to gesticulate took one out. He is one of those speakers who give the clenched fist instead of the extended palm, by way of enforcing his argument. He is not a graceful nor an easy speaker, but he is a hearty one. He has the faculty of gathering thought after thought into a crowning sentence, which, with the whole force of his mind, he hurls at his audience. With more training on the stump he will make a powerful speaker. He took up Gen. Cass and 'discussed' him, politically, for an hour. The 'Vermont goose' was a new story, and told with rousing effect. The Green Mountain goose was determined to sit, and her owner was just as determined she should not. He tried every way to break up her sedentary habit, but there she sat! He finally took out one egg after another, placing a small stone in the place of each, till they were all gone, and she left sitting on the

smooth stones, which she did with all her accustomed devotion. Thus, he said, it is with the democratic party. They once sat 'on pure democratic principles,' but the south reached over and stole one after another of those golden principles, and placed those of her own in the place of each, till she had got them all, and left the democratic party, like the Vermont goose, sitting on the miserable fossils. This very apt and forcible illustration "brought down the house."

Comments and Criticisms on our Present School System.

I have written of the common school during that formative period, the log schoolhouse epoch in Michigan, a period of pedagogy which led the way to the development and successful establishment of the system of the union or graded school, in this State. I have written of these schools as I knew them in my experience as schoolmaster, giving a plain, unvarnished narration of the work performed by the pioneer pedagogue in preparing the way for our splendid school system. The pioneers built upon the township meeting, the spelling book and the Bible, and they built for the future. Step by step the historian unrolls the development of the log schoolhouse into the branch university, and the latter into the State university, as well as the development of the mill into the village, the town into the city, and that into the great State.

Our present graded school system is perfect. In regard to its organization and regulation, it moves with the perfection of clockwork. We have never had a school system that equals it, and while I say this I have something to say in regard to the result of the working of this system, something to say about the prevailing modes of teaching which have not always been the best that could be devised for educating, that is, drawing out the latent energies of the young. How many capable graduates we have known who have passed from the union school or college to find that all their book learning has left them unfit for the first step of the business of life. This is the more to be lamented as there was never any better stuff in the world for the shaping of men than there is in the American boy of today.

As we have said, the graded school is the people's school, and the most perfect of its kind, but we wish to devise some way to better adapt it to our educational purposes, to make it a more natural, efficient means in educating the young. We would improve the modes of working it, not abolish it, and we give, in this connection, the views of some of the best educators in this country, as well as of those in the old world, in regard to the grade in our schools.

The following is an editorial from a late number of the Inter-Ocean on education and examination:

"In the Nineteenth Century are articles by Max Muller, Professor E. A. Freeman, formerly of Oxford, and Frederick Harrison, discussing or rather inveighing against an abuse of education that in twenty years has become a serious problem in England. The value of these articles to the American reader lies in the timeliness of their warning against a system that has already set its coil about colleges and universities in this country where there is so eager imitation of things English, even when they are things foolish or things pernicious. The complaint, based upon ample experience and practical knowledge of the three gentlemen named, is that education is being sacrificed to examination in the mother country.

"There has grown up a most technical, dogmatic habit of frequent, multifarious, segmental examinations that has given birth to a regular profession of tutoring and a rival host of 'crammers;' and these are actually supplanting the teachers. Formerly examinations were general, as they still are in this country; now in England they have become 'specialized,' so that, as Professor Freeman puts it, 'a man is not, as of old, wholly plucked or wholly passed; with the ingenuity of Italian tyrants a piece of him is plucked or passed, while the rest of him is kept for another day.' University learning has, in short, become a trade to be picked up with as much rapidity and with as little trouble as possible; not by study, but by cramming; not to possess knowledge, but to meet the questions, printed chiefly, of the examiners. 'When examination after examination becomes the main object there is sure to be a great deal too much teaching, so much as to leave no time for learning on the part of either teacher or taught. When the teacher's business is understood to be to get a man through an examination, study of the subject, study of the great books of the subject passes away.'

"Examination is an evil in that it makes men read not for the attainment of knowledge but for the object of passing the examination; which is not conducted analytically to ascertain what a man knows of what he should know after a careful course of study, but is carried on technically with a view, apparently, to showing what a man does not know. When a man passes one of these examinations, scientific inquisitions really, the examiners are not deceived. They do not take it for granted a real store of knowledge supplies the answers to interrogatories; they know on the contrary that the examinee has been through his paces with a crammer, and when these examiners hold communion with reason they know also that all this parade is the mere degradation of real education. To such an alarming

extent has the evil grown under scholastic pedanticism, sound educators are beginning to express the opinion that no examination whatever were better than this scientific jugglery, this brilliant sham, this emptying out of substantial good to crowd in a tenantry of glittering, superficial, unvaluable technical information, memory of which is retained only during the ten days between cramming and examination, being tumbled out again to make room for another cargo of useless temporary stuff.

"These are extremists. The more temperate view is that it is absurd, nay monstrous, to hold all minds to a common test. Clever, talented young men, who seem to idle yet really learn, who gather ideas and mentally fructify them, are degenerated into mere grinds under the system of examination that sacrifices genuine education to pyrotechnical sham before the examiners. Let the present system or some modification of it, say the moderates, be reserved for those patient, plodding young men who can never arrive at anything higher than the general average of excellence; but let a more liberal method, a rightly inquiring and serviceably testing one, be applied to the others; and, above all things, let these examinations be conducted by old men, not as now by young, egotistic, pedantic examiners who know vastly less than the teachers.

"Large brained, strong minded, creative, intellectually powerful, and notable men in arts and letters and the professions are not made by this cart-horse process of discipline, this racking over little minds made up of technical gatherings and part ideas. Development of mind comes of some freedom of original thought working on the thing agreeably studied; not out of narrow processes, the young growing brain put under pressure of limited pedagogic minds that irritate, harass, badger, and finally stunt intellects they foolishly imagine they are training. Happily the evil complained of has not a great hold in this country, though Yale and Harvard have, nevertheless, their coterie of tutors who help young men to prepare for classes, and sometimes act as crammers, too. It were well if teachers in colleges and universities consider carefully what is said of the English scheme of sacrificing education, and take timely action to prevent the like results being evolved here. American education is now at a point where it cannot afford to blunder, certainly not by deliberately imitating the mistakes of the English system that has allowed professional crammers and fantastic examiners, in duel with each other, to usurp the functions of solid education."

From Carlyle: "Who would suppose that education were a thing which had to be advocated on the ground of local expediency, or indeed on any ground? As if it stood not on the basis of an everlasting duty, as a prime necessity of man! It is a thing that should need no advocating; much as it

does actually need to impart the gift of thinking to those who cannot think, and yet who could in that case think. This, one would imagine, was the first function a government had to set about discharging. Were it not a cruel thing, to see, in any province of an empire, the inhabitants living all mutilated in their limbs, each strong man with his right arm lamed? How much crueller to find the strong soul with its eyes still sealed—its eyes extinct, so that it sees not? Light has come into the world, but to this poor peasant it has come in vain. For six thousand years the sons of Adam, in sleepless effort, have been devising, doing, discovering; in mysterious, infinite, indissoluble communion, warring, a little band of brothers, against the black empire of necessity and night; they have accomplished such a conquest and conquests, and to this man it is all as if it had not been. The four and twenty letters of the alphabet are still runic enigmas to him. He passes by on the other side; and that great spiritual kingdom, the toil won conquest of his own brothers, all that his brothers have conquered, is a thing not extant to him. An invisible empire; he knows it not—suspects it not. And is not this his withal; the conquest of his own brothers, the lawfully acquired possession of all men? Baleful enchantment lies over him, from generation to generation; he knows not that such an enpire is his—that such an empire is his at all."

"Most readers must have witnessed, with delight, the joyous burst which attends the dismissing of the village school on a fine summer day. The buoyant spirit of childhood, repressed with so much difficulty during the tedious hours of discipline, may then be seen to explode, as it were, in shout, and song, and frolic, as the little urchins join in groups on the play grounds and arrange their matches of sport for the evening; but there is an individual who partakes of the relief afforded by the moment of dismission, whose feelings are not so obvious to the eye of the spectator, or so apt to receive his sympathy; I mean the teacher himself, who, stunned with the hum and suffocated with the closeness of the schoolroom, has spent the whole day (himself against a host) in controlling petulance, inciting indifference to action, striving to enlighten stupidity, and laboring to soften obstinacy; and whose very powers of intellect have been confounded by hearing the same dull lesson repeated a hundred times by rote, and only varied by the various blunders of the reciters. Even the flowers of classic genius, with which his solitary fancy is most gratified, have been rendered degraded, in his imagination, by their connection with tears, with errors, and with punishments; so that the eclogues of Virgil, and the odes of Horace, are each inseparably allied in association with the sullen figure and monotonous recitation of some blundering schoolboy. If to these mental distresses are

added a delicate frame of body and a mind ambitious of some higher distinction than that of being the tyrant of childhood, the reader may have some slight conception of the relief which a solitary walk affords to the head which has ached, and the nerves which have been shattered, for so many hours, in plying the irksome task of public instructor." Thus writes Sir Walter Scott. How well he understood, and how truthfully he has drawn the old schoolmaster, none can better understand than that individual himself.

The irksome work of the schoolroom dulls the wits and the appreciation of whatever of literary merit there may occur in the lesson. What are beautiful figures of speech to a class in parsing; they become mere words to be analyzed, as the chemist analyzes the component part of any substance, merely that and nothing more.

One day in the union school at Battle Creek my class in parsing had been called, and I gave this sentence to Miss Jane Eldred, an interesting pupil, to put in diagram on the blackboard:

> "Now twilight hath let her curtain down,
> And pinned it with a star."

As she took her place at the board, she said, "That is beautiful!" Weary as I was with my work of instruction, that remark revived me. It came like a touch of nature, like a fragrance from a bank of thyme; and as I looked at my pupil, a bright girl of some fourteen, I replied: "Yes, that is beautiful, Miss Jane, and I wish we had time to so conduct these exercises that we could enjoy the full benefit of the lesson as we go on; that we could combine the useful and the beautiful as we find it in our school life. We should then enjoy the flowers of speech, the beauties of classic genius, as they occur in our lessons, instead of analyzing them to death as we do now."

What we have said in praise of many things in the past, in these school annals, may often be due to the condition of society then, which times have since changed. As an eminent American, and keen observer of life, has said: "We had the advantage of living in a new country, the advantage of social equality, of personal freedom. In a new country, character is essential; in the old, reputation is often sufficient. In a new country, they find what man is; in the old, he generally passes for what he resembles. When we lived ten miles apart in the old days we were nearer together than those who are now divided by the mere walls of caste. We had fewer text-books, fewer studies in the old school, hence we could give to those few studies all the time and attention that we now have to 'divide up' among the many studies in our school today. Time to study, and leisure to teach, afforded the golden

opportunity in the schoolroom of the old days. They have largely disappeared from the schoolroom of the present."

Great Teachers of Youth.

You can count the names of great teachers of youth on the fingers of one hand. We have scarcely any tradition of the great teachers of common schools. Pestalozzi and Froebel stand pre-eminently the first great instructors of the child. The great difficulty is that we have not yet learned the relative meaning of ignorance and knowledge. We do not teach the right things, and we do not get the best results. We use examinations as gauging lines, but our percentages do not show true values. We get bits of information and progressive series of bits, but have flooded the child's mind, not developed it. Our schoolroom work too often runs along the line of mere suppression; suppression of teacher, suppression of pupil, suppression of individuality, the apotheosis of ruts. We build up elaborate school systems in our great cities, bind all the schools together in a series of grades, apportion the hours for all work, indeed, the very minutes, set a thousand machine moved teachers in the schools, and then pour in an overcrowded throng of children and begin to examine them. The children are of all sorts and nationalities, thus still more complicating and increasing the difficulty. This, of course, refers more especially to cities. But our modern plan of education consists chiefly of the examinations, in which the teachers are also examined, for upon the results depend the teacher's fortunes. This is one of our proud methods of building up the State. Of instruction, of character forming, of mental growth, there is scarcely a thought. Often it seems but a great complex system of wasting the formative years of childhood. Now it is certain that we must have system and method, but we must have something besides. Train our teachers well, but allow them a certain liberty to work out results. It is not information that we should ask of school children so much as it is character and mental life. What are values? That should be a child's first lesson. Make a boy feel the worth of a thing, and the hard road becomes a pathway to the stars. He feels his share in the future; he knows his place in the universe, and is its heir. Character, right ambition, get the value of these in a boy's mind, and your road becomes easy. We must teach the value of work and overcome the indifference of children to ignorance. The power to think for himself is the main thing for the boy to acquire. Edward Thring, of the Uppingham grammar school, in England, says that he "always insisted on preparing the child's mind for the knowledge to be implanted. The mind of itself is the chief care; of mere information I have slight respect." He worked for a strong mind, not

a full one, for mental life, mental activity and power. Character was the object sought. Education meant character, mental life and growth, not mere knowledge.

The Teacher's Task.

[Taken largely from Century Magazine.]

The teacher's task is to mold character as much as to train intellect. With us the teacher has but few hours in school during which he has charge of his pupils; they then go to an innumerable variety of homes to spend the greater part of their time, and the character of the home is ordinarily the the prime influence in determining the character of the child. This is true of the American system of education. It is different with the English public schools, especially such as the Uppingham and other similar ones. There the boy has to pass much the greater part of his time at the school, during the most impressionable years of his life. His schoolmaster, school fellows and school surroundings are the prime forces in molding his character. He is a member of a small republic, with laws, customs, institutions, ambitions of its own, and where the individual life and the general life react upon each other with singular intensity. To the school come boys from every kind of home; all are to be trained, and the failures should be as few as possible. Each boy has his small study, and his own sleeping room or dormitory; each boy works out and lives his own life. They recite in class, gather together in general room and listen together in general chapel. Mr. Edward Thring's idea was to give every boy a fair chance, the weak as well as the strong. The weak boy who has not the capacity to excel in the main studies of a school, or strength to distinguish himself in its hardier sports, may often achieve excellence in minor subjects of study, or acquire skill in other recreative employments. A school is not a perfect training place which has to crush the weak in order to develop the strong, either at work or play.

Uppingham made fuller provisions for study and sport for the weak and the strong than any school of the day. Mr. Thring maintained that 20 pupils in a class was enough for one teacher, and that no one school should ever exceed 300. He sums up the matter thus: "It is that every boy, stupid and clever alike, should have a fair chance and should really be trained. No school can be called a good school, or even an honest school, unless it makes this the first condition of its work. This principle is important, and fully acted upon would revolutionize most of the schools of England, and probably most of those in America. No true judgment of a school's real merits can be formed from its prize winning record. Given a

school which draws some hundreds of boys from classes of society where the early training is fairly good, let it have wealth enough to attract a number of exceptionally able teachers, turn the teaching power of these upon even a small proportion of the cleverest pupils and you may have a school with a high list of scholars and instructors, while the most of the boys in the school are entirely neglected."

This is a true statement of the case. That the evil of giving training to the strong at the expense of the weak, who are allowed to go to the wall, prevails in the majority of schools, small and great, will scarcely be denied.

The "Grade" in Our Schools.

More attention is given nowadays to the matter of "grading" by teachers than by grain inspectors.

The word "grade," to them, seems to have a talismanic power in modern school teaching. So much so that by it everything is solved in the schoolroom. It is the formula that regulates the daily progress of classes, and is considered so indispensable that nothing can be taught without it. We dislike the word "machine" as it has been made to serve so many purposes. But we can find no word that will better express our meaning, hence we use it. The "machine," then, is as conspicuous in the schoolroom as it is in the party convention, or the cotton factory. And while there is no principle or even suggestive thought connected with it, yet it times, and moves and regulates the whole school curriculum. By it the pupils must be put through so many evolutions each day till they reach the end of the book, or end of the term. So many revolutions, or recitation "rounds," will carry them through the first grade, so many through the second, and so many through the high school. It is more a matter of numbers than knowledge, through all of which they march like soldiers to a certain point. No attention is paid to any one pupil's wants or merits, whether he is slow or quick to learn, all must march together in line, each pupil being treated as a part of "one stupendous whole." Little or no individual instruction is given, and as for training, which was once considered indispensable to the development of the true scholars of real manhood and womanhood, it has become obsolete in the educational calendar of the day. No attention is paid to adapting the course of instruction in any school to the genius of the pupil, or to the wants of the people who patronize it. Some minds, like the olive tree, mature slowly; they require a longer time than others do for the development of their powers.

Because a pupil cannot keep up with his class, or stands lower in it than his mates, this does not evince incapacity. If it does, Sir Walter Scott was

a dunce; and General Grant, who graduated at the foot of his class, was another. Charles W. Whipple was turned out of his class at West Point, for incapacity, yet he made one of Michigan's best Chief Justices. Teachers and parents must remember that, if pupils fall behind in their class, or fail at examinations, they are not disgraced, and must not be treated as if they were. This forced, high pressure system, in the schoolroom, hurts more than it benefits. By it, how often do we find bright boys and girls educated into dull men and women. Instead of discovering and fostering undeveloped genius, the present method consists in making a forced march of the entire class, in a body, from point to point in the course of the study, and so on through the book. This kind of teaching seems now to prevail in all our union schools. In fact, principals and assistants say that there is no other way to get through the day's recitations. There are so many classes, and only so many minutes, or such a part of an hour, to hear each class recite in, that it is a mere matter of hearing a class respond to questions on their lessons without time to teach or instruct in those lessons. This is not teaching in its proper sense. This is not guiding the young mind, leading it along the paths of knowledge, with leisure to understand and grow. This is not training the young intellect in the first principles of learning, and so on in higher branches to clear knowledge and independent thinking. We have none of this, but instead a parrot like recitation, repeating the lesson day after day, with merely one object in view, to pass examination at the close of the term. And the special test of this examination is to repeat over certain answers to certain questions in the different branches studied. And the teacher who will not thus fit his pupils by "cramming" for examination, however original and stimulating his teaching may be, will be rejected for some teacher who will "run the machine." But while it idle to blame clever teachers who have adapted themselves to running this machine, it is of great importance to expose the system which fills our professions "with over-examined, over-coached men," who have lost every spark of originality, granted by nature, in the long worry and weariness of this so-called education. Says an able writer on this subject: "If it be true that genius can be stifled, that an original thinker by birth may be reduced to a common place inhabitant of the world, no system can be conceived more likely to accomplish this end."

The Grade.

[From Max Muller.]

Little attention can be paid in large schools to individual tastes and talents. In Germany, even more perhaps than in England, it is the chief

object of a good and conscientious master to have his class as uniform as possible at the end of the year, and he receives far more credit from the official examiner if his whole class marches well and keeps pace together, than if he parade a few brilliant and forward boys, followed by a number of straggling laggards. Boys at school must turn their minds into a row of pigeon-holes, filling as many as they can with useful notes, and never forgetting how many are empty. But the leisure of the middle ages is lacking; there is no help for it save a bold stand for freedom in the boys and girls.

No intellectual investment equals the gems of English, Latin and Greek literature deposited in the memory during childhood and youth, and taken up from time to time in happy hours of solitude. Boys do not read enough of Greek and Roman classics. There is need of more general reading to form tastes and establish a love of the best things in literature. The time spent in our schools in learning rules of grammar and syntax, writing exercises and memorizing is too large. All these rules, definitions and things committed to memory, are too heavy a weight for any boy to carry. Rules of grammar, syntax and metre are but means towards an end; they must never be mistaken for the end itself.

I think of the whole intellect what has been called the *intellectus sibi permissus;* it is the object of academic teaching to rouse that intellect out of its slumber by questions not less startling than when Galileo asked the world whether the sun moved and the earth stood still, or whether the earth moved and the sun stood still. "Stand upright on thy feet" ought to be written over the gate of every college. Academic freedom is not without its dangers, but there are dangers which it is safer to face than to avoid.

Students, in general, are often left too much to themselves, and it is only the cleverest who succeed. Too much time is spent on lecturing in general. Half an hour's conversation with a tutor or professor often does more than a whole course of lectures in giving the right direction and the right spirit to a young man's studies. Prof. Helmholtz said of Johannes Muller, his old teacher, "From the impression he made on us, I must set the highest value on the personal intercourse with teachers, from whom one learns how thought works in independent heads." Whoever has come in contact but once with one or several first class men will find his intellectual standard changed for life. In English universities there is too little academic freedom. Yet there is too much guidance, too much personal control. Most horses, if you take them to water, will drink; and the best way to make them drink is to leave them alone. No one who knows what the real joy of learning is, how it lightens all drudgery and draws away the mind from mean pursuits, can see

without indignation that what ought to be the freest and happiest years of a man's life must often be spent between cramming and examinations.

That word examination, the most powerful engine for intellectual leveling. There is a strong feeling springing up everywhere against the tyranny of examinations, against the cramping and withering influence which they are supposed to exercise on the youth of England. "Now," says Max Muller, "I cannot fully join in this outcry." Yet he is frightened by the manner in which they are conducted, and by the results which they produce. All examinations are a means to ascertain how pupils have been taught; they must not be allowed to be the end for which pupils are taught. Teaching with a view to them lowers the teacher in the eyes of the pupils; learning with a view to them is apt to produce shallowness and dishonesty. Whatever attractions learning may possess for the pupil, all this is lost if they once imagine that the highest object of all learning is to gain marks in a competition. The pupils should look to their teachers as their natural examiners and fairest judges; and hence in every examination the report of the teacher ought to carry the greatest weight. This is the rule in Germany. To leave examinations entirely to strangers reduces them to the level of lotteries. An examiner may find out what a candidate knows not, he can hardly ever find out all he knows; but the object is to find how he knows it. The present system of examinations bids fair to degenerate into horse racing; for schools are bidding for clever boys in order to run them in the races.

It is marvelous to see what an amount of knowledge candidates will produce before their examinations; but how fleeting that knowledge is, all know who observe results, and how different from that other knowledge which has been acquired slowly and quietly, for its own sake, without a thought whether it would ever pay at examinations or not. How glibly they will answer questions as to some parts of knowledge, to the titles of some principal works of Gibbon, Hume, and so on, but know nothing about those works. This is a kind of dishonest knowledge, which is fostered by too frequent examinations. There are two kinds of knowledge, the one that enters into our very blood, the other which we carry in our pockets. Those who read for examinations have generally their pockets crammed full; those who work on quietly and have their whole heart in their work, get knowledge that invigorates their whole frame, and though they may not be as ready to answer questions, yet they have the knowledge. The object is not to find out how many marks each candidate may gain by answering a larger or smaller number of questions, and then to place them in order before the world like so many organ pipes. It is to develop thought, mental growth, the full man or woman.

The process of competitive examination produces an array of pass-men, that dead level of uninteresting excellence. It crushes out all joy, all vigor, by carrying that load of names and dates, anomalous verbs, and so on. What Socrates and his great pupil, Plato, had done for the youth of Greece these new academies will do for the youth of our land. Here knowledge ceased to be a burden, because it became part of the mind, and helped bear what was attained.

The Disappearance of the Schoolmaster.

Othello's occupation is gone. It has succumbed to the pressure of the times, and the schoolmaster has been crowded out. Nowadays there are teachers of grades, men and women appointed to fetch a pupil through a certain stage of his education, and then pass him along to the driver of the next. It is quantity that is sought now; the systemizing of the school is such that the pupils go over five times more space in their studies during a term, than they used to do with the old school teacher. So great a regard is paid to quantity, amount to be accomplished in a week, a month or a term, that all that is necessary for the teacher is to tap the bell, the pupils are in their seats, another tap, and they march to the recitation seat. Then a set of questions is asked the pupil; he rises and answers them; another and another rises, and so on to the end of the class. Or certain ones are given an example to solve on the blackboard. Each one explains his example and takes his seat. The next lesson is given and the recitation is over. Now this would do if those who answer the questions or solve the examples always understood them thoroughly; and most especially, if those who have not been asked any questions, or who have not solved any examples, understand the lesson, it is a good recitation. The graded system puts all of one grade in the same classes. Now this is against the nature of the pupil's mental endowment. Some are bright, learn easily; others, though abler, must go slower, must have more time to acquire knowledge, or they must go on with the bright pupils, with what they can catch in the hasty recitation. Others again, in the same grade, have got there by a longer course of study, because duller, and must go slower than the bright pupils. And even parents are often so anxious to have their children get into the higher grade, that they complain bitterly because they are not "advanced," when the teacher assures them that their children are not qualified for the advance. They can't keep time and step with the fast pupils. In other words, you cannot grade intellect that way, and force pupils to learn or acquire the same lesson in the same time, or go through geography, arithmetic and grammar with equal ease and study, by days' marches, in which all learn well the same les-

son. It cannot be done. This class recitation, as had in the graded system, crowds out individual genius and personal quality of the teacher. You see the teacher has more than any one teacher can possibly do, and do well, hence the system overloads the class with study and exactitude in regard to the time to finish that study. The same is true of the pupil; he is as much crowded out as the teacher. The same graded system eliminates alike the better part of the teacher and pupil.

The common school has been lauded into a degree bordering on worship. It has been thought almost a crime to say anything against it. And when the innovation came and the grade was introduced, nobody must say a word against that. He was a fogy, an iconoclast, who would do it. Yet the observer sees that our school system has well nigh lost its flexibility. There is not the guidance of enlightened thought in it, but the precise work of a systemized grade; a military precision, a combination of many into one, that causes the one to lose his individuality and hence his own growth and independence. He must move on as a part of his company, his class; his efforts are more precise than improving to him. They have been trying to enforce the "mint, anise and cummin" of Froebel's system and leave out the weightier matters of good instruction. Enforced quiet is deleterious to child growth. So great masters of education say. President Garfield was surprised that a child's love of education could survive "the outrages of the schoolroom." Thirty or forty are placed under the care of a drill master whose duty is to keep them still. Enforced inactivity of mind and body. For the little child that is forced to keep still cannot study. Long school hours are to him imprisonment. The pressure of quantity does not give the teacher time to mold character. Could Dr. Arnold have taught the greatest possible amount of arithmetic and geography within a given time? He would not be called a good school teacher today. It is the amount of arithmetic, geography and grammar to be presented at the end of the year, or the "board" will be dissatisfied. The teacher is a mere cogwheel, his individuality repressed; he is a mere hearer of lessons, a maker of registers, a worker for examination week.

It is the quality of the teacher, not so much his qualifications, that we want. All the world over human short-sightedness puts the means for the end. The organization and regular conduct of a school system is of value only as it helps the schools to attain their main end. The minister of public instruction who boasted that he could look at his watch and know just what question was being asked at that moment in every school of a given grade in France, was a good illustration of the system-worshiper—a system of education that destroys the free individual action of the teacher and pupil

is the nightmare of human progress. No doubt enterprising teachers accomplish much under the graded system, but it is a pity to spend so much time in producing unfavorable conditions.

Nature gives to the parents the guardianship of their own children, and enjoins it as their duty to educate as well as to feed and clothe them. But the child, while in school, is withdrawn from that home influence which nature has provided for its moral and religious training and formation of character; for, whether you put the Bible in the common school or not, the religion of nature and the knowledge of a Divine lawgiver to whom we must give account should not only be imparted to the child, but inculcated as living truths in his heart. This can most effectually be done at home, but it should also be done by the teacher to the pupil in school, and we may say this was done by the old schoolmaster, who was more truly *in loco parentis*, the one to instruct and train the child in the schoolroom; the modern teaeher has not such opportunity.

Thus when the graded system crowded out the teacher's individuality, his power to teach by personality in the schoolroom, the old schoolmaster disappeared, and with him went the training of the child, the molding of character, the crowning achievement of his schoolroom labors.

TOWNSEND E. GIDLEY.

BY GEO. H. WHITE.

I have thought it fit on this occasion to mention to you for preservation a few facts that have come to my knowledge regarding Townsend E. Gidley, a person who, in his lifetime, took an active part in the organization of this State. He connected the present with the past. It fell to his lot to see and know many of the revolutionary soldiers and officers, and to hear from their own lips of their struggles and privations and hairbreadth escapes to secure to us a country, a nationality, and the boon of freedom. He was one of but a very few living until this later day that had seen and conversed with that noble patriot, the Marquis de La Fayette, when he was here in 1824 as the nation's guest. He was the youngest member of the constitutional convention that sat at Detroit, in 1835, to form a constitution for the proposed State. He was a member of the Michigan house of representatives in the first, third, and fifteenth sessions, and was a State senator in the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, and twenty second sessions of the legislature of this State; and, I think, had been a member of more legislatures than any

other man. He was nearly always a member of the minority party in his district, and yet was never defeated; nor did he ever solicit or seek a nomination in even one instance. He was elected to the constitutional convention by a majority of several hundred, yet his co-nominee and his opponent were tied, and occasioned a new and special election while the convention was in session. He was the last survivor, I believe, of that convention (he died in the early part of 1889), of which he was the youngest member.

Townsend E. Gidley, the son of Daniel Gidley, was born at Poughkeepsie, in Duchess county, New York, July 20, 1805. His father was born in the same homestead in 1765, and so was old enough at the time of the Revolution to know its causes and watch its progress; and as he was in the neighborhood where some of its most stirring events were transacted, he had an opportunity of seeing many of its prominent actors. In such a school, and under such teachings, patriotism of the most intense and ardent kind was created in the subject of this sketch. His remembrance of revolutionary soldiers and officers, whom he had met, and some of whom were very distinguished, and of their narrations of the hardships and vicissitudes they endured, was very vivid. His retentive memory, even to the very end of a long life, enabled him to be both very instructive and interesting in the relation of matters he had thus heard, as occurring at that early day of our nation's life.

His father had been a hatter by trade, and had retired to the farm, which was not far from Poughkeepsie. He possessed remarkably good culture and judgment, and did not begrudge his sons a good academical education. Townsend labored at home until his fifteenth year, attending both the summer and winter sessions of the district school of his neighborhood, when he had acquired all the knowledge that his teachers were able to furnish him. His father, for the greater portion of the ensuing year, sent him to a somewhat noted academy at Bethlehem, Connecticut, where particular attention was paid to his education in matters of business importance, as his father had destined him for mercantile occupations. As he was not large or very robust, although having excellent health, he was then sent to a very celebrated academy at Poultney in Vermont, where he remained nearly a year. He industriously and actively sought to avail himself of all the advantages that the then impefect modes of instruction allowed him. When he had finished his studies there he was considered to be quite well educated, according to the understanding, in those days, of that term.

In his sixteenth year he returned to his home and was immediately placed as an apprentice with Walter Cunningham, a highly successful merchant, an

able business man, an influential citizen, and at that time quite noted. He stayed with him until he arrived at the age of twenty-one years, carefully attending to his duties, and endeavoring to learn all the details of the business. He and Stephen Frost, who was then about thirty years old, formed the firm of Frost & Gidley, in mercantile business, which was continued eight years. Frost was an amiable man, but it was soon evident that he was destitute of the essential article, "push," and Mr. Gidley had to take upon his own shoulders the pushing of the business, which was to him a great pleasure as he was himself, at that time, almost the incarnation of energy.

At the age of twenty-five, a successful young merchant, he married Mary, daughter of Col. Nicholas Power, of Poughkeepsie, by whom he had a son, Sands Gidley, now of Saginaw, and a daughter, Mrs. Iabella Gunn, of Jackson. The marriage relation was a very happy one, and continued thirty-five years, when his wife died, while he was a resident of Jackson county, at the age of sixty-two years, she being two years his senior.

While living in Poughkeepsie, Mr. Gidley was noted as being active in every matter of public interest that arose, especially in attendance upon public meetings touching matters affecting that community, where he often took an active and prominent part, he having a taste for, and some training in public speaking. He was especially active in military matters. He was a second lieutenant at the early age of nineteen in a well uniformed, equipped and drilled militia company. It was through this fact that he participated in an interview which was always to him a matter of pride and pleasure, for it was as such an officer that he was presented to the Marquis de Lafayette. It was early in the forenoon of September 15, 1824. All of the militia for many miles around had assembled at Poughkeepsie to receive Lafayette, and be reviewed by him. The military were drawn up in line for review in the main street, under command of Major General Brush (who was Captain Brush in Col. Lewis Cass's regiment at the time of the surrender of Hull's army at Detroit), assisted by Brig. Gen. Sweet, or rather, the latter was actively in command.

The review lasted three hours and took place in the presence of an immense concourse of people. The officers of the force were called out in front of their respective forces to be introduced to Lafayette by Gen. Brush, as they, followed by their retinues, slowly passed down the line. Each officer was presented by name, and his hand was taken by Lafayette and shaken, and a few words interchanged. Mr. Gidley was a personal acquaintance of Gen. Brush, and was the youngest officer in the force, and was that day in charge of his company, though but nineteen years old, and one of its youngest members. Gen. Brush made some remark to Lafayette just before arriv-

ing in front of where Lieut. Gidley was, which caused Lafayette to look intently at Lieut. Gidley. As Gen. Brush presented him to Lafayette, he said, "My young friend, Capt. Gidley," with considerable emphasis, and at the same time, as Mr. Gidley related it to me, Lafayette's glance rested upon his epaulettes, and as he took Lieut. Gidley's hand, he said slowly, "Yes, indeed, young to wear military honors," retaining his hand for a moment and pressing it; and it may be that his mind reverted to the period of his gallant volunteering in the cause of constitutional liberty at but little more than the same age, or it may be that his thoughts went back to that battle of the Brandywine, when he was taken, severely wounded, from the battlefield, and whose effects were even then visible in the lifting up of one shoulder and the depression of the other. Ample opportunity was afforded to Mr. Gidley to study every feature and the ever changing expression of the face of Lafayette, and his general appearance, the picture of which was, as it were, burned into his memory, never to be effaced.

Mr. Gidley occasionally, when indulging in reminiscence upon the subject, would describe the personal appearance of the Marquis so minutely, that it required no great stretch of the imagination to see him before one as he appeared on that bright sunny September morning in the presence of those thousands, assembled to do honor to him as "The Nation's Guest." Within a very few years Mr. Gidley visited our State capitol and testified to the remarkable accuracy and striking likeness of the full length portrait of Lafayette that Horace Vernet, the greatest portrait painter of France, painted for Lucius Lyon, from sittings for that purpose, and which was presented to the State of Michigan, and now graces the walls of the State library. This Mr. Gidley was able to say from his being both a participant in the reception of Lafayette, and in the acceptance of the gift of the portrait, at the old capitol building in Detroit, when Mr. Lyon presented it to the State. He had the history of the obtaining of it from Mr. Lyon's lips. The sitting could not have been obtained for any other purpose than to present it to this State.

At the age of twenty-nine, Mr. Gidley found that his health was very much impaired, that he had considerable means at command, and was the owner of several hundred acres of well selected, fertile oak plains, located in the central portion of Jackson county, in the territory of Michigan, in a healthy region, and that his means were ample to open up and improve the same. He concluded to "go west," even before Horace Greely had elaborated his celebrated counsel on that subject. He had, with great care, informed himself clearly about the west, and its needs, its possibilities and its probabilities. He dissolved the firm, realized his portion of its assets as quickly as

possible, and, armed with letters from Maj. Gen. Brush and others, to General Cass, the foremost man of the northwest at that time, he started, early in the spring of 1834, for the west by the way of the "north" river to Albany, thence to Schenectady, then, as now, a Dutch burgh, then by the Erie canal to Buffalo, and last, by a very small, slow steamer from there to Detroit, having with him his family, and household goods and gods. The journey was a long and tedious one.

On his arrival in Detroit, he and his family became the guests of Gen. Cass, and then commenced a warm friendship between them which was ended only by death. While a guest, the following incident occurred: Gen. Cass and himself were walking together on Jefferson avenue, when the former said, "Mr. Gidley, do you see that tall cedar post there?" pointing to one in the avenue. "Yes." "Well, sir, the gate swung on that post that was thrown open on the surrender of Gen. Hull's army." The General then seemed to recall to mind somewhat painful recollections of those times. Mr. Gidley, having heard of the incident of Gen. Cass, deeply disappointed and chagrined, breaking his sword over his knee, said, "That was the time when Col. Cass broke his sword over his knee, in a fit of sad disappointment and desperation, which, in my opinion, was one of the grandest acts of his life, and which has exalted him in my eyes, although he was censured for it at that time." Gen. Cass made no reply; they walked on in silence, and his attention seemed to be wholly occupied with remembrances of those dark days of disaster.

Mr. Gidley soon completed his purchases (which were extensive) in Detroit, and started, with his family and effects, for his land, nearly eighty miles away. It took a full week of very hard and exhastive travel to reach it. With characteristic energy he commenced, and vigorously prosecuted the clearing off and breaking up of his land for cultivation, using eighteen yoke of oxen in his breaking teams, and commenced and carried on farming on a very large scale, wholly unknown in the territory before that time. He sowed wheat on over 300 acres that same season. He also set out a large orchard, besides commencing a home nursery, and it was but a few years before he was recognized as the largest fruit raiser in Michigan. In the second year of his residence, he was nominated, without solicitation, and elected a delegate to the constitutional convention that was to take part in the creating of the State of Michigan.

Upon the meeting of the convention at Detroit, on Monday, May 11, 1835, he found himself the youngest of the eighty-eight delegates, he then being not quite thirty years old. Naturally he expected to be, and kept himself, at first, in the background, for he found, as members of that con-

vention, such men as Gov. Woodbridge, Senators Norville and Lyon, Gov. McClelland, Gov. Barry, Judges Ross, Wilkins, Mundy, Manning, Isaac E. Crary, Edward D. Ellis, John Biddle and Hezekiah B. Wells.

On the 14th of May, John Biddle, the chairman of the convention, appointed him as one of the committee of nineteen "to prepare and report a draft of a constitution for the contemplated State of Michigan." He was surprised, but pleased, at the honor thus thrust on him, the youngest member of the convention.

Until then the convention had made no progress, for there were a number of the delegates who had a pet theory on this or that subject, that each wished to see embodied in the constitution, and was working to bring about. It was easily seen that but little if any real progress could be made in the direction they had gone.

Edward D. Ellis, a very prominent editor from "the independent State of Monroe," as that city was sometimes called from its disputing with Detroit for supremacy in territorial affairs, without consultation with anyone, offered the resolution. May 13, it was unanimously adopted without debate, as a feasible way out of their dilemma; and the next day John Biddle appointed the committee.

The committee had sittings on the 14th and 15th, when it became apparent that the same trouble, unwieldiness and too many ideas to discuss, existed. Its chairman, Mr. Ellis, who was its master spirit, went privately to Mr. Gidley and said: "This committee will not succeed in accomplishing anything at this rate or in this way. Now, Mr. Gidley, it seems to me that the best way is for two or three of us to sit down and write out, without any noise about it, a draft of a constitution such as it seems to us it ought to be, and present it to the committee for their action. That, in order to do this successfully, they be not informed about it until it is done. Will you be one of five to do so?" "Certainly." "Well, I have procured a room at John Brunson's for us to meet in; come there, without saying anything to anybody about it." They met, and in secrecy worked night and day, when not attending the sessions of the committee, and completed such a draft, and presented it to the committee on the 18th, somewhat to the surprise of all except the five.

It was unanimously reported to the convention May 19, when the convention was on its ninth day, without having accomplished anything beyond organization. From that time affairs were changed, and the convention was working in business like way. It finished its business in thirty-eight days, adjourning, without day, the 24th of June.

Mr. Gidley took an active and leading part among the five, in the framing and drafting of the constitution.

An incident occurred, connected with the coat of arms of this State, represented on its seal, which was told me by Mr. Gidley, and is confirmed incidentally by the journal of the convention. It is this: Gen. Cass was deeply interested in the formation and future of the new State, and the question of a suitable seal for it; so he made it a matter of considerable study, and had it prepared as it now is, and presented to the convention, on the second day of June. A committee consisting of John Norville, Lucius Lyon and Mr. Gidley was appointed to examine and report, which they did, and recommended its adoption. On the 22d of June, the convention, after adopting it, thanked Gen Cass for it.

When the motion to adopt the whole constitution as amended, was made, there were but two dissenting votes, and those were of William Woodbridge and Townsend E. Gidley. They had fought vigorously the granting of the right to vote to any but citizens of the United States, but without avail, and that was their sole objection.

After the dissolution of the convention Mr. Gidley returned to his farm and continued to carry it on, on a large scale. He urged, in and out of season, the importance of improved methods of cultivation, and better stock, and the development of fruit interests on a larger scale. He was elected to the very first legislature under that new constitution, and to other legislatures at different times during the following twenty-seven years, but finally bade adieu to public life in 1863. He was then suffering from a severe disease of the throat.

He found that the lake breeze alleviated his disease, so he sold his farming interests in Jackson, and, with three others, purchased from the Stuart estate about 2,000 acres of land near to and partly adjoining the city of Grand Haven, besides many city lots in Grand Haven.

He reserved to himself a large farm just outside of the city limits; built a residence, and devoted himself to demonstrating, successfully, the existence of the peach tree belt through that region. There he lived until the commencement of 1889, enjoying the results of the labors of a well spent life, and dispensing genial hospitality to his numerous friends, who from many parts of the State sought him out and renewed the acquaintanceship of former days. He retained his intellect, clear and undimmed, to the last. Until but a few weeks before his death he could read and write without the aid of glasses.

He lived a long, active, useful life, enjoying the respect of all his acquaintances and friends. About ten years before his death he married Miss Mary

Henderson, who was much younger than himself and survives him. The marriage was a happy one. He died in February, 1889, at the age of nearly 84 years.

I hope that the fact of his long and useful life among us, antedating the State, and his long connection with its public affairs, and his being the last survivor of the band who formed this commonwealth into shape to be born into the sisterhood of States, and although its youngest member, not its least useful, will be, with you, a sufficient justification for the very extended sketch of him that I have placed before you.

MICHIGAN UNDER THE FIRST, AND UNDER THE SECOND HARRISON.

BY J. WILKIE MOORE.

To the Members of the State Pioneer Society:

Our corresponding secretary has requested that, in addition to my obituary report of deaths occurring in the membership of the Wayne County Society during the past year, I should also present a paper to be read at this annual meeting. While it is with some reluctance and fear that I may be unable to interest you, I submit for your consideration "Michigan as it *was* under the *first*, and as it *is* under the *second* Harrison;" the period being 1841 and 1889.

It is a truism that, in the absence of facts and figures, the occurrence of past events, producing given results, confuses, and we are unable to realize what now exists until we have reviewed the past; then only can we appreciate what must have transpired during the interval, to produce what the present reveals.

Under the first Harrison the population of Michigan was 212,267. Under the second it is 2,195,092. The public buildings belonging to the State, under the first, were few; the capitol building, a brick structure 60 x 90 feet and two stories in height, was situated in the city of Detroit, where now stands the high school building; it cost $45,000. Compare it with the magnificent structure in which our present legislature convenes.

The State also owned a brick building 40 x 50, two stories high, used as offices, which occupied the present site of the Detroit City Hall, and cost $20,000. The total cost of public buildings under the first Harrison was $65,000. Contrast them with the following, owned by the State under the second Harrison:

Agricultural College, $1,056,000; Normal School, $500,000; Reform School, $650,000; Industrial School for Girls, $450,000; Public School for neglected children, $385,000; School for the Blind, $300,000; Deaf and Dumb Asylum, $500,000; Mining School, $250,000; Insane Asylum, Kalamazoo, $650,000; Insane Asylum, Pontiac, $500,000; Insane Asylum, Grand Traverse, $700,000; Insane Asylum, Ionia, $650,000; State Capitol, Lansing, $1,050,000; Jackson and Ionia Prisons, $1,500,000. Total, $9,791,000.

I omitted to mention, that under the first, the State had just provided for the University of Michigan, which was formally opened that year, with seven professors and an attendance of 100 students; the buildings had cost $50,000. The State prison at Jackson was also erected, costing $50,000.

Today, under Harrison the second, the University numbers over 100 teachers, 2,000 students, and buildings exceeding $1,200,000 in cost have been added.

The State, under Harrison the first, was embraced in one district for the collection of duties and the transaction of business relating to vessels and the general government, and was denominated "The District of Detroit." Edward Brooks, collector, Jacob S. Farrand as deputy, and three inspectors, did all the business. The vessels owned in the district were, two steamers and 134 sail, and the total tonnage was 14,914. The value of imports was $80,744; and of exports, $260,000. The duties collected amounted to $4,031.

Under Harrison the second, the State has four collection districts, and the number of steam vessels owned is 610; and of sail, 590, the aggregate tonnage of which is 253,000. The value of imports is $5,500,000, and of exports, $14,340,000. The amount of duties collected, $557,000; and the number of officials is 210.

The following were the railroads of the State at this period: Michigan Central completed to Ypsilanti, thirty miles; Pontiac & Detroit to Royal Oak, eleven miles. The Southern had none in operation. The former had been purchased by the State, in 1836, from the Detroit & St. Joseph Railroad Company; the latter (Pontiac & Detroit) was the only road controlled independent of the State; all others were under State patronage.

The following railroad companies had transferred their respective roads to the State. The Allegan & Marshall, receiving $60,000 therefor, and the Ypsilanti & Tecumseh had received $30,000. Neither had any portion of road in operation. The State had also authorized the appointment of Levi Cook, John Palmer and Jonathan Kearsley to purchase the Ypsilanti & Tecumseh railroad, and the appointment of the auditor general, secretary of State and treasurer to treat for the purchase of the River Raisin & Lake Erie railroad, from La Plaisance Bay to the city of Monroe. Acts were

passed also for the relief and aid of the following: To the Palmyra & Jacksonburg railroad of sufficient iron to lay the track from the village of Palmyra to the village of Clinton (this I find was never laid). Authority was granted to the Havre branch railroad to be so altered as to run from the State line, through La Salle, to intersect with the Southern road at Monroe, and the Maumee branch railroad company was authorized to construct, but the State of Michigan was not to be held accountable for any damage or expense on account of such change. Time was extended, to the St. Clair & Romeo railroad and to the Ypsilanti & Monroe railroad, in which to construct, and the Macomb & Saginaw was authorized to build a turnpike instead of a railroad. So that the only roads in operation at the time of the first Harrison, were the Michigan Central, thirty miles, and Pontiac, eleven miles, making total railroad mileage forty-one. The total earnings of these, for 1840, was $28,404; the expense for running cars, $9,696, and for construction materials, $697,252.

Contrast the foregoing facts and figures with the following, as shown to exist under the second Harrison: Miles of railroad operated, 12,229; operating expenses, $51,988,351; gross earnings, $81,147,874.

The railroad service cannot be better illustrated than by quoting the advertisement of the Pontiac road:

"Pontiac & Detroit Railroad Company, G. Williams, president. The above road was completed to Pontiac and opened to the public the 4th day of July, 1843. The company have now a new and elegant car on the road, well warmed, and sheathed with iron to guard against danger from loose bars. The cars leave Detroit daily, Sundays excepted, at 8 A. M., and Pontiac at 1 P. M. Fare, one dollar, each way."

Add Ore & Forest Road, miles operated, 175; operating expenses, $314,664; and earnings, $408,378.

These roads, as they have traversed our State during the past year, have covered over 59,000,000 miles; moved over 7,000,000 tons of through freight; 42,000,000 of local, as the product of our State, and carried 664,769 through passengers and 23,392,950 local.

Under the first Harrison, the mineral resources of Michigan were unknown. Since that period, over 34,000,000 tons of iron and 600,000 tons of copper have been mined and shipped. In brief, as compared with her sister States, Michigan of today stands *first* in the production of iron and copper, in the quantity of salt manufactured, in the value of its forest products, in population of British American birth, and in farms improved and occupied by their owners; *second* in the values of non-precious minerals; *third* in pounds of wool produced, in Indian population, and people of Polish birth; *fourth*

in the production of wheat, potatoes, hops and sheep; *fifth* in utilizing steam and water power for manufacturing; *sixth* in average daily school atttendance, and pounds of butter produced; *seventh* in manufacturing establishments, gross value of farms and implements and machinery, number of dwellings, schoolhouses and churches; *eighth* in total white population engaged in trade and transportation; and *ninth* in native born white population 21 years of age, of French born population, of persons engaged in farming, taxable value of farms, of real and personal property, and in value of raw material used in manufacturing, and horses.

Lack of space will not permit of further detail, showing the wonderful developments made in our State since Harrison the first ruled, but I feel that some reference should be made to those men who were prominent in the enactment and administration of the laws at that period, which have tended so much towards producing the results which we find existing today.

William Woodbridge was elected governor, but resigned and became United States Senator. J. W. Gordon then succeeded as acting governor. Henry Acker and Philo C. Fuller were speakers of the house soon after and before the term for which the first Harrison was elected had expired. The following composed the State officials and members of the legislature:

Jno. S. Barry, Governor; Origen D. Richardson, Lieut. Governor; Rob't P. Eldridge, Secretary of State; Charles G. Hammond, Audt. General; John J. Adam, Treasurer; Douglass Houghton, State Geologist; Oliver C. Comstock, Jr., Commissioner of Internal Improvements; Elon Farnsworth, Attorney General; Digby V. Bell, Com. Land Office; Randolph N. Manning, Chancellor; Epaphroditus Ransom, Chief Justice Supreme Court; Alpheus Felch, Associate Justice; Daniel Goodwin, Associate Justice; Chas. W. Whipple, Associate Justice; Benj. F. H. Witherell, Judge Dist. Court.

The regents of the University were, Jonathan Kearsley, Isaac E. Crary, Wm. A. Fletcher, De Witt C. Walker, Marvin Allen, Lewis Cass, Edward Mundy, John Owen, Robert R. Kellogg, Alex. H. Redfield, and George Duffield.

Members of State senate were: W. T. Howell, president *pro tem.*, L. M. Mason, William Hale, Abner C. Smith, Edwin M. Cust, Samuel Denton, John Allen, M. A. Patterson, I. G. Thurber, Abner Pratt, Jesse F. Turner, James Videtto, William A. Richmond, F. J. Littlejohn, I. N. Chipman, Johnson Niles, A. N. Hart, G. D. Williams; Thornton F. Broadhead was secretary.

Members of the house were: A. H. Hanscom, speaker; Wales Adams, John Andrews, Lyman Arnold, E. C. Bancroft, Peter B. Barbeau, Charles Blair, Jno. H. Bowman, Harleigh Carter, Henry Compton, Peter J. Cook, Calvin

Davis, A. H. Eastman, George Eckles, Ralph Fowler, John Galloway, John Groves, Andrew Harvie, A. L. Hays, Geo. H. Hazelton, Fitch Hill, John Humphrey, A. S. Johnson, David Johnson, Whitney Jones, Isaac Magoon, Henry Mason, W. Norman McLeod, David Menzie, William Munger, A. Y. Murray, Henry Packer, W. H. Pease, Washington Pitcher, Robert D. Power, W. A. Pratt, N. W. Pullen, Fletcher Ransom, C. L. Richman, Adam L. Roof, Wm. O. Rose, John E. Schwarz, James Shaw, Horace Stevens, Eli L. Stillson, Hiram Stone, David Taylor, Robt. R. Thompson, S. Vickery, H. T. Walker, Asa Williams, Thomas Wood, and Henry Wyman. Rev. James B. Watson and Rev. James Inglis were chaplains, and Ezra Williams clerk. Marcus Chase, Justis Ingersoll and Robert Hutton were messengers.

As I write these names, how peculiar are my sensations. I knew nearly all of them personally. What a crowd of pleasant associations and incidents arise in my memory connected with them, and the circumstances existing when I made their acquaintance. They are all gone except Judge Felch, of the Supreme Court, Hon. John Owen, of the Board of Regents, and Marcus Chase, messenger. Truly may it be said of them that "Their good works have followed them," and the evidence is before us as to how they lived.

I should be derelict did I not refer to my own city. The metropolis of our State presents more wonderful and substantial evidences of changes wrought and results achieved since the first Harrison lived than even the State itself.

Detroit then had a population of 8,000; it has today a population of 255,000. Then its churches and religious societies numbered but thirteen, and seated but 150 persons. Now it has 133 church buildings with capacity for seating 80,000. Its charitable institutions then were, The Ladies' Orphan Association, Mechanics' Society and the Wayne county poorhouse, 3; today it has 23 distinctly charitable, and the number of societies kindred to the Mechanics Association is 63.

The public schools numbered 10; the greatest number of pupils, 750, and the amount of school tax, $1,650; now it has 39 separate school buildings, with seating for 27,000 pupils; the amount of the tax levy for school purposes is over $300,000 besides which there are private school with an average attendance of 15,000.

The water works of that day, were on Atwater street. Connected with them were three miles of iron pipe and six of tamarack log pipe, and the total cost was $120,000. Its present works cost $3,447,000; the total pipeage is 340 miles, 280 of which are iron; the average daily supply of water is 31,976,000 gallons, and the water rates collected reach the sum of $380,000.

The protection against fire, of that day, consisted of four hand engines, one of which was formerly used on board of Commodore Perry's ship, and three of more modern pattern. The cost of buildings and engines controlled by the fire department was $10,500. It has, today, fifteen steam engines (with appurtenances complete, manned by 240 paid men), 300 miles of lines, 1,400 hydrants, 300 chemical engines, and four hook and ladder companies. The value of fire department property is $620,000.

The police service of that period was performed by six constables, who were paid by fees. Detroit has at present a police department composed of four commission superintendents and assistants, four captains, 12 sergeants, 24 roundsmen, eight detectives, 260 patrolmen, 15 doormen and one janitor; total, 330 employés. Detroit, under the first Harrison, had no paved streets; under the second, it has 160 miles. Then it had no public sewers; now it has 138 miles of public, and 158 miles of lateral sewers. Then there were no telephone or telegraph lines, no street cars, no public parks; now, towns 85 miles distant can be communicated with in a conversational tone of voice, and any locality of the civilized world can be communicated with in the space of one hour. The street railways traverse all the main streets, and five cents enables us to ride from one to nine miles through the city, and today the citizens have access to thirteen public parks.

The public buildings of Detroit, under the first Harrison, belonging to and controlled by the city, were the city hall, 100 feet long and 50 feet wide and costing $20,000. Compare it with the present city hall, costing $630,000, now insufficient to accommodate the wants of the city, in addition. The value of public buildings and property controlled and owned by the city exceeds $12,175,000.

Without further detailing the substantial changes intervening between the administrations of the first and second Harrison, I close by referring to the financial situation then, as compared with that now.

The banks of that day were the Michigan Insurance Company and United States Deposit Bank; capital stock unlimited; on Jefferson avenue, corner of Griswold street; Douglass Houghton, president; Henry H. Brown, cashier; Thomas J. Hulbert, assistant cashier; directors, Douglass Houghton, John Owen, Henry N. Walker, John Roberts, and Henry H. Brown; Walter M. Snow, teller; William M. Snow, book-keeper; Frederick S. Larned, clerk.

Bank of St. Clair on Jefferson avenue, capital stock $150,000 with privilege to increase to $250,000. Levi Cook, president; W. Truesdail, cashier; Ebner Anderson, assistant cashier. Directors—Levi Cook, Geo. C. Bates, S. Gillett, W. Truesdail, J. R. Dorr, H. N. Munson and John

Clark. B. F. Hull, paying teller; E. Anderson, receiving teller; F. Hewitt, bookkeeper.

Farmers and mechanics bank, on Jefferson avenue, established in 1829; capital stock, $700,000, paid in $400,000. Geo. B. Throop, president; John A. Wells, cashier; John C. W. Seymour, bookkeeper; Henry T. Stringham, teller. The bank had a branch at St. Joseph and an agency at Niles, established by law.

The foregoing was the capital ($1,500,000) represented in banks at that period. Detroit, today, has a banking capital of $7,200,000, and in private banks a capital of $850,000; total $8,050,000. The capital of manufacturing corporations represented today is $15,746,000.

As a matter of record, and to refresh the recollection of those who may now be living, and representatives of those days and times, I give the names of the officials of that day.

United States courts, district and circuit, John McLean of Ohio, presiding judge; Ross Wilkins, associate and district judge; John Winder, clerk; Levi Humphrey, United States marshal; John Bronson, crier of the court.

Court of Chancery—Randolph Manning, Chancellor; Anthony TenEyck, Register.

District Court—B. F. H. Witherell, Presiding Judge.

County Officers—E. Smith Lee, Circuit Court Commissioner; A. W. Buell, Prosecuting Attorney; Cornelius O'Flynn, Probate Judge.

Municipal Officers, 1844—John R. Williams, Mayor; A. S. Williams, Recorder. Aldermen—O. B. Dibble, John Owen, N. Tomlinson, Benjamin Woodworth, James A. VanDyke, Eustache Chapaton, Charles Moran, Peter Desnoyers, Williard E. Stearns, Oliver M. Hyde, James Stewart, Hiram R. Andrews. David E. Harbaugh, City Attorney; Robert E. Roberts, City Clerk; Cornelius A. Wickwan, City Collector; David Thompson, City Marshal; Theodore Williams, City Treasurer; James Stewart, Chief Engineer Fire Department; C. R. Desnoyers and John D. Fairbanks, Assistants; A. E. Hathon, City Surveyor; Mason Palmer, Director of the Poor; Thomas Palmer and Newell French, Supervisors of Highways; E. Cicotte, Inspector of provisions; Aretus A. Wilder, Inspector Weights and Measures; Henry Carroll, Nicholas Greusel, Jr., and Sand. C. Webster, Inspectors of wood; Henry Lemcke, Physician; Robert C. Scadin, Sexton; David Weeks and John McGuire, Clerks of markets. Justices of the Peace—Theodore Williams, Wm. T. Young, Hugh O'Brien, James B. Watson, Geo. A. O'Keefe, F. H. Harris. Fire Wardens—Moses F. Dickinson, Shubael Conant, Lewis Hall, Levi Cook, Warren Hill, E. A. Brush, D. E. Harbaugh, A. W. Buell, A. H. Adams, A. T. McReynolds, B. B.

Moore, John Roberts, John V. Reuhle, John G. Norton, and Peleg O. Whitman, Joseph McMichael, W. W. Howland, James Cicotte, I. P. Whiting and C. Ockford, Constables.

The offices under the general government located in Detroit at that day were the postoffice, custom house and Indian office. The postoffice was under the United States building, Griswold street (corner of Jefferson avenue), now owned and occupied by the First National Bank. This building was erected by the late Bank of Michigan, and was purchased by the United States, Dec. 12, 1842, for the sum of $32,000. The basement was used as the postoffice, main and upper stories for United States court and its officers. Thomas Rowland was postmaster, A. S. Kellogg assistant and Morris Williams, first clerk. Office open from 7 A. M. to 7 P. M., on Sundays from 8 to 9 A. M. and from 5 to 6 P. M. Mails for the north, east, south and west in the winter, closed at 9 P. M.; in the summer, mails closed one hour before the departure of the boats. Letter postage was 25 cents for 400 miles and over. The Custom House was on Griswold street, near Jefferson avenue. Edward Brooks was collector and Jacob S. Farrand, deputy. The United States Land Office was on Jefferson avenue; Robert A. Forsythe, register, and S. W. Higgins, receiver. The office of Indian Affairs was on Jefferson avenue, near Rivard; Robert Stuart, superintendent; William S. Lee, clerk.

The associations of that day were the Detroit City Temperance Society, of which H. Hallock (still living) was president; R. C. Smith, first vice president; Wm. McDonald, second vice president; Jacob S. Farrand (still living), secretary, and Thomas Rowland, treasurer.

The Detroit Young Men's Society was chartered by the legislature of 1836. Its meetings were held in the Presbyterian session rooms. Its officers were: Wm. A. Howard, president; Asher S. Kellogg, vice president; Bela Hubbard, corresponding secretary; James V. Campbell, recording secretary; Wm. W. Duffield (living), treasurer; Frederick Wetmore, auditor; and the managers, De Witt C. Holbrook (living), Witter J. Baxter, Amory Rice, Wm. A. Raymond, Henry N. Walker, Geo. V. N. Lothrop (living), and Theodore H. Hinchman (living).

The Mechanics' Society was incorporated by the Governor and Judges, in 1820. John Roberts, Solomon Davis, Chauncy Hulbert, John Farrar, Chas. Jackson, Jeremiah Moore, Wm. E. Peters, Garry Spencer, and John Farrar were its officers. Solomon Davis is the only one living.

The military companies were the Brady Guards, Lafayette Guards, Scott Guards, and Montgomery Guards. The officers of the Brady Guards were Chas. A. Trowbridge, Henry Doty, Benj. G. Stunson, Geo. Doty, O. S. Allen,

Benj. B. Moore, J. E. King (living), Coe. Davis, Barney Campau, Lemuel Watkins, J. C. D. Williams, Morgan L. Gage, and James W. Sutton. The Lafayette Guards were organized July 4, 1842. Its officers were, Louis O. Clairous, Stephen Bouchard, J. J. Cicotte (none are living); with thirty men. The Scott Guards organized September 2, 1842, with 60 members. Officers: John V. Reuhle, Nich. Greusel, John F. Kaufman, John Reno, Fred'k Reuhle, Louis Kunze, Adam Mulledom, Jacob Merker, and A. L. Kartus, none of whom are living. The Montgomery Guards were not organized till January, 1844, and numbered 40. The officers were, Andrew T. McReynolds, Thos. Gallagher, Wm. O'Callaghan, Daniel Coghlan, A. Johnston; Col. A. T. McReynolds is the only one living. The three latter companies formed the first battalion of the frontier guards.

The churches at that period were St. Anne's Cathedral, on Larned street, Very Revd. P. Kindekens, Vicar General, pastor Trinity church; Michigan Grand Avenue, Rev. L. Kilroy, pastor; St. Mary's, Crogan cor. St. Antoine street, Rev. A. K. Kopp, pastor; St. Paul's (Episcopal), Woodward avenue, Right Rev. Samuel A. McCroskey, bishop; First Baptist, Fort street, corner of Griswold; African, Fort street, near Beaubien, Elder Monroe, pastor; First Presbyterian, corner Bates and Farmer, Rev. George Duffield, pastor; (the First Congregational was not organized until December 25, 1844, and held its meetings in the City Hall); First M. E., Woodward avenue, corner Congress, Rev. James B. Watson, pastor; Second M. E., met in U. S. building, Rev. R. R. Richards, pastor; German Lutheran, Monroe avenue, Rev. Frederick Herman, pastor; Dutch Reformed Missionary Station, met on Jefferson avenue near American Hotel. Rev. Livingston Willard, missionary, was sent here by the North Reformed Dutch Church of the City of Albany, N. Y. There was also a Disciples society or church.

The Ladies' Orphan Association was instituted in May, 1836. The asylum was a brick building, situated at Hamtramck. Its officers were, Eliza Whiting, Mary Gillet, Mrs. Kendrick, Eliza Cass, Sarah G. Porter, Maria E. Hulburt, Jane Stewart, Eliza McCoskey, Anna Hunt, Catherine Jones, Harriett Houghton, Theodosia Hastings, and Eliza S. Trowbridge. Consulting Committee: De Garmo Jones, Chas. H. Stewart, John Hulburt, S. N. Kendrick, John Owen, and C. C. Trowbridge. Hon. John Owen is the only survivor.

The Museum of that day was on Franklin street, east of St. Antoine; Dr. Cavalli, a member of the National Institute, was its proprietor.

The newspapers of that day were: Detroit Daily Advertiser, over King's store; Detroit Free Press, John S. Bagg, editor; Michigan Christian Herald, weekly, R. C. Smith, editor.

The principal hotels were the American, John W. Vanden, proprietor, Jefferson avenue; Eagle Tavern, Woodbridge, near Griswold, B. B. Davis, proprietor; Michigan Exchange, O. B. Dibble, proprietor, Jefferson avenue; National, corner Military square and Michigan Grand avenue, Edward Lyon, proprietor; Railroad Hotel, situated on the present site of the Detroit Opera House, Hiram R. Andrews, sheriff, proprietor. While, for that period, these hotels were held in high estimation by the public, and were far superior to those of our sister city, Chicago, at that time, compare them with the Russell, Cadillac, Wayne, Biddle, and the Michigan Exchange, of the present day.

I could go on and multiply comparisons between then and now, but space and time forbid.

JUDGE RANDOLPH MANNING.

PRESENTATION ADDRESS OF THE HON. A. C. BALDWIN, BEFORE THE SUPREME COURT, APRIL 3, 1889.

May it please your Honors:

A duty has been required of me, and one which I cheerfully perform, by the children of a former distinguished member of this court, of presenting his portrait to his associates and successors.

Only a quarter of a century has passed since Randolph Manning occupied a seat upon your bench, yet during the brief period that has elapsed, new faces have appeared, new practitioners have arisen, and now, few attorneys come before your honors that were contemporary with him. Such are the changes that passing time, even in this court, rapidly presents to our vision.

It is meet that one who occupied so prominent a position in the infancy of our State, and did so much in aiding to firmly establish a reputation for impartiality, strict justice and ability in her courts, should have so perfect a representation of the man, as is the picture before us, permanently placed upon these walls.

Judge Manning was born in Plainfield, New Jersey, May 19, 1804, studied the profession of law in the city of New York, and in 1832 he came to Michigan, then a territory, commencing the practice of that profession at Pontiac.

Ever careful and studious, his persistency, energy and ability at once gave him a standing among those of the first rank.

In 1835, when the question of the admission of this State into the Union was being agitated, he was elected from his county of Oakland one of the

delegates to assemble at Ann Arbor, in May of that year to form a constitution for the new State. Upon the organization of that body, Mr. Manning was placed upon the judiciary committee, his associates among others being Ross Wilkins, Wm. Woodbridge, Isaac E. Crary and Robert McClelland, men of great prominence and ability, whose names are historic, not only in Michigan, but in the United States.

In November, 1836, he was elected a senator from the then fifth district, embracing all the territory of our State north of Wayne and east of the principal meridian, holding the office for only one session.

In February, 1838, Governor Mason appointed him Secretary of State, an office he held for two years. After his appointment he removed to Detroit, where he continued to reside until 1847, when he returned to Pontiac.

The organization of our judiciary system, under the constitution of 1835, established a separate court of chancery. Upon the resignation of Chancellor Farnsworth in 1842, Mr. Manning was appointed, performing the duties of that important office with distinguished ability, and giving great satisfaction to the bar of the State. The legislature in 1846 made radical changes in our judiciary system, among others abolishing the court of chancery as a separate body, and transferring its jurisdiction to the circuit courts of the several counties, taking effect in January, 1847. After this radical change was made in 1846, he resigned the office, and in the following year returned to Pontiac, where he continued to reside until his death. His opinions while chancellor are contained in Walker's Chancery Reports. That volume alone furnishes a fitting memento of his capacity and industry and conscientiousness in molding the equity system of our practice; and though that court had only a brief existence, and Judge Manning occupied its bench only four years; and also, notwithstanding the subsequent blending of law and equity in the same tribunal, as under the system now established in our circuit courts, the equity principles and policy he enunciated are still cited with approbation. By virtue of his office as chancellor, he was ex officio a member of the board of regents. He was also a member of the State board of education for one year, 1849.

He was also reporter of the decisions of this court, commencing with the January term, 1847, and ending with the October term, 1850.

Upon the organization of the present supreme court, in 1857, Mr. Manning was elected one of the judges, taking his seat January 1, 1858. In the original organization, after the first election, the judges were to draw for their respective terms. That of Judge Manning was for four years, and in 1861 he was again elected for a second term of eight years. His labors, as a member of this court, will be found in Vols. 5 to 12, inclusive, of the Michi-

gan Reports, the last case in Vol. 12, being one of his opinions, ending his life's work as a jurist and as a member of this court.

I have thus briefly scanned the official career of this distinguished man. He had no political aspirations. He had no personal enemies. Intent upon performing such duties as were incumbent upon him, public and domestic; quiet, modest and unassuming, he gave all his time to the conscientious examination of the matters submitted to him and requiring his attention.

I became acquainted with him in my youthful days, in 1835. Shortly after his return to Pontiac our offices were in adjoining rooms, and for many years, meeting him daily, it gave me a fair opportunity of knowing the man; and in all the relations of life he was always courteous, always careful of the feelings of others, ever ready to aid by his counsel and advice in solving the many knotty questions of law that present themselves to the young practitioner. As a counselor, he had few equals. He abhorred chicanery and trickery. He had no toleration for them. In all his professional dealings he was a staunch supporter of the right; and during more than a quarter of a century's practice in the early days of Michigan's history no person lisped a word that could tarnish the name, public or private, of Randolph Manning.

February 29, 1832, he was married to Miss Eliza F. Randolph, of Plainfield, New Jersey, with whom he lived until February 20, 1846, at which time she died, leaving one child, a daughter. In 1848 he was again married to Miss Eliza W. Carley, who lived until 1859, when she died, leaving two children, a son and a daughter. The three children still survive, and the daughters are now present with us. In his domestic relations Mr. Manning was extremely fortunate. He was emphatically a home man, and in the society of his family his leisure hours were generally spent.

After his election to this court, he had a room fitted up in his house for his study and his library, and there, when released from his official care and duties connected with this court, he would invariably be found. For two or three of the last years of his life he was a sufferer from heart disease, but his condition was not considered precarious.

On the 31st day of August, 1864, he spent most of the afternoon with one of his associates, the venerable Judge Christiancy. Judge Manning accompanied him a short distance to the depot, being in his usual health. After his return home he spent the evening with his family, his appearance giving no indications or intimation or any change in his physical condition. About nine o'clock in the evening his elder daughter left the room, knowing or supposing nothing of any danger; returning immediately, she found her

father unconscious, and he survived but a few moments, passing away without previous warning and without protracted pain.

It is well that a filial tribute be given to such a father, to such a man; and I ask in behalf of his children, that your honors will permit this life like portrait, dedicated to the memory of their beloved father, to have a fitting place upon these walls. And may we look upon it as an appropriate memento of a lawyer of the old school, and as a recognition of the merits of the able and upright judge, Randolph Manning.

HISTORY OF THE TOWN OF COMMERCE.

BY DR. JAS. M. HOYT.

[Read before the Oakland Co. Pioneer Society.]

In the paper which I present for your consideration at this time, and which contains many items connected with the history of the town of Commerce, I have purposely omitted very many of the important facts of that history, from the fact that in a book known as "The History of Oakland County," published in 1877 by L. H. Everts & Co., these omitted facts are quite correctly chronicled, as well as dwelt upon at considerable length.

Commerce is what might be called a level town, though, in fact, much of its surface is somewhat rolling. It has but few hills, and none of any considerable magnitude. Its soil is generally a gravelly loam; in much of it, however, clay to a considerable extent enters into its composition. A good deal of its soil is also sandy, or more correctly speaking, the sand predominates. The soil, as a whole, contains the elements of productiveness equal to that of almost any town in Oakland county.

Commerce has within its bounds many lakes, varying in size from a few to several hundred acres. The principal ones are known as Walled, Lower Straits, Commerce, Taylor, Spring and Loon lakes. These several sheets of water abound in fish of a superior quality, such as pickerel, rock and black bass, bullhead, perch and various other kinds too numerous to mention.

The only stream of any importance which passes through the town is the Huron river, which enters it at a point not far distant from the center of its northern border, passing through Commerce village, from thence southerly and westerly, through Commerce and Taylor lakes, emerging from the town on the west, from thence passing through Milford, and so on winding through many flourishing villages in Washtenaw and other counties until its waters are mingled with those of Lake Erie.

Walled lake, about two thirds of which in fact, belongs in the town of Novi, is the head of one of the principal branches of the Rouge river. The town, as a whole, aside from the lakes and river mentioned, is quite well watered, containing many small streams, branches of the same river, as well as other streams whlch enter into our several lakes.

Commerce was never what might be called a heavy timbered section of country, the large portions of it being what is usually called oak openings, where the timber was originally quite small, and composed principally of oak, with some hickory, and some of the various other kinds of timber so common to our State, excepting pine or hemlock. In some parts of the town, however, was originally considerable heavy hard wood timber, some of which still remains.

Previous to, and for many years after the first few settlements in our town, game in large quantities, such as deer, bear, wolves, wildcats, catamounts, elk and moose, as well as many other kinds of wild game, originally so common in other parts of our State, abounded. Such of these animals as were proper for food, with the fish in our waters, furnished, in abundance, the meat so much needed by our first settlers, and was almost exclusively the only meat used by them for many years.

The first settlers of our town were principally immigrants from the State of New York, while some came from Pennsylvania and New Jersey, quite a number from the New England States, while a few came from England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and a very few, I think, from Germany.

These first settlers were generally intelligent, honest, hardy and industrious, and, I have no hesitation in stating, possessed to as great an extent all the elements of true excellence as ever existed in any other class of people of like numbers, who ever inhabited any portion of our State. Many of these pioneers were direct descendants of revolutionary fathers, while some were soldiers of the war of 1812. Among the latter number were a few who were actively engaged in the battles of Plattsburg, Lundy's Lane, Plains of Bridgewater and Fort Erie, while there was one who participated in the battle of Lake Erie, under Commodore Perry.

The first white man who settled in Commerce was Abram Walrod, from the State of New York, who, in May, 1825, settled upon section 10, the section upon which the village of Commerce is now situated. The rude log cabin, which Mr. Walrod built and lived in a few years, was situated a few rods east of the hotel now occupied by William Wix. Mr. Walrod was reported to have been a good citizen, further than this I have been able to learn but little of him, as before he had many neighbors he sold out and moved into one of our western counties. In June of the same year (1825),

Walter B. Hewitt, our second settler, located upon the farm now owned by Sydney C. Case, in section 34, upon which the village of Walled Lake is situated. Mr. Hewitt built a log house upon his land, and lived in it a few years. He was also from the State of New York. After selling his premises he moved into the village of Ypsilanti. In 1842 he was a member of our State legislature, having been elected from the Ypsilanti district. He died some four or five years ago at his home in Ypsilanti, and, I am told by those who knew him well, was, up to the time of his death, honored and respected by all.

In 1828 Bela Armstrong settled upon section 33, on the farm now owned and occupied by Jacob J. Moore. In the same year Cornelius Austin settled upon section 34. Both Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Austin were soldiers of the war of 1812. Mr. Armstrong lived but a year or two upon his farm, when he died, while his former neighbor, Cornelius Austin, who many years ago moved into Novi, lived until within a year or so, when he died, at the age of 97.

From 1825 to 1830 a few other settlements than those named were made in different parts of our town, but these were temporary, and who the settlers were, I have not been able to ascertain, as they did not remain in the town very long before moving to some other locality; the most of them, I have been informed, being too poor to purchase lands of their own. From 1830 to 1833, when this town was separated from Farmington, the town to which it originally belonged, and was legally organized, the following named persons moved into it and became settlers, and perhaps a few others whose names I have not been able to obtain, or whom I have unintentionally overlooked, to wit: Joseph Hawkes, Geo. Spencer, T. Fields, upon section 6; James Houghton, Wm. Laughry, Peter Larkins, Jeremiah Curtis, on section 7; Jos. M. Higbee, Geo. and John Cook, Richard Burt, on section 10; John Hodge, John Hodge, Jr., Ephraim, Frederick, Harry and Jabes Paine and Reuben Wright, on section 11; Eleazur Thurston, Billing J. Hodge, Andrew Cook, Wm. Nelson and John D. Boyden, on section 12; Eli Houghton, on section 18; Henry Tuttle and Job Smith, section 21; Rodman Bennett, section 22; Ebenezer Lathrop, section 23; Eliphalet Hungerford, Chas. Madison and his sons, Grandville, James, Frank and Chas., Jr., and Henry C. S. Carus, section 54; Ezekiel Dye, Medad and Hiram Barritt, Seymour Devereaux, Edwin and Samuel Batchelor, Harvey Dodge, Mark A. Green and Thos. Carus, section 26; Joseph B. Tuttle, Zerah Willoughby and Job Fuller, section 27; Jacob Compton, section 28; Ephraim Burch, section 30; Gilbert W. Prentice, Lewis Norton, Daniel Dutcher, Amos Wilson, Dr. Henry K. Foote, Justin Walker, Peres Hopkins

and Ahijah Wixom, section 31; Alonzo Sibley, Robt. Mitchels, Jacob Carlisle and John Heobdey, section 32; James Morrison, Mathew McCoy, Christopher Sly and his sons Daniel, William and Lester, James Welfare and sons George, John, Samuel and James and James Parker, section 33; W. H. and F. H. Banks, Jessie Tuttle, Richard Jarvis and Thos. Armstrong, section 34; Luther Spaulding and Otis Jefferson, section 35; Erastus Barrett, section 36. During the succeeding year, 1834, the following named persons moved into this town: Alexander Smith, Abram Jennings, Thos. Henry, Geo. Sugden, Geo. Spencer, John Coulter, W. Porter, Thomas Jackson, Andrew Nichols, David B. Rollin, Alex. Frazier, William Gamble, Jesse Clark, William Holmes, Phineas Underwood, John Wilkins, C. Mascord, John M. Frazier, Alfred Waters, Martin Richardson, Walter Beebe, Stephen Cummings, Joshua Andrews, Patrick Gillick, William Andrews, Joseph Heath, Randal Colvin, Eli Sweetland, Thompson Morrison, Geo. Taylor and sons William, Isaac, Abram and Jacob, Levi and John Willits. From 1834 to and including 1840, there was a very large accession to the population of this town, who with but few exceptions were like those who had preceded them, intelligent, honest and worthy people. I shall not attempt to mention the names of them all, as the task of collecting them all would be too great for me to perform. I will, however, give you the names of nearly all and who were among the most worthy, and who did so much toward clearing up the land, and who, together with those who had preceded them, did so much in laying the foundation for that proud position which our town now occupies among her sister towns. The settlers here named, like those who had preceded them, with few exceptions, located upon lands of their own and in a few years had about them well cultivated fields and what might be called comfortable homes:

James Olmstead, Sr. and Jr., Jesse Wood, Joseph G. Farr, Amasa and Amma Andrews, John Comstock, Jacob Hoover, A. T. Crossman, John Crossman, M. Seymour, Seth, Henry and Jerome Paddock, Horatio Gates, Thomas Wallace, Erastus Gates, Peter VanGordon, John Donaldson, Andrew McKinley, George Thompson, Robert and George Crawford, Jerard Newsom, Henry Nichols, Stephen Hungerford and sons George and James, Benjamin Eldred, Dr. N. B. Eldredge, Joseph Donaldson, John Spratt, Lyman Humphry, Benjamin Congdon, William Smith, James Gamble, Robt. Sleeth, Orin Goodall, A. W. Baird, John Clark and sons Daniel and Chas., Lothrop Bennett, Dr. James Rogers, Rev. Elijah Wever, Rev. M. Morrell, Rev. Wm. Pennell, Joseph Goodenough, Samuel W. Fuller, Geo. Patten, Sr., Timothy and Mithra Barrett, Thos. Smith, Chipman Hopkins, George Sliker, Chas. M. Orr, Richard Skerritt, Wm. Lowry, Cleveland Holmes,

Alpheus Hubbard, Benjamin and Silas Bullard, Rev. Lemuel M. Partridge, Wm. Noe, Wm. Riley, Chas. Severance, Thorn Deuell, Robt. Swinburn, George Biggerstaff, Joshua Woodward, Sr., Joshua Woodward, Jr., and his sons John and Joshua, Wm. Brown, Wm. Phillips, Nehemiah Ross, Enoch Reed, Wm. R. Adams, Harman Pettibone and the writer. Time, especially on the present occasion, will not allow me to proceed with the names of the persons who moved in and became settlers of our town after 1840. I will say of them, however, that they were quite as worthy in all respects as those who had preceded them. Of the persons whose names I have thus given you, I can say that I became personally acquainted with nearly all of them very soon after I became a settler among them. Hence what I have said or may hereafter say of them, I know to be correct from personal knowledge, and while it is true that the great mass of the people were quite poor and possessed but little ready means after paying for their lands, yet some of them were quite well off, possessing considerable money for that period. These fortunate and exceptional settlers were by no means slow to aid their less fortunate neighbors, in case of a pinch, by loaning them money, as well as in various other ways, but as a rule they exacted good security for these acts of neighborly kindness.

As the population increased, and communities became sufficiently large to warrant the erection of schoolhouses, such buildings were erected, as rapidly as the emergencies seemed to demand, and fairly good schools were taught therein both summer and winter. These schoolhouses were nearly all log buildings, and were, with few exceptions, like the dwellings generally in the town, quite rude structures, pine and shingles being scarce or too expensive to obtain, shakes or shingles made from oak being, as a rule, the covering, while the spaces between the logs were filled with what was called chinks and these plastered over with a mortar made of clay, all of which when well done made the buildings quite comfortable.

The appliances for heating these schoolhouses, especially those erected previous to 1836, consisted in a majority of cases, of the old Dutch fireplace, the others being heated by stoves.

From the earliest settlements religious meetings were held in various parts of the town on Sunday and often on other days, by the different religious denominations, and which were generally held in some one of the schoolhouses. In such parts of the town where schoolhouses had not been erected these meetings were often held in private houses, and sometimes in barns, especially in the summer season. At these meetings they generally had preaching by some of the ministers living either in this or one of the neighboring towns. This preaching was generally quite acceptable and often

what might be called excellent. These pioneer preachers were Revs. John Young and Asael Keith, of West Bloomfield; Nehemiah and Caleb Lamb, of Farmington; L. M. Partridge, M. Morrell, Elijah Wever, Wm. Pennell and D. C. Jacokes, of Commerce.

Of that portion of our early settlers, both ministers and laymen, who were at this time generally regarded as instruments in the hands of kind Providence, in sowing the seeds of christianity and who had so much reason to rejoice on beholding the rich harvests which followed, have, with few exceptions, passed away; some to brighter scenes above, some to other parts of our State, while a few remain among us.

For a few years previous to my settlement in Commerce, which took place in May, 1840, as well as many years after, there was a great deal of sickness and destitution, this destitution, in the main, being a consequence of the sickness. This sickness was a consequence of certain changes which took place in the clearing up of the land and as the clearing up and improvement by the plow progressed the sickness became more extensive and aggravated in proportion, and so continued to progress and become more and more aggravated until the whole town became cleared up. Of the more immediate cause of this sickness I will more particularly state that it was the result of the decay of vegetation, and became more rapid and more general as the heat incident to the direct rays of the sun came in contact with the dead and decaying substances.

During the decaying process, innumerable and extremely minute particles of vegetable matter would find their way into the atmosphere and would then be inhaled into the lungs; from the lungs would soon find their way into all parts of the system, and thus become fruitfnl sources of the many disagreeable and often fatal symptoms which followed. This sickness was only general during warm weather, commencing, as a rule, in May and ending in October, and immediately after a few sharp frosts had made their appearance, these frosts having such an effect upon the cause as to destroy or suspend it during the succeeding cold weather, until warm weather appeared in the spring. Those who were attacked in early spring generally had chills and fever, which is known as ague; fever sometimes occurring every day, and sometimes every other day. As warm weather advanced these attacks became more serious. Those who were not attacked until June, or any part of the later warm months, generally had what was called chill fever. The symptoms incident to this form of disease were, as a rule, a slight chill at first, which was followed by a high fever, and this in turn by another chill, then another fever, the whole attack ending in what is known as the sweating stage—lasting from one half to two or three hours. After the sweating, there

was usually an intermission, sometimes brief and sometimes lasting one or two hours. These attacks, of what I have called chill fever, would not always assume the character I have mentioned, for in some cases the fever would come on first, followed by a chill, this followed by a sweat, and in some cases chill, fever and sweat would all appear at the same time. The danger to life incident to this form of difficulty was usually due to congestion, more frequently of the brain than of any other organ. Whenever the brain and lungs both became congested at the same time, as sometimes happened, there was always extreme danger.

The profuse sweats which generally followed the fever, at the close of these attacks, were also frequently the cause of great danger. Sometimes these symptoms would be complicated by the addition of other difficulties, when the danger would be increased in proportion to the number, character and severity of these complications. It not unfrequently happened during these sickly seasons that persons, especially weak subjects, would die very suddenly from the severity and overwhelming character of the chill; death in these cases being due to congestion; the blood massing itself in such quantities in most of the internal organs of the system as to completely overwhelm the vital energies, when death would soon follow.

I have often been called to see such cases, and occasionally found the victim dead when I arrived. The character of sickness which I have thas far described was generally quite manageable, under appropriate remedies. The sickness in our town during the warm months of the year I moved into it (1840), was general in all its parts, and to such an extent did it prevail in our town, as well as in neighboring towns, during the time mentioned, that the various dwellings within the bounds of the afflicted region were one vast series of hospitals, there not being a family, during the summer mentioned, for miles around, that did not suffer, to a greater or less extent, from the severe affliction. Sometimes whole families would be prostrated at once.

In the family of a man by the name of Hickey, during this season, the entire family of children, nine in number, and the father, were all prostrated at the same time with a severe form of chill fever, the mother in the meantime being a victim of ague. One of the family died, and it is a wonder they did not all die, as there were not well ones enough in Commerce village, where this man lived, to take care of the sick.

What is here said of the sickness which occurred among our people during the warm months of 1840, may also be said of that which occurred during the warm months of many years thereafter, it not abating, to any notable extent, until the whole country became cleared up, when it became almost extinct, for the want of the elements which had produced it. During these

sickly seasons our people suffered much from destitution, and while they generally managed, in some way, to put in crops of various kinds, to a small extent, they were often unable to harvest them, as well as too poor to hire them harvested, and even when harvested there was often no market for them, except, perhaps, the article wheat, and even this, during many of these years, did not fetch to exceed 50 cents per bushel, and this staple article was often unsalable at that price. From these facts it may be imagined much suffering, other than that direct from sickness, and often to an extremely painful extent, existed. It was not unusual for our poorer people to wear summer clothing during the winter, and even that was often quite scanty, as well as of the poorest quality. During the years of these terrible visitations, to which I have so often referred, from extreme scarcity of money, or more properly speaking, from my inability to obtain it, I often found it extremely difficult and sometimes impossible to obtain such medicines as I wanted for my patients. The demand upon my purse for this purpose was often very great, and whenever that was empty, as it often happened, my position was extremely embarrassing.

At these times I was often compelled, from the absolute necessities of the case, to ask my patients or their friends to purchase the medicine which the emergencies of their cases so much needed. This plan worked quite well, as it had the effect of dividing the burden between many instead of concentrating it upon one, and that one completely unable to bear it.

During the early part of one of these sickly seasons, finding myself without such medicine as I needed, without money or credit to buy the medicines with, and having a large number of patients on my hands, many of whom were very poor and completely unable to furnish the money to buy the medicine which their cases so much needed, I was compelled as a last and only alternative to seek from the swamps and woods such domestic remedies as I thought might answer the purpose of mitigating some of the most severe symptoms of these cases, if they did not cure. I will here add that this was, by far, the most painful period of my long professional career.

As a substitute for quinine I found a tea or decoction made from the poplar and iron wood bark to answer a very good purpose in some mild cases. As a substitute for calomel, blue pill, rhubarb, etc., I found an extract made from butternut bark to answer fairly well. This extract I made by taking a small quantity of the inner bark of the roots of the butternut and adding a little water to it, simmering it down over a slow fire until an extract of about the consistence of tar was made. To this I would add a little flour, and then roll into pills of various sizes, suitable to the ages and symptoms of my patients. For the class of astringents often so much

needed I found a decoction made from the inner bark of the white and yellow oak to answer quite well. The root of the ladyslipper in the form of a decoction I often used as a nervine, and was occasionally somewhat pleased with its effect. I often substituted home remedies other than these mentioned in place of the more refined articles of the same classes which could only be procured at a drug store. As a substitute for opium and its various preparations I sometimes used assafœtida, of which I had a large quantity on hand, but was never remarkably well pleased with its effects excepting in few cases. At one time finding that neither the poplar bark or the iron wood met my wishes in arresting certain cases of the ague, and having noticed that sometimes when the ague left a person an eruption usually called ague sores would frequently break out on the lips, it occurred to me on beholding this eruption upon a patient one day that perhaps an artificial eruption might possibly arrest the disease, and having a quantity of tartarized antimony on hand I made an ointment of a portion of this drug, mixed with lard, and after thoroughly rubbing it into the skin over the stomach a few times the much wished for eruption presented itself and soon after the ague symptoms disappeared. I used these remedies after this in many cases with similar good results; my patients, however, often saying to me, when under the full influence of this remedy, that they much preferred the disease to the remedy.

During the winter and other cooler months intervening between the several sickly seasons mentioned, our people, as a rule, enjoyed good health, they being, as I have before said, naturally full of courage as well as possessing great strength of body and mind. They rapidly recuperated, not only from the effects of the sickness, but from the depressing influences incident to the sickly season. During these colder months they were actively engaged in their several avocations, the farming portion being engaged in cutting down timber, getting out fire wood, splitting rails, drawing sawlogs to our saw mills, and the cutting away of underbrush, when not prevented by too deep snows, preparatory to the extension of their improvements in the spring.

The young people, when they could be spared by their parents, attended school. During these long winter evenings these young people had spelling schools and often debating schools. These debating schools were well attended by all classes and much interest was manifested in the various questions discussed. They often had their sleigh rides. When horses and sleighs could not well be obtained for that purpose they used oxen with the old fashioned ox sleds.

Protracted prayer and other religious meetings were frequently held during the winter months, during which the deepest interest was often manifested.

Dancing parties were also quite common and were generally attended by the young of both sexes, the older ones, frequently including the parents, participating in these amusements.

At length, after many years of sickness and privation, our town became healthy at all seasons and in all its parts, since which it has been as healthy as that of any other town within the bounds of our State. Immediately following the sickly period mentioned our people began to improve in their financial condition, somewhat slowly at first, but surely, and soon became what may be styled quite well off. Their farms were soon beautiful in various ways; excellent frame dwellings well furnished, and frame schoolhouses taking the place of the rude structures previously existing.

Large orchards composed of various kinds of fruit trees were set out. Large frame barns were soon built. Good roads and bridges were constructed. Many fine and commodious meeting houses belonging respectively to the Baptist, Methodist, U. Presbyterian and Freewill Baptist were soon erected. Two large and finely constructed hotels, one each being situated in Commerce village and Walled Lake were soon built to take the places of the less pretentious log inns of earlier pioneer days. Good grist and saw mills were built at an early day and in sufficient number and capacity for the wants of our people to the present time.

Larger stores, better filled and more of them soon followed. Wagon, blacksmith, harness and various kinds of other shops became plentiful, together with fine horses and carriages. Large herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, as well as a plentiful supply of other domestic animals, could soon be seen upon a majority of our farms. Mortgages upon land and other evidences of debt wherever existing were soon paid.

Plenty took the place of want. Comfortable homes were almost as plentiful as the homes themselves, and happy smiles and other indications of joy and contentment were to be seen upon the faces and about the homes of nearly all our people.

MY RECOLLECTIONS OF PIONEERS AND PIONEER LIFE IN NANKIN.

BY MELVIN D. OSBAND.

In his first encroachments upon the wilderness, the pioneer follows the courses of rivers and the shores of large bodies of water. The French first settled Canada along the St. Lawrence and the borders of the great lakes and their connections to Mackinaw and Green Bay, then boldly struck out to the Mississippi and its tributaries, till their settlements constituted one grand chain of posts from New Orleans to Quebec.

The Dutch did likewise along the Hudson and the Mohawk, and our English pioneers of the eastern border planted their settlements on the streams that empty into the Atlantic.

The settlement of our own obscure town offers no exception to this rule. The lower portion of the river Rouge, below Dearborn, was settled before the war of 1812. At Dearborn this river divides into three branches, two of which run nearly parallel through Nankin. The land on these streams was all purchased before any considerable quantity was bought up elsewhere.

The first land purchased within the town was the southeast quarter of section 1, by Dennison Palmer, November 7, 1818. William Woodbridge, afterward Governor of the State, and U. S. Senator, bought the second piece, the southwest quarter of the same section, on the 25th of January, 1819. The next taken was the northwest quarter of section 3, by James H. Parmelee, January 26, 1819. The quarter section joining it on the west was bought February 12, 1819, by Henry J. Hunt. This constitutes all the land purchased within the township previous to 1820. In that year, two entries were made, the northeast quarter of section 1, by Edward McCarty, and the east half of the southeast quarter of section 3, by Wm. Dougan. This last piece joined the land my father afterward settled, on the east. The purchaser was an Irishman, and never was heard of after the purchase. In my boyhood, this was called "the Irishman's lot." In going from my home to my uncle Marcus Swift's I had to cross it, and many a time, while passing it, have I looked with dread into that dark valley, afterward covered by Perrin's mill pond. I had no idea what an Irishman was. I was always timid, and in my childish fancy I imagined him a grim monster, that would do me mischief should I be so unfortunate as to meet him. At such times my speed corresponded to my fear, and I was not long in passing any given point. This land was subsequently sold for taxes to Marcus Swift.

Several other lots were purchased previous to 1825, in which year the settlement of which I am writing took place.

Nankin was less than twenty miles from Detroit, and Detroit had been settled over 150 years, and yet but one house had been built and one family settled within the township previous to 1825. This family was that of Marenus Harrison, on section 24, south branch of the Rouge.

The township was covered by a dense unbroken widerness, and occupied by its original denizens, wolves, bears, deer and other families of the Michigan fauna. No large tribe of Indians, except temporarily, ever claimed a home in Michigan. It was the Indians hunting ground, but, except weak and fragmentary tribes, it never constituted their domicil. It lay midway between the Sioux on the west and the Iroquois on the east. These were the tyrants and scourges of the continent. No tribe making any pretention to the powers of rivalry would be tolerated by either for a single year.

In the spring of 1825, Rev. Marcus Swift and Luther Reeves, citizens of Palmyra, N. Y., started from their homes to the wilds of Michigan, with the design of securing to their own private uses so much of any desirable portion of said wilds as would make for them satisfactory homes. They traveled by the Erie canal to Buffalo, when they took pasage in a steamboat for Detroit. They landed at Detroit about the first of May and proceeding westward they followed the river Rouge to its confluence with its three principal branches near the present village of Dearborn. Taking the west branch, still going westward, they went into the present township of Nankin, being town 2 south of range 9 east. Thinking this about as near to paradise as any locality they were likely to find, they each located 160 acres of land and retraced their steps to Detroit, where, on the 10th of May, they bought their land of the government. Mr. Reeves bought the west $\frac{1}{2}$ of southeast $\frac{1}{4}$, and east $\frac{1}{2}$ of southwest $\frac{1}{4}$ of section 3. Mr. Swift bought the northwest $\frac{1}{4}$ of section 11. They then returned to their homes, intending to come back with their families in the following autumn. During the following August Mr. Reeves sold his Michigan land to my father, William Osband. Mr. Reeves and his wife were brother and sister to my father and mother, and Mrs. Swift was sister of my father.

The necessary preparations having been completed, Messrs. Swift and Osband, with their families, shipped aboard a boat in the Erie canal, on Saturday, October 1, 1825, for their future homes in Michigan.

The family going west nowadays, although going to the extreme of the continent, knows little of the sensations experienced sixty years ago by the emigrant as he started on his journey to Michigan. Michigan was not only thought to be, but actually was beyond the bounds of civilization. Beyond

a narrow strip of ten miles wide, bordering the lakes and rivers forming its eastern boundary, civilization did not exist; and the vulgar idea that it was only inhabited by bears, wolves and Indians, and infested by rattlesnakes, musketoes and fever and ague, was pretty nearly correct. The distance in miles was called 500, but the distance in hours was greater than New York is from San Francisco today. And the means of intercommunication, when they should reach their journey's end, were uncertain. Under these circumstances, what wonder that the parting scene, when our party left their old homes, resembled friends standing over the open graves of their loved ones.

The Erie canal was not yet completed. At Lockport the goods of our party were landed, and transported seven miles around the unfinished part, and reshipped. At Buffalo they shipped on board the steamboat Pioneer, for Detroit, where they arrived just one week from the time they started. Detroit, at that time, was a little old French town, containing at most but a few hundred inhabitants. Five years later it had, by the census, but 2,222.

This was the first year of the administration of J. Q. Adams, and Lewis Cass was territorial governor.

Our pioneers left their families in Detroit and proceeded to view their lands and provide means to get their families to them. But few days were spent in this, and soon all were shipped aboard a small boat and were floated and rowed down the Detroit river to the mouth of the river Rouge. They were rowed and towed up this river to the Thomas settlement, about ten miles from Detroit. From thence they were transported by a wagon drawn by three Indian ponies owned by Alanson Thomas, to the house of Benjamin Williams, on the south side of the river, near the west line of the town of Dearborn, where the two families got accommodations till houses could be built on their lands.

My father, by the aid of his hired man, was able to get his house in a condition that justified moving into it January 5, 1826, but it was then without doors or windows. A pack of wolves occupied it the night before, dug in the ashes and gnawed the bones left of the workmen's dinner.

Mr. Swift moved his family into his house in the March following.

Like most of the houses of that day, they were rudely constructed. The walls were made of logs, from foundation to peak. They were mostly built without the use of sawed lumber, and without nails. The roofs were made of oak shakes held to their places by poles. My father's house had a brick fireplace, but a stick and mud chimney, and the door was trimmed with an iron latch and wooden hangings.

Our pioneers were young, energetic and full of hope. The family of Mr. Swift consisted of himself and wife, three sons and one daughter. The oldest son, Osband D., was a lad of twelve years, the daughter, Hannah Ann, was ten, George W. was eight, and Orson R. four years of age.

My father's family was composed of himself, wife and two sons, William Henry, aged five years, and myself, aged one and one half years. Besides whom there were temporarily connected with the family Luman Fowler, under contract to work one year for my father, and Amy Burgess, a girl of twelve years of age.

It may incidentally be noted that these families came from the same county that afterward gave birth to Mormonism and Spiritualism; but it may also be added that none of them, neither have any of their descendants, ever shown any preference for the social system of the one, nor with the other have they drawn their religious inspiration from table-tipping spirits or materialized ghosts in darkened chambers.

The town was called Bucklin at that time, or soon after, I do not know the date of its organization; but years afterward my father gave me the following as the origin of the name. William Bucklin, a pioneer justice of the peace, offered to act as town clerk, without pay, on condition that the town should bear his name. The organization included towns 1 and 2 south, of ranges 9 and 10 east. In the fall of 1829 the township was divided, and its name dropped. The eastern half was called Pekin and the western Nankin. Subsequently Pekin was divided into Dearborn and Redford. In 1835 Nankin was divided, the south half retaining the name and the north received the name of Livonia. The two towns had worked together six years, during which their elections had always been held at the Schwarzburg schoolhouse.

The time is coming, if not here now, when the curious antiquarian will ask about the

Arrangements of the Log House

of those times; what were its conveniences, and how were the rooms divided? In answering these questions, I can do no better than describe the house in which I spent my childhood and early youth. Judging by my recollections, the house was 18 x 24 feet on the ground. I have spoken of the walls and roof. The cracks between the logs were stopped by triangular pieces of wood fitted and fastened in, and then they were all plastered, outside and inside, with clay mud. This, if properly done, effectually prevented any circulation of air through the walls. The house was built on the south bank of the river and fronted south. It had but one outside door—located in the middle of

the south side. There was one twelve-light window of 7 x 9 glass, in each of the sides. The door was a battened door, and it and the windows and their casings were stained red. The brick fireplace and hearth were in the middle of the east end; an iron crane hung to the north jam, suspended from which were several pot hooks on which the kettles were hung when used in cooking. The bricks of the fireplace were laid in clay mortar. The ground story contained but one room; this room was used for kitchen, diningroom, bedroom and parlor, and sometimes, as was common with us, for a shop; for in cold weather my father brought his work-bench into the house whenever he had sash or doors, coffins, or other small articles to make.

In the southest corner stood a ladder leading to the chamber. The dishes and other culinary apparatus, together with a chest holding provisions, were kept in the northeast corner. The two west corners held each a bed with a trundle bed under one of them. A trap door in the floor led to the cellar. The kitchen table sat against the north wall and over it hung the looking-glass. Between the beds and against the logs at the west side of the room stood a cherry bureau, a leather covered trunk and a candle stand. Standing about the room were a half dozen straight-backed, splint-bottom chairs, including a large and a small rocker, several three-legged stools and a cradle. This last article was as indispensable among the pioneers as elsewhere in every thrifty family. This particular one was made by my father of white-wood boards, and of the most approved plan of the times. It was a ruder people, living in a more primitive age that cradled their babies in sap troughs; I never saw anything of the kind. In time of use the flax and wool spinning wheels were also on this floor. At other times they were both in the chamber.

Suspended from a beam overhead by two hooks hung the trusty, flintlock rifle. Hanging against the south wall, east of the window, were, during the cold season, halves and quarters of venison. Strips nailed to the undersides of the beams overhead were frequently covered by small pieces of lumber to be used in making sash, ax helves, gun-rods, etc., and in their season were utilized by my mother as a convenient place for drying fruits.

Now, if you are curious to make further investigations, climb the ladder that leads to the chamber. You will find plenty of things up there stowed away with small regard to order. No useless window adorned that apartment. The roof was of such a peculiar construction that, while it generally shed the rain pretty well, it also let sufficient light in to make all parts of the room visible. Aided by this peculiarity in the roof, the winter's storms would sometimes bestow upon us in the chamber that which from poverty we were unable to buy, a white bed spread. Two beds were found in

the chambers, bushels of walnuts and butternuts were on the floor. There were boxes and barrels, corn, muskrat and mink skins; but to describe all the articles in the chamber would expose to the public the contents of rooms the housekeeper prefers should remain closed, so we will not be too curious.

Are you interested to know how cooking was done in those days over an open fire? Boiling was done by simply hanging the kettle on the crane and swinging it over the fire. Baking was more complex. It was done largely by the use of a bake-kettle, an article now unknown. It was a kettle with a flat bottom, about 10 inches across, sides five or six inches high, and a little flaring. It stood on three legs about two inches long. It had an iron cover in form of a disc with a flange an inch high on its outer edge, and a loop in the center of its upper surface to lift it by. In this were baked bread, potatoes, pork and beans, and meats of all kinds. The process was to put the article to be baked into it, set it over a quantity of live coals on the hearth, heat the cover and place it on the top of the kettle, and put live coals on the cover; these coals to be changed when cool for live ones. Short-cake, biscuit and cookies were sometimes baked in the spider by turning the spider up before the fire of the open fireplace to bake the top, while live coals were placed against its back to bake the bottom.

A turkey was generally roasted by hanging it up before the fire by a string attached to a beam above. A dripping pan was placed under it and it was basted and turned till done. Though cooked by primitive means, a turkey roasted in this manner is equal in flavor to the best that improved methods can produce.

In about 1832, the tin oven made its first appearance among us. Dr. Adams was the first to introduce it. As it, too, is now unknown among culinary apparatus, I give a description of it in general terms. It was made of tin nearly two feet long with an open front facing the fire, with top and bottom parts flaring to act as reflectors, with a dripping pan midway between top and bottom in which to put the articles to be baked. It was an improvement on former methods.

The illustration accompanying this paper of the old house described above was drawn from memory more than 40 years after the house had burned to the ground. It is recognized at sight by those familiar with the original. It exhibits two additions which were built in subsequent years. The open shed on the east was put up before my recollection, and was principally used by my father as a shop to store his bench and tools. The frame part on the west was built in the fall and winter of 1831. Our folks were expecting company and this was built to add convenience to the house for the occasion. The company arrived the latter part of February, 1832. For

convenience we children had been sent away for the day, and on our return we found the new guest occupying the new apartment. He was young and without a name. Upon consultation it was agreed to call him Edgar, by which name he grew to be six feet four, and has ever since been recognized by us as a brother.

Manners and Customs.

Culture and refinement are not, as a rule, characteristic of the rural districts. The life of hard, unremitting physical labor, made them impossible with the pioneer. I have, as I looked back to those times, sometimes wondered if strangers who were accustomed to move in refined society did not suffer extreme embarrassment, as they fell into the society and sat at the table of those primitive settlers.

If you wish to enter a neighbor's house, knock on the door, provided there is a door to knock on. I remember once going to a neighbor's house that had no door—only a blanket in its place. I could find nothing about the door on which my knuckles would make sufficient noise to arouse the attention of the inmates. I tried the end of the logs and other things, and finally I halloed and gained my object. Do not expect the inmates of the house to respond to your knock by opening the door; that was never done. You would, instead, hear the call, "Come in." You were expected then to open the door yourself and go in as you were bid. A welcome greeting would follow, and if cold weather, the family circle around the open fireplace was instantly enlarged and you were invited to sit up to the fire. And such welcome was generally extended freely, not only to friends and neighbors, but to entire strangers. Under ordinary circumstances, no stranger, and especially no neighbor, unless near his own home, was ever allowed to leave one of these pioneer homes with an empty stomach. Such food as they had was always given freely to the hungry. A custom to which I know no exceptions was for the host, after the company were seated at the table, to say to any guest present, "Now take right hold and help yourself; we use no compliments." And in accordance with this invitation, each person present dished into the potatoes and meat to suit his own caprice. Sopping was general. Each person, by use of a fork, would sop his bread in the meat or gravy dish, and from thence convey it to his mouth.

The bill of fare, though limited in variety, was wholesome and nutritious. A good venison steak, or loin, cooked as our mothers used to cook them, were dishes that epicures might envy. We had none of the cultivated fruits, but wild fruits could be had from the woods in their season. In the absence of apples and peaches, we contented ourselves with pumpkins, wild

plums and berries, fresh, dried and preserved. But, crude as were our manners and customs, and as reluctantly as we would return to them with their privations, some of us pioneers who have grown gray since those days look back with regret that those good dinners are among the things of the past.

Game was plenty in the woods, and invaluable to the people. All were not hunters, neither did all have guns, but all profited by the products of the chase; for no family could satisfactorily enjoy their venison steak while knowing their next neighbor was out of meat. Many quarters of venison have I seen pass from my father's house to our less fortunate neighbor without money and without price.

Maple sugar was our reliance for confectionery. And it was used in nearly all kinds of cooking. Even tea and coffee were sweetened with it, both in the form of sugar and molasses.

The dress of the pioneers was not constructed after the latest Paris fashions. It was of the most heterogeneous styles of form and material that imagination or necessity could invent. The housewife was her own dress maker and generally the tailor of the family. The materials were generally coarse and cheap. Winter caps were generally of fur, and home made, from the undressed skins of the wolf, fox, coon, muskrat or mink. A tow frock was a common outer working garment for a man.

If a person had good clothes he was fortunate, but if barefooted and clothed in rags he considered himself a man and was never for this snubbed by his neighbors. I frequently saw men at church with bare feet, and I have seen a man at church more than once too, with no other clothing than a coarse shirt and a pair of cotton pants, and I don't remember that I ever heard a remark from anybody that there was any impropriety in it. Women went with naked feet while doing their work at home, and occasionally in the street, going from one neighbor to another, but I have no recollection of ever having seen a woman at church in that condition. Buckskin, nicely tanned, was frequently used in the clothing; sometimes entire garments were made from it and sometimes it was used as facings.

On the occasion of an old time log house raising, all the neighbors from far and near were assembled. They came not for a holiday play spell. They were each expected to work as hard as at home, but as it broke in upon the monotony of home labor, it was an enjoyable time. They talked and laughed and worked with hearty good will and social glee. The logs were always previously placed near by, and the four bottom logs placed in position. Four men were chosen to "carry up the corners," that is, to fit the ends of the logs to their places in the corner, with axes, after they were placed on top; besides

this, these corner men were expected to score the side of the log that faced the inner room of the house, that all might be hewed down after the logs were all in place, to make, as near as might be, even walls to the rooms. The first half dozen courses of logs were easily placed; those that went higher required harder lifting and the use of longer skids and pikes, or crotched poles, to roll them to their places. The logs were generally placed in position before dark, and the men gathered in huddles to talk, shoot at a mark or to drink, for it may be remembered the temperance lecturer had not yet made his appearance on the platform, and our pioneers were not all temperance men, though but very few of them were intemperate. The many furnished whisky at their raisings; a few declined.

When these hardy settlers tested their skill at shooting at a mark, they had no need to blush at their success. There were always some of them that acquired the habit of putting a ball pretty near where they wished, whether aiming at a mark or game.

At the raising of Abraham Perren's house, in 1832, a little episode occurred which I will relate: While the raising was in progress, a deer was seen running across the field of vision. Thomas Dickerson's gun sat near my father, against a stump. He seized it, threw off the powderhorn that hung from its muzzle, drew it into position and fired. The deer continued its course as if unhurt. "There, you missed him," the men said. "Then the gun doesn't carry where it is pointed," my father responded. But soon the deer fell dead.

One of the most important duties pertaining to the domestic economy, was the keeping of fire. Scarcely did the vestal virgins of Rome, or the priests of ancient Judah, guard the sacred fires of their altars with greater care than did our pioneers guard the fires of their hearthstones, sixty years ago. If allowed to "go out," it could only be reproduced by flint and steel, or by procuring it of a neighbor, who was so fortunate as to have kept his, and who, perhaps, lived a mile or more away. Either process, in a cold morning, was very undesirable. Its preservation was secured by carefully covering it before going to bed, or at other times when not required for warmth. This was before the day of friction matches. The first friction match I ever saw was in the summer of 1836, in the hands of O. D. Swift, in the log house built by Dr. Adams on the corner of my father's farm. He and his family had been from home. On their return I accompanied them from our house, and suggested that he take some fire. He said no, he would start a fire with a match. This was new to me, and with much curiosity I watched the process of drawing a lucifer match from between two pieces of sand paper and producing fire.

Matches soon became common, but it was years before the farmers thought they could afford to use them so freely as to light their candles with them. To light it by a live coal of fire in the tongs was cheaper.

About the same time the percussion cap made its appearance, which soon displaced the flint-lock in rifles. The pill percussion preceded it by a few years.

Farming Under Difficulties.

I think it was the elder Adams that said, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." The pioneer secured his crops of wheat and corn at the same price. From the time they were planted till they were secured in the granary they were subject to constant depredations from both birds and beasts. People nowadays would be amazed to see such immense flocks of blackbirds as we had to guard against. It is no exaggeration to say that when they arose from a field their numbers would darken the air and the noise of their flight would sound like thunder. When such a flock lighted on a field of wheat or corn it meant business, and it was a kind of business that interested the farmer; his bread and butter depending on the result.

In some localities, the coons were as destructive by night as birds and squirrels by day. The young cattle and hogs must be guarded against wolves and bears, and the chickens against hawks, owls, minks and foxes.

The productions of the soil in those days, to whatever cause attributed, was sometimes in remarkable contrast with our more modern experiences. My father and Luman Fowler were once digging potatoes, of a variety known as Bilbows then, but since as Meshannocks; the yield was so great that a measured rod square produced five and a half bushels. I have full confidence in the integrity of their statement; but making any reasonable allowance for inaccuracy of measurement, the yield could then be scarcely duplicated now on any of our soils. The growth of corn stalks was larger than any I have seen since. A stranger once cut a stalk from my father's field and brought it into the house that measured eight and one-third feet to the butt of the first ear, and it had another ear above it. Whole fields could be found that approximated to this stalk. Whether the yield of corn was greater than is now produced I do not know. We generally raised a southern variety, called gourd seed.

The threshing and cleaning of wheat were other difficulties the pioneer encountered. They had neither barns nor fanning mills. Threshing floors must be built out of doors, that never could be used except in dry weather, and by the use of the hand fan they separated the chaff from the wheat. When the grain was in the bag, the neighborhood furnished neither horse

nor wagon by which to take it to mill. A carriage, then known as a dray, was improvised for that purpose. A pole with two prongs was inserted in the ring of the yoke between the oxen, and stakes put into the upper side of each of the prongs below the crotch, a board nailed on in front of the stakes on which to lay the bags, and the carriage was ready for use, and to my certain knowledge it did good service for a whole neighborhood.

The first fanning mill came among us early in the '30s, and the first threshing machine six or eight years afterward.

Wild Animals.

The fear of being devoured by ferocious animals and stung by poisonous serpents are some of the ghosts that render the first years of pioneer life miserable. Ere long the pioneer learns the fallacy of these fears. He learns that the bear and wolf as much fear man as man fears them, and will flee from him with greater speed; that the massasauga bites only in self defense when unable to retreat. From a large experience and observation I know that the personal danger from wild animals was not great. I grew up from infancy in the dense forest. My earliest recollections present to my view a hole in the woods of a few acres in extent around my home. More than ten years passed before the horizon of that home was enlarged by light shining into it from any neighboring clearing. It was all dense forest in every direction and the howling of the wolves sometimes made night hideous, and when distant were so frequently heard as to pass without mention. Yet these very wolves that were so full of ferocity in the tales of sensational stories, were so wild that in all my pioneer days, I never saw a live wolf, no, nor a dead one. My father, whom necessity of various kinds compelled to traverse the woods much, at which times his gun was a constant companion, never killed but one wolf, and that he first caught in a trap; and as far as my memory serves me he never saw another when he had a gun. Only in one instance did he ever consider himself in personal danger from wolves. That was one Sunday morning while hunting his cows without his gun. A single wolf made hostile demonstrations by facing him, barking at him and approaching him apparently for a fight. He secured a good club and accepted the challenge by approaching the wolf, when the latter gradually gave way till at last it turned and fled. My brother Henry is the only one of us boys who has a recollection of having seen a live wolf in the woods. Bears were not so wild and were seen more frequently, though I think many of the boys grew to manhood among us without ever seeing one. I remember of having seen five at different times, mostly while alone. It almost always gave me an

intense desire at least to take a walk in the opposite direction, and I always went. In about 1839 my father killed two bears and wounded another in one day. I think he never shot at any other. Thomas Dickerson, who settled among us in 1831, trapped and otherwise killed several bears and wolves.

I will here relate an incident that occurred before my recollection, as related to me by my father and more recently corroborated by Geo. W. Swift, one of the actors.

My uncle Marcus Swift had indulged in a little quiet boasting about what he would do in case he and bruin should ever meet. And surely few men had better qualifications to do and to dare; for he was a man of large frame, over six feet tall, and weighed over 200 pounds, with a powerful muscular development, and possessed a manly courage equal to almost any emergency. But even his courage was once put to a severe test. One evening just before dark he heard a hog squeal furiously on the flat east of his house. Suspecting the cause he hastened to the rescue. He found one of his hogs in the embrace of a bear, which he described as being as large as a cow. He drew his large dirk knife and advanced to close in with him, as he had boasted he would, but the bear placed one foot on the hog, raised his head, growled and displayed such a formidable set of teeth that his antagonist stopped, took a second thought, and very properly decided that discretion is the better part of valor. He sent his son George for my father and his gun, a half mile distant, but just before my father arrived Mr. Swift succeeded in driving the bear off, hoping to save his hog. The hog ran off and was never seen more. I never heard my father relate the story in after years, but he expressed his chagrin that the bear had not been left with his prey till his arrival. George told me in recent years that they measured the bear's track the next morning and found it to be fourteen inches long.

But, if bears and wolves are not dangerous, nobody would suspect danger from any other denizen of the Michigan forest. Certainly not the timid deer; the rustling of a leaf excites his suspicion, and the distant sight of a man sets him bounding through the forest in abject fear. And yet it is the timid deer of which I wish to relate two instances in which he met man in hostile combat.

Orson Swift, son of Marcus Swift, then a boy of twelve or fourteen years, while his folks were absent from home, took an ax and went to the woods to learn the cause of a furious barking of their dog. He found him fighting a large buck. He spoke to the dog to encourage him, when the deer left the dog and attacked the boy. A furious combat followed in which the boy's life was only saved by the efforts of the dog. The boy, when released,

ran and climbed a high fence from which the efforts of the deer failed to displace him. The dog was nearly exhausted, and the deer ran off.

The other instance was one in which Jacob Keller, a young man, son of Joseph Keller, who lived on what has more recently been known as the Bennett farm, figured. He too went to the woods to learn what his dog was barking at. He found him in conflict with a large buck. In his effort to shoot the deer the gun missed fire, when the deer left the dog and sprang at him. He had just time to draw his pocket kife. When the deer came up he dodged him, and, as he passed, seized his hind leg and cut his ham string. After this the deer was easily secured.

Besides these two instances, in all my experience, I never knew of man, woman or child that ever suffered personal injury from wild animals in all that section of country. Neither can I call to mind but one instance of a person suffering from the sting of serpents, and no serious consequence followed that.

Hunting in those early times constituted a part of the business of life. It was in after years that it became sport and recreation. The pioneer could ill afford to waste his time for mere sport. If he wanted meat he used his gun to obtain it. While hunting his cows he carried his gun and captured such game as fortune threw in his way. Coons were hunted to protect the corn fields. Their fat was used as lamp oil, but their fur was valueless. My father once took 24 selected skins to Detroit for sale; the best offer he could get was 25 cents *for the lot*, which he accepted. Had they been as valuable in those times as they have since, the pioneer might have rolled in luxury. In later years, raccoon hunting became a rare sport. A little company of men and boys would gather in the early evening, with one or more dogs, an ax and a good supply of hickory bark for torch-timber, and would spend half the night and several nights in a week in the woods and cornfields. At such times, they sometimes felled large trees to secure their game.

Health.

The climate for many years was unhealthy; malarial diseases, at times, prevailed to such an extent that there were not well persons enough to care for the sick; bilious fevers, fever and ague, and dysentery were most prevalent. Fever and ague was the most common form; very few persons escaped it. It was the worst in warm weather, but sometimes would continue through the year. My father had it constantly nearly two and a half years. As the country became cleared, and the swamps drained, the ague disappeared and health glowed in the countenances of the people.

Sensations.

Though secluded from the outside world, and surrounded by a dense forest, outside events sometimes occurred that forced themselves on our sensibilities and aroused us into intense excitement.

In the summer of 1830, Stephen G. Simmons, a tavern keeper where the village of Wayne now stands, killed his wife and was hung for it in the following September. Some of our neighbors witnessed the execution.

In the spring of 1832 Polly, a young daughter of Abraham Perrin, was burned to death in a sugar bush, by her clothes taking fire.

In 1833–4 Joseph Keller's house was burned one winter's night, a mile west of my father's.

The Blackhawk war furnished a number of sensations, particularly among us children. I was at school when informed of it. The children lost their wits, and determined not to venture to school another day; but were finally pacified on being assured that the seat of war was hundreds of miles from us, in the far west.

The Toledo and the Patriot wars were also sources of excitement.

Church and Schools.

Having prepared an article on the Pioneer Schools of Nankin, which was published in the Wayne County Tidings, of December 26, 1879, and also published in Vol. 4 of Michigan Pioneer Collections, I shall ignore further reference to those schools here.

The first church society organized in Nankin was a Methodist Episcopal society, and was organized before my recollection, probably in 1828, possibly a year earlier, by Rev. Marcus Swift, and at his house. Rev. Elijah Pilcher, in his History of Protestantism in Michigan, page 112, says that Nankin was one of the appointments on the Huron circuit in 1828, Rev. Benjamin Cooper preacher in charge, and Rev. Zerah H. Costan presiding elder, on Detroit district. The following were undoubtedly among the charter members: Marcus and Anna Swift, William and Martha Osband, Micah and Matilda Adams, Joseph Keller and wife, and probably others. Their meetings were held at private houses till 1830, after that in the Schwarzburg schoolhouse till the winter of 1833–4, after which they were held in the Perrinville schoolhouse till the church building was erected and finished, about 1849.

In June, 1839, a series of meetings were held in the barn of Marcus Swift by the Rev. John Kinnear, which resulted in many conversions and a large accession to the church of the vicinity.

In 1841, this organization was disorganized by the withdrawal of the antislavery members thereof, which constituted the great majority. This

movement was inaugurated by Rev. Marcus Swift of Nankin, Rev. Samuel Bibbins of Plymouth, and Rev. Ebenezer Doolittle of Dearborn, and from this vicinity it spread to surrounding localities throughout the State, and has since been known as the great Wesleyan Methodist secession.

The Wesleyan church which originated in this secession at once became aggressive in all its movements in opposition to slavery. The feeling between them and most other churches which they designated as pro slavery churches, became mutually uncharitable and intolerant. At their communion services the new church invited members of all orthodox churches to join them. *Provided always,* they were not slaveholders, and that they did not believe it right to hold slaves. Some of the ministers drew the lines in stronger terms. I remember the preaching of Rev. Jesse McBride in the Perrinville church in the summer of 1854. He had been preaching in North Carolina, and is the man represented by "Father Dickinson" in Mrs. Stowe's "Dred." He had been mobbed many times by slaveholders themselves. His earnestness was intense and his style fearless. He preached with power on this occasion, and invited nobody to the communion who would consent to commune with other churches not wholly anti slavery. The excitement became so intense that some of his congregation threatened to tear him from the pulpit. They "wouldn't stand it."

This circumstance was but an extreme manifestation of the habitual manners of that church in all its earlier years. The ministers treated slavery as a legitimate object of hatred, and they "loved to lie awake nights to hate it." No sermon, whatever its subject, was considered complete without some reference to "the sum of all villainies." They would buy no books of any publishing house that refused to publish anti slavery literature.

While on this subject, I will say that the predominant influence of the neighborhood was in sympathy with this anti slavery movement.

A Baptist church was organized, and a church building erected about half a mile east of the cemetery on the plains northwest of us, about 1839, or perhaps a year before. Several of our neighbors united with it. Its membership was scattered over a large district. Its first minister was the Rev. Thos. Gorton, residing a few miles west of the church; he officiated till his death, in 1845. The society became disorganized early in the '50s. The building still stands, but is used for other purposes.

A Sunday school was organized at an early day. It first met at the residence of Marcus Swift, but subsequently met at the places where the church held its meetings. It was not denominational.

Hamilton Swift taught the first singing school. It was held in the Schwarzburg schoolhouse, perhaps in 1833–4. The next was taught in the Perrins-

ville schoolhouse, in the winter of 1837–8, by a Mr. Clark. He also taught another term at the same place the next winter. O. D. Swift subsequently taught one or more terms in the same house. Mr. Clark used in his first term the Handel and Haydn collection of church music, and the Boston Academy's collection the second term.

Cultivated Fruits.

It was nearly ten years after our settlement before cultivated fruits were grown. The first peaches were produced on my uncle Swift's trees, in 1832; the next year one grew on my father's trees. In a few years after peaches were plentiful. Apples, in small quantities, appeared about the same time. In the spring of 1834 my father, who had helped Wm. White graft a nursery, procured some of the remaining cions to put into his own orchard. The trees that spring, for the first time, gave promise of producing several bushels of apples. It looked cruel to witness the tops, loaded with blossoms, cut off to give place to the cions, that resembled dry sticks more than things of life. My mother objected to the transaction; but three years later, in 1837, we were repaid by an abundant harvest of as fine apples as were ever produced there or elsewhere. The codling moth had not made its appearance, and a wormy apple was unknown.

Indian Relics

were frequently picked up from the fields, such as stone spears and arrow-heads, stone celts, tomahawks, personal ornaments and articles of unguessed uses. But an object of great interest to the archeologist was discovered on my father's farm in the spring of 1834. On splitting the first log of a large oak tree, a piece of a dry stump dropped from the butt end of it, of about eight inches in diameter and fifteen inches long. It was a stump that had been cut off about four feet from the ground and afterward inclosed in the body of the larger tree, from which it was now taken. My father and Archibald Brink counted the annual rings of the tree outside of the stump, and found them to number 225. An expert scientist might have brought out a different result, but if this is correct, and this stump had been inclosed 225 years, the stump could not have been cut before the year 1600. At that date there was not an English settlement on this continent. It was forty years before the great French explorers, Joliet and La Salle, were born. The stump bore evidences of having been cut by a steel ax. The marks of the ax were as distinct as though just made.

Literature.

The literary advantages of those days, especially for the young, were almost nothing. Except a few school-books our libraries were exceedingly limited. My father had a love for reading, and owned more books than any of our neighbors except my uncle Swift, and his library, aside from the Bible and hymn books, consisted of a receipt book, a treatise on farming, two volumes of Wesley's philosophy, a book on sectarian theology and Robbins' journal. The last named is the only one of them any of us boys ever read or could get interested in. The rest possessed no attraction for the youth and begat no desire for reading. The same was true of the larger library of my uncle, which was principally composed of books pertaining to his profession. Thos. Dickerson also had a few books but of the same general unattractiveness.

The first newspaper taken in the family was the Christian Advocate and Journal, taken by my father and Thos. Dickerson together, in name of the latter, in 1832. After that, for two years, we took the Temperance Recorder, a monthly, in which the dream of "Deacon Giles' Distillery" appeared. In one of those early years father subscribed for the Detroit Journal and Courier, and with small interruption took it, or some of its successors, the rest of his life.

In the imperfectly organized schools of those years, during which I never knew one teacher to teach two successive terms in the same district, little beyond the three R's was taught. Sometimes to these was added grammar.

These constituted our literary advantages, and beyond them the few only ever advanced.

Material Developments.

The enterprise of our sturdy pioneers manifested itself in visible improvements all around us. The Schwarzburg saw mill was built in 1826, and around it gathered, within a few years, many evidences of thrift. A log bridge was first put across the flats near where the dam now crosses it. The old dam was farther down, and the flats above it were covered by the mill pond. The mill stood at the point of the hill below the present dam. The log bridge gave place to a substantial frame structure a few rods above it, and nearly on a level with the top of the hill, in 1832. Marcus Swift and his cousin, Dorus Swift, had the contract to build it and my father had charge of the carpenter work. A hotel was built at the left of the road, west of the bridge, and first occupied by Benajah Holbrook, who also built and stocked a general store just east of it. The hotel was painted red; the store was never painted. This was Schwarzburg, and it contained, besides

the above, a distillery, an ashery, an icehouse, two or three barns and other dwellings.

The hotel burned down after a few years, the saw mill was abandoned, the store and barns were moved away, and now there is nothing left to indicate where Schwarzburg was.

The old house, half a mile west of the bridge near Mrs. Dean's residence, was the first framed house built in that country. It was by Dr. Adams in about 1828. It had, at one time, two additions attached. It was occupied once by Henry Wells as a tavern, and several other persons occupied it for a like purpose. Luman Fowler and Hiram Goodspeed had a store of goods in the east wing, in 1832. Here the Nankin postoffice was located early in the thirties. A little west of this John Cahoon built a large hotel and occupied it many years. Just south of this Isaac Wilkinson made the first brick ever manufactured in the town.

In 1832–3, Abraham and Isaac F. Perrin, two brothers, built their saw mill on section 2, and the next year added turning lathes. The brothers each built substantial dwellings, in about 1834. Abraham Perrin's dwelling was subsequently used as a hotel. A chair factory was built by Thos. Lambert, and a blacksmith shop by J. Lindley Dickerson, where the church now stands. The subsequent improvements were, a cabinet shop, a wagon shop by Alvah Pate, a hotel by David Moore, and still another hotel about half a mile west, by James Kipp, with many private residences. Just east of the saw mill was erected, in 1842, a building to be used for purposes of carding wool and cloth dressing. Such was Perrinsville in its prime about the years 1840 to 1850, a flourishing little village and bid fair to come into prominence. But from some cause it took a blight, and for many years past it has been fading, its mill and shops have been abandoned, and it now looks as though in a few years it will be as desolate as ancient Troy, and men will differ about its locality.

In 1835, Noah Hull, agent for General John E. Schwarz, commenced to build a flouring mill on the present site of the Nankin mills. He hewed the timber and raised part of the frame, but after a few weeks the work was abandoned. The work was again resumed in 1841 under the superintendence of Rufus Swift, of St. Clair, and the mill was started I think in February, 1842.

The first five years after our settlement but few settlers came in around us. After 1830 they came more rapidly. A letter written by my father in 1835 says: "When I came here the nearest neighbor was three miles away; there are now twelve within a mile."

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I am conscious that the foregoing is monotonous and dull, but it is the history of the pioneer life of our people, circumscribed by the experiences of a boy that always staid at home, with limited opportunities for observing the outside world. Our locality is without entertaining scenery. Its history contains no strongly marked events of public interest. But our pioneers were many of them noble men and women. They were honest and honorable. They were enterprising and industrious. They taught and maintained by precept and example the principles of a true morality and religion. They lived peaceably and were mutually helpful to each other. They were pecuniarily poor, all of them, without one exception. No man that ever came among us had a dollar of money beyond the requirements of a strict economy. As evidences of their persevering industry we today see the wilderness blossoming with bread. The forests have been turned into gardens. The log cabins have given place to comfortable and commodious dwellings. The rough manners of the pioneer are succeeded by the refinements of a better civilization. Where the savage built his wigwam the church and schoolhouse stand; and the waters where he paddled his canoe are now made to turn the wheels of industry.

Rev. Marcus Swift.

Among the prominent men of the early settlers of Nankin, Marcus Swift always stood first and foremost. He was among the first in every public enterprise, whether it was opening a highway, building a schoolhouse or organizing a church or Sunday school. He was a man of fine executive ability, took comprehensive views of public questions, and could ill be spared from public meetings, whether religious or secular. He was ready to lend a helping hand to the extent of his ability in every neighborhood need, and by his kindly disposition and philanthropic spirit he endeared himself to his neighbors, and secured a place in their esteem, which no other could claim.

His ancestors were from Connecticut. His father, Gen. John Swift, was a soldier in the Revolution from that State, and settled in Palmyra, N. Y., in 1789—the first white settler. He was a brevet brigadier general of New York volunteers and was killed while in his country's service near Niagara Falls in Canada, in 1814.

Marcus Swift was born at Palmyra, June 23, 1793. He was more fortunate in his opportunities and secured a better education than most boys of his locality. His youth while out of school was spent on a farm and in a flouring mill belonging to his father. At the age of 19 he married Miss

Anna Osband, daughter of Weaver Osband, of Palmyra. A reverse in business a little later was among the causes that led him to cast the die of his fortune in these western wilds in 1825, as related elsewhere in this article.

He and his boys alone built his log house on the farm. As memory now presents that house to the writer, there was not a brick nor a stick of sawed lumber in its construction, except possibly in the one door and a few casings. The Dutch fire-place was without jams, and the chimney was made of sticks and mud; the floor was of basswood puncheons held down with wooden pins, and the roof was of oak shakes held to their places without nails. The family moved into this house in March, 1826.

Then commenced the work of turning the wilderness into a farm. Every acre was heavily timbered. Mr. Swift was without money, without tools, without a team, and with a limited stock of provisions. The farm had to be literally carved out by hand by himself and his two little boys—the oldest of whom, Osband, was but a lad of twelve years, and George was but eight.

During the first few years that followed there were times when the larder was empty and necessities of life were reduced to their simplest forms. At one time at least, a little corn meal alone protected them from the wolf at the door. On one of these occasions Mrs. Swift was overheard to say to her husband, "Marcus, we shall starve to death here."

On a similar occasion, Mr. Swift, after a full explanation of his circumstances, secured a credit of $13.00 from a merchant of Detroit. Pay day came; he could not meet the debt. With despondent heart he went on foot to Detroit to apologize to the merchant and renew his promise. Before seeing him, he went to the postoffice and found a letter with postage, 25 cents, prepaid, containing a present of $15.00 from a friend. Now our philosophy may lead us to other conclusions on such matters, but Mr. Swift firmly believed that that money came to him in his extremity in answer to prayer. He implicitly believed that God had special respect to His trusting children.

But to the man of strong muscle and determined will, possibilities have a large area and flexible boundaries. Before my recollection, the crisis had passed, and my uncle was well on the way to certain success.

Mr. Swift was appointed a justice of the peace by Governor Lewis Cass, by and with the consent of the legislative council, June 11, 1828, for three years. He was reäppointed June 26, 1831.

He was elected supervisor of the town of Bucklin, in 1827, and reëlected the two following years. After the division of Bucklin, he served as supervisor of Nankin, from its organization, in 1829, four years consecutively, and was elected to the same office in 1839. He was generally, if not always, elected on non partisan tickets. He was never an office seeker, and never

publicly engaged in party politics, although he took a deep interest in, and entertained positive opinions on national questions. He adhered, on general principles, to the whig party, till 1840, when he turned his back upon it and gave his influence to the liberty party, and his vote to its candidate, Jas. G. Birney, for president. There was but one other similar vote cast in the township that year.

In August, 1833, a little son of his, four years of age, in attempting to climb a rail fence, pulled a rail upon himself, inflicting injuries from which he survived but a few hours. After this affliction, and in the same year, he and his wife returned to Palmyra, their old home, for a few weeks' visit.

In 1835 Mr. Swift built a framed barn, and in 1840 he built a framed house, and transported his family to it from his log house, that had served them fifteen years.

On March 11, 1842, his wife died. She had patiently shared with him the hardships of pioneer life sixteen years, struggling with poverty and privation till her physical strength became exhausted. She laid her burden down at the dawn of their temporal prosperity, in the meridian of life. She was a noble christian wife and mother, and an effective aid to her husband in his christian work. I have a vivid recollection of her, as once I witnessed her exercises in church a short time before she died. It was at a prayer meeting in the little schoolhouse that stood near their home. Her prayer and her exhortation following it, were characterized by an earnestness and deep fervor such as I have seldom witnessed since. Her whole soul seemed to be engaged. How she pleaded with her neighbors, and O, how she prayed for the poor slave. I was a boy then. Forty-seven years have rolled by since that time, but that scene burned itself ineradicably in my memory. I can still in imagination hear the tones of her voice and am moved by the pathos of her pleadings.

Her funeral services were held in the Baptist church, conducted by the Rev. Samuel Bibbins. Her remains were followed by a large procession of sympathizing friends to the cemetery near by, where they rest.

Subsequently Mr. Swift married Miss Huldah C. Peck of Milford. In August, 1843, his house was burned, with much of its contents. The fire was believed to be of incendiary origin. He moved again into his old log house that he had left less than three years before. He rebuilt his house after a year or two. His second wife died in November, 1864; he then sold his farm and found a home with his son, Dr. John M. Swift of Northville, the remainder of his days.

His public life as a preacher commenced before he came to Michigan. At the age of twenty years he united with the M. E. church. At what time he com-

menced preaching is uncertain. There is a license authorizing him to preach, among his papers, dated June 19, 1819. If this was the first, it may very properly be assumed that he previously had license to exhort. This license was signed by Loren Grant, P. E. His license was renewed each successive year till he came to Michigan. The first renewal in Michigan was dated September 9, 1826, and signed by Wm. Simmons, P. E.

He served the church as local preacher till 1832, when he joined the Ohio conference, then having jurisdiction over Michigan, and was assigned to the Oakland circuit, and was reäppointed to the same circuit in 1833. He made the tour of this circuit in four weeks, in doing which he traveled 125 miles and preached thirty-one times. For these services he received $125.00 per year, in such articles as his people could spare; a very small part of which was money. On this circuit, on an average, he spent two and a half days, traveled on his own horse twelve miles, and preached three sermons for $1.00 in truck; and didn't lay up money at that.

He was ordained deacon by Bishop Hedding, October 17, 1833. He rode the Plymouth circuit in 1834; in 1835 he withdrew from the conference, for reasons that will appear hereafter.

In an early day he began to investigate the subject of slavery. His great love of justice forced him to antagonize the relationship of master and slave in all its forms. In 1834 his attention was called to the connection of his church with the institution; he became convinced that such connection existed as made the church morally responsible for its existence. With a courage equal to his convictions, he promptly began to agitate the question with the view of reforming the church; but, to his deep disappointment, he encountered powerful opposition from his ministerial brethren, who accused him of being a schismatic, a disturber of the church, an element of discord, etc.; but he claimed that the facts were what hurt them, and that they, and not himself, were responsible for the disturbance; that the church had no right to expect peace till it became pure. The agitation continued, and the agitator was maligned and ostracised. The Christian Advocate and Journal, the organ of the church, denied Mr. Swift a hearing in its columns. Bishop Hedding, holding the highest office in the church, publicly announced the doctrine that slaves might be held in obedience to the golden rule. Such a spirit of persecution was aroused against Mr. Swift that the conference refused to ordain him elder, after he had passed a creditable examination and fulfilled all the requirements of the church. Not a man stood by him in the conference; but he was finally told that he might be ordained and receive such an appointment as would flatter his ambition, on condition that he would give pledges that he would cease to agitate the subject of slavery.

He spurned the proffered bargain, and promptly withdrew from the conference.

If his ministerial brethren by their persecution thought to over-awe and silence him, they mistook their man, for their acts became additional weapons in his hands, and by his sermons and lectures he hurled such facts and arguments on their positions as gave them a wholesome fear of his presence and his weapons.

He labored on six years after leaving the conference, hoping for some action that would relieve the church from its complicity with slavery. Finally becoming convinced that such action was hopeless, in 1841 he withdrew from the church, followed by a large majority of the anti slavery members in a large section of our State. These seceded members were organized into a church under a discipline of rules drawn principally by his own pen.

Up to this time he had been a tower of strength to the church, notwithstanding his anti slavery agitation. His house had been a welcome home to the preachers who asked and valued his advice. And as to his labors and influence it was said of him that he was the instrument of more conversions, and that he organized more churches than perhaps any other man of those times in Michigan—say from 1825 to 1840. He was a fine and most effective singer, as was also his wife of his pioneer days. His vocal compass was from a deep bass to a high tenor and remarkably full, clear and sweet, and when his wife joined him in song with a fine soprano blending with his bass, the effect upon an audience was very marked and aided materially the effectiveness of revival work.

Neither agitation nor persecution ceased when he dissolved his connection with the old church. The following incident will illustrate the kind of opposition he sometimes encountered. In the summer of 1842, after the death of his wife, he went on a lecturing tour through the State. At Portland, Ionia county, after an evening lecture, a Rev. gentleman whom we will call Mr. C. arose and denounced some of the statements as false, and the lecturer as a man of ill repute where he lived, from his personal knowledge, having preached in his vicinity.

This threw the lecturer into a state of embarrassment, as he supposed himself among entire strangers. But he demanded the proofs on which his charges were made. Mr. C. said he could not then and there furnish them, but he would make oath to them; that in eastern Michigan, where Mr. Swift resided, he would not be supported as a man of truth and veracity, and that his reputation was bad. Mr. Swift replied, "As he is willing to take oath to it, let him do so." Mr. C. replied, "I will go before Esq. B. and do so." At this point a man in the audience arose and said: "I formerly

lived in Wayne county, and for many years was on the board of supervisors with Rev. Marcus Swift, and knew him personally and well and was well acquainted with his reputation, and I will say that no man stood higher in any respect than the speaker of the evening." Then for the first Mr. Swift recognized his old friend Mr. B., formerly of Plymouth, he being the Esq. B. before whom Mr. C. was anxious to make oath to his charges. The audience shouted and it was Mr. C.'s time to wilt.

Mr. Swift demanded a retraction of the charges, or he would be forced to prove them or fail at his peril.

A few days after, Mr. Swift received a written retraction of the charges by Mr. C. over his own name, acknowledging that he was in fault, and added, "I have asked the forgiveness of the congregation, and now I ask your forgiveness."

In the spring of 1843 Mr. Swift was sent as a delegate by the newly organized church to a general convention of societies similarly situated in other States, held in Utica, N. Y. At this convention the Wesleyan Connection of America was organized, and the new church in Michigan became an annual conference in that body. Mr. Swift became a member of this conference at its first session in the summer of 1843, and accepted a charge on the Ypsilanti circuit. This was the year that his house was burned, as related elsewhere. The next year he preached on the Plymouth circuit. His family accompanied him to each of these charges. This was the last conference charge he ever filled.

But though not engaged in conference work, he was not idle. He preached or lectured somewhere always, principally as a supply, or in revival work. In these services he, in a measure, dropped out of denominational work and sought to build up christianity more than sect. For a time he served the Congregational church at Wayne. Again he preached for the Presbyterian church of Plymouth. During the winter seasons he usually engaged in revival services irrespective of denomination. He was called to preach funeral sermons all over the country, a service for which his great sympathetic heart eminently fitted him.

His spirit of ecclesiastic comity was greatly enlarged as the years grew upon him and he became very liberal both as to churches and doctrines. In a very pleasant conversation with the writer in his later years, he said he would not consult a man's theology, but his life to determine his christianity. "If a man gives evidence in his daily life that he is a christian," said he, "I will accept the evidence and give him christian recognition."

Most men as age advances, crystallize around their creed, and become incapable of growth or change. But he grew with the best spirit of his age,

had burst the barriers of creeds and customs and accepted as solid truth that beautiful aphorism of Jesus: "By their fruits shall ye know them."

He died at the residence of his son in Northville, Feb. 19, 1865, aged 72 years, and was buried by the side of the members of his family who had gone before him. At the close of his life, he said, "The great principles for which I have labored and fought, amid reverses and persecution, are now the ruling sentiments of the people. I have lived in a glorious age, and my eyes have seen the powers of darkness give way before the coming of the glorious reign of liberty." His last words were, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

As a preacher Mr. Swift was logical, clear and able, and he was remarkably familiar with scripture. He spoke slowly and weighed well his sentences. When he became warmed up to his subject he spoke more fluently and sometimes rapidly. He was a profound thinker and always independent. His outspoken anti-slavery sentiments arrayed against him a prejudice which none can appreciate but those who lived in those times, yet I have no recollection of ever having heard his moral integrity questioned by those who knew him. In general society he took no prominent part. He cared less for society as such than most men.

I will close this sketch by a statement of the late Hon. Jonathan Shearer, of Plymouth, and a late member of this Society. In a letter to Dr. Swift after his father's death he said: "Your father and I differed in politics and religion; but I knew him well throughout the formative years of church and state in Michigan, and I wish to say to you as I have said repeatedly during his life, that no man, living or dead, has done so much for eastern Michigan in her civil, social, educational and religious well being and character, as did Rev. Marcus Swift."

Osband D. Swift,

the oldest son of Rev. Marcus and Anna Swift, was born at Palmyra, February 23, 1813. In his boyhood he enjoyed such advantages for school education as the locality afforded. Before he passed his thirteenth birthday he stood with ax in hand battling with the giants of the Michigan forest, in efforts to assist his father to build a log house. After coming to Michigan he fitfully attended the district schools three winters. An incident in one of these schools illustrates his courage and his aptness at repartee, which were characteristic of his life. At one of these schools he failed to comprehend the teacher's solution of a problem in arithmetic, and was called a blockhead. At noontime the boy was twirling a little stick in his hands in

a peculiar manner which attracted the teacher's attention. In successive efforts the teacher failed and the boy called him a blockhead. The teacher called him to account. His defense was, "You called me a blockhead when you had shown me but once, and I've shown you a half dozen times."

During the summer of 1834 he left his father to seek his fortune in the outside world. He found employment on a brick yard in Dearborn, where he worked three successive seasons and learned the business of brick making, at which business he labored a series of years successively. In September, 1835, he married Miss Louisa Mason, of the township. About this time he bought the west ½ of southwest ¼ of section 3 of the township and built a log cabin on it, perhaps in 1836.

In the summer of 1837 he, in company with his father and uncle, Wm. Osband, made a kiln of brick on his father's farm. The next summer he left his family and went to Jackson and helped to make the brick for the State Prison. In 1839 he took his family to Ypsilanti and made brick. The next year found him again on his farm trying to improve it. This year a terrible affliction fell upon his little household. His only children, two little boys, suddenly died. I will not attempt to describe the desolation that fell upon him that September morning.

In subsequent years he added to his other business that of bricklaying and plastering, and in 1843 he built for himself a small brick house on his farm.

In August, 1844, his wife died, leaving two little boys, and a second time his home was left unto him desolate.

In the April following he married Miss Nancy Wightman, daughter of Hiram Wightman, of Dearborn. With her he lived till June, 1850, when she died.

In the summer of 1847 he superintended the making of the brick at Leoni, Jackson county, for the building of the Wesleyan Methodist College. During several successive years, he manufactured brick on his farm, one or more kilns each year, and found a market for them among his neighbors.

In the autumn of 1851 he married Miss Louisa Cowles of New Hudson, Oakland county, and once more gathered his family about him in his own house. The next summer he moved his family to Detroit and commenced business as a builder, in which he became moderately successful. In 1853 he sold his farm to his brother George.

He died June 19, 1857, aged 44½ years. The last two years of his life were saddened by the acts of his youngest son, a wayward boy of twelve years. The boy became restive and discontented at home, which he clandestinely left two or three times, but was recovered. A final effort, in which he left no clew, was made, and his whereabouts were unknown to his father the

remainder of his life. If Mr. Swift had an earthly idol it was his children, and this event cast a gloom over his life nothing could dispel. "If it had not been for my boy," he said in his last sickness, "I should not have come to this." He left two sons and one daughter, and another daughter was born after his death.

He was a man of large muscular frame and of great energy and perseverance. His life was one of hard, unremitting physical labor. His manifold misfortunes were so great that his father said of him, after his death, "I can't see why he should have had any desire to live."

Intellectually he was bright; socially he was genial, and a desirable companion; a lover of music, and he gave to musical science such attention as the limited opportunities of pioneer life permitted. During many years his winter evenings were devoted to teaching vocal music to classes through a wide section of country. At times he devoted six evenings in each week to that service.

He was an abolitionist from the first, with the courage of his convictions, and the man that measured swords with him on that subject generally came off second best. In its interest he left the church of his early choice and united with the Wesleyan church in 1841, and continued within its fold the remainder of his life.

He was a kind neighbor, an enduring friend, a devoted husband and a loving father.

George W. Swift,

the second son of Rev. Marcus Swift, was born May 21, 1817. He was in his ninth year when his ear caught the first notes of the melodious wolf in the Michigan forests. He enjoyed the usual advantages of the district school before leaving his native State, but the school he attended the next few years developed more muscle and manly courage than brain. In his early life in the woods, bread and butter were necessities; the advantages of the schoolroom could be omitted. During the years of his minority he attended school only such days as he could conveniently be spared from earning bread. In those days, regular attendance at school was not considered important, and it was very exceptional among our people. George, in this fitful manner, attended not to exceed four winter terms of school. In the winter of 1837–8, he, in his twenty-first year, returned to his native State and attended a common school in Macedon Center, working out of school hours for his board. The following winter he attended a select school in Northville, taught by a Mr. Ames. In the winter of 1839–40 he sat in the schoolroom of Mr. H. H. Griffen in Grass Lake. Here he bade farewell to the student's

place in the schoolroom forever. The next winter he taught the only school he ever taught, in the Paxton district in Dearborn. In February of this year he married Miss Sarah A. Pudney of Northville. He built a house on the section line, just north of his father's barn. It was raised in the forenoon of the day that Harrison was inaugurated president. The morning was dark and cold, but about nine o'clock the clouds cleared, and the sun shone beautifully. O. D. Swift predicted the day was emblematic of the coming administration, dark at its opening but becoming brighter as it advanced. In the minds of some politicians, the emblem was perfect, for the sun shone but a few minutes when the horizon again clouded, and the remainder of the day was dark, cold and disagreeable.

Mr. Swift lived here till the summer of 1851. His business was somewhat miscellaneous. He was a farmer and carpenter and joiner and he worked at both. From here he moved to Northville, and in company with his older brother built a church in Lapham's corners in Salem, in 1851. For a short time he engaged in manufacturing and sale of boots and shoes in Northville. After a two years' residence here he bought his brother's farm in Nankin and removed thereon. A part of the years 1855–56 he spent in Detroit, as deputy, under Sheriff Joshua Howard.

In the fall of 1856 he ran on the republican ticket for judge of probate, but was defeated by Elijah Hawley, Jr. The following winter he was appointed State librarian by Gov. Bingham, and soon moved his family to Lansing.

In March, 1859, he, at the solicitation of the governor, went to the counties of Gratiot and Isabella to distribute the provisions the State had donated to the destitute settlers.

After the termination of his term as State librarian he engaged as a builder and manufacturer of furniture. In July, 1863, on the night of the celebration of the capture of Vicksburg, his furniture shops, on the corner of Shiawassee street and Washington avenue, burned with the materials and manufactured wares. This crippled his finances and he decided to leave Lansing. Having previously purchased a part of the farm of the late Wm. Osband in Nankin, he removed to it in the June following. He was sergeant at arms of the legislature at its session in 1865, and was elected to represent his district in the legislature at the election of 1866 and reëlected in 1868. He subsequently served four years as U. S. consul at Windsor, Ontario.

In 1874 his wife died. He subsequently married Miss Gertrude Dunlap of Northville, with whom he lived till his death, which occurred April 29, 1885, at the age of 68 years.

During his later school days George began public extemporaneous speak-

ing. While at the Northville school in the winter of 1838–9 he threw himself into the anti slavery contest, then coming prominently before the public. The discussions commenced in the school lyceum. They soon enlisted every man, woman and child in the vicinity, old and intelligent enough to take sides. The excitement spread to surrounding towns and enlisted not only the best local talent, but the best talent in the lecture field. Thus did the abolition war commence in our locality.

From this time forward Mr. Swift's voice was never wanting where it would bear against the institution he cordially hated. To better prepare himself for this contest, he read all the current literature on that subject, together with treatises on common and constitutional law. The cause was unpopular then. He was ostracised by society. His name became a reproach. But a change came. The clouds broke. The shackles fell from the slave. The banners of freedom waved aloft, and he became popular and served the people in the several offices mentioned above.

He was a profound thinker, a successful debater and a fluent and attractive speaker. He was a temperance man of the first water, and an uncompromising opponent of the liquor traffic. His public addresses in behalf of total abstinence from all that can intoxicate were numbered by the hundreds.

Mr. Swift's social faculties were of a high order. There were few who did not covet his society. In the social circle he was dignified, pleasant, easy of approach, discussed current topics intelligently and always with tender regard for the feelings of all present.

He was not a successful business man. His business methods were unfortunate and unpopular. His relations with his employés were frequently unpleasant. In his business relations he antagonized a great many men. He was active and energetic. He did a great amount of business and handled a large amount of property. But his last years were passed under a financial cloud which his persistent efforts were unable to lift.

In early life he united with the M. E. church, but followed the rest of his family in secession in 1841. Later in life he joined the Congregational church, with a reservation of certain points of doctrine.

He was sympathetic and his sympathies were easily excited. He loved a useful life, and did much good, and the world is better for his having lived.

Orson Ross Swift,

the third son of Rev. Marcus Swift, was born in Palmyra, N. Y., October 11, 1821. He was four years old when the forests of Michigan first bounded his visual horizon, and eight before he saw the inside of a schoolroom as a

student. During his childhood and youth he had such school advantages as the locality furnished, limited by the customs of those times. By general consent labor at home on the farm when there was work to be done was considered necessary; the school was regarded as important at other times. It should not be understood that the pioneers looked upon education with indifference, but that under the force of necessity they were compelled to give it the second place.

Early in the year 1842 he attended school at Ypsilanti and was called home when his mother died. He also attended the Ypsilanti Academy part of the winter of 1843–4, while preaching on a circuit in the vicinity. In 1842, at the age of 21, he was licensed to preach by the Wesleyan Methodists. He became popular from the first. His manner was attractive; he was fluent and enthusiastic. He threw his whole soul into his work. His emotional nature impelled him to efforts beyond his endurance. His physical strength began to fail him, and he determined to turn his attention to the profession of medicine. In 1847 he commenced to study and practice medicine with Dr. Bailey at the Valley, near Adrian. This profession he followed quite successfully the remainder of his life. He also maintained his official position in the church and preached occasionally, but never on a charge.

In March, 1846, he married Miss Mary E., daughter of Capt. Geo. J. Barker, of Washtenaw county, an estimable lady of culture and refinement, but physically frail. She died in 1854, leaving a son and a daughter.

He subsequently married Miss Jane E. Brink of Northville. He practiced medicine in Nankin from 1848 to 1852, when he removed to Northville, and from thence to Detroit in December, 1854. He became a member of the firm of Moore, Swift & Co., druggists, for a few months and then he removed to Bryan, Ohio.

His health soon broke down entirely, and he was removed to his father's house in Nankin, where he died April 3, 1856, aged 34 and one half years, of consumption, undoubtedly induced by his extreme efforts in public speaking.

Orson was a man of positive convictions, and never lacked the courage to express them. As a student he labored hard, but was more enthusiastic than profound. As a speaker he was impassioned to a marked degree; his thoughts flowed rapidly, and he spoke with much force; and as earnestness is always magnetic, he wielded a large influence in whatever cause he engaged.

As a business man, he was unfortunate, and he died under a cloud of financial embarrassment. He left a wife, and two children by his first wife.

Of these Marcus G. B. is a lawyer of Fall River, Mass., and Camilla A. is the wife of James Dubuar of Northville.

John Marcus Swift, M. D.,

the youngest son of Marcus Swift, was born in Nankin, Feb. 11, 1832. In his childhood to, say his thirteenth year, his school opportunities were superior to those of his older brothers, because of the gradual improvement the schools had undergone. As the pioneers became able, better school-houses were built and better teachers employed; and their necessities did not compel so much absenteeism from school.

But, at the age when youth should secure its best achievements in mental discipline, he was developing his muscle by holding the plow and tending and gathering the crops. The necessities of his profession took his father from home much of the time. His older brothers were seeking their fortunes elsewhere, and the larger part of the farm work devolved upon him from his early youth. With him it was a contest between study and work. He had a taste for the former, and stern necessity bound him to the latter. His efforts to compromise the matter by taking his book to the field met with indifferent success. Before his majority, with the reluctant consent of his father, he determined to go to school. For a little time he attended the college at Leoni. At the age of 19 he commenced the study of medicine, and continued it in the Eclectic Medical Institute of Cincinnati, Ohio, where he graduated in 1854. In 1852 he married Miss Emily B. Barker, at Grand Rapids, and in June of the next year, and previous to his graduation, he located in the village of Northville. He brought his wife and all his effects in a one horse wagon, owning neither horse nor wagon.

After his graduation he settled down to business, having neither horse, buggy nor money, and heavily in debt. Success under these conditions could only be won by close application and hard work. In a letter to the writer, before this sketch was conceived, he said, "I was forced to put forth all my energies, physical and mental, to gain and hold a creditable and living place. I have no hesitation in saying that, during the first, say thirty years of my career after leaving home, I did the work and sustained the strain of 50 years as ordinarily employed." And now, after 36 years of successful business, he controls a more lucrative practice, and a more commanding influence than ever before.

In 1867 he was thrown from his carriage and received injuries that permanently crippled his arm and shoulder. This, for a few years, induced him to engage in mercantile pursuits, but his medical practice and study was never fully interrupted.

Besides his first college degree, in 1854, he received a degree from Rush Medical College of Chicago, in 1864, as a recognition of his original contributions to medical science, particularly to a dissertation on diphtheria. He also became a member of the American Medical Association; of the State Medical Society; of Wayne County Medical Society; and of several other medical societies, besides being honorary member of Sydenham Medical Society of London, England, and a councillor of Detroit Medical College.

Besides his own family, he had the care of his brother Orson's two children, left orphans in their childhood, on whom he bestowed a father's love and a father's care, till both were happily settled in their own homes.

As a business man, the doctor seems to have been unusually fortunate. His business investments have been quite uniformly successful. He might have been rich but for the fact that his munificent charities, public and private, have absorbed a full moiety of his accumulations.

The doctor was elected to the popular branch of the legislature, in the exciting election of 1864, and was the only republican elected in Wayne county. The Detroit Free Press called him the "Lone star of abolitionism," and the "Only blot on the escutcheons of Wayne county." At the close of his term of service he declined a renomination.

In 1876 he was appointed, by Gov. Bagley, one of the commissioners to plan and locate the State house of correction.

In early life the doctor gave enthusiastic attention to vocal music, and he has done much to promote that science, being himself a fine singer, and mingling much in society.

Since 1884 he has labored under a cloud of sorrow, brought upon him by the death of an idolized daughter, his only child, Mary E., wife of Geo. A. Milne, of Fall River, Mass. The affliction overwhelmed and threatened for a time to crush him. But time, and the vigor and strength of his manhood, it is believed, are bringing him safely through.

His early religious associations were with the Wesleyan Methodists. In 1876 he united with the Presbyterians on condition that the right of private judgment on certain dogmas that did not receive his credence, be conceded to him. In theology he is liberal and charitable. In his opinions of public topics he is independent and outspoken. In society he is affable. He speaks well in public, and, on occasion, supplies the vacant pulpit of his own and neighboring churches with lay sermons. He often responds to invitations to lecture upon scientific topics, politics, temperance, and upon miscellaneous public occasions of various kinds, to which his culture and versatility adapt him. And to his influence is attributable much of the financial, religious and intellectual condition of the community where he has so long resided.

He is a close student, and finds in his library some of his most valued and intimate friends.

In person he is under six feet but broad and heavy, and all his movements partake of a strong nervous temperament.

William Osband.

The subject of this sketch was born in Palmyra, N. Y., June 1, 1796. His father, Weaver Osband, served seven years in the army of the Revolution from Rhode Island, whence he emigrated to Palmyra, with the Durfee colony, in 1791. His mother was Hannah, daughter of Gideon Durfee.

His school education consisted of a knowledge of reading and writing and ten days in arithmetic. His physical education was more thorough. He helped to clear and till his father's farm till his majority. He then served an apprenticeship with a carpenter and joiner, till he became master of that trade. In 1820 he married Miss Martha Reeves, a native of Westhampton, in Long Island. Soon after he went to work at his trade for Jessup & Palmer of Palmyra, and continued in their employ till he packed his tools in their shop to remove them to Michigan in 1825. Elsewhere in this article I have related the time and manner of his emigration.

The land on which he settled is described as the west ½ of southeast ¼, and east ½ of southwest ¼ of section 3, town 2 south, range 9 east.

At the time of his settlement there was but one other family settled within the town; a Mr. Marinus Harrison had settled near the town line in section 24.

When Mr. Osband had fairly got settled in his house, he had only enough left to pay Luman Fowler, his hired man, for a year's work, to buy a yoke of oxen and a cow and a small amount of provisions for current use. His first yoke of oxen died of bloody murrain and before my recollection he had another yoke.

The house was built in a little hole cut in the woods just large enough to contain it. The work of cutting down the timber commenced immediately. In after years I heard my mother describe the terror she endured as the great trees came crashing down close to the house on all sides of it. It is unnecessary to describe the process of converting heavily timbered land into a farm. It is an oft told tale, and the experiences of one family constitutes the history of every family so engaged.

Detroit was our postoffice, and the only base of supplies for every necessary except wood and water. Of these we had a superabundance at our door. The country was mostly level and on the lower portions water stood a large portion of the year till it became stagnant and putrid. From its

surface it sent forth malaria till it permeated the atmosphere to such an extent that few escaped its deleterious effects. Chill fever, and fever and ague were a common heritage. Some were almost constant victims for years. Mr. Osband had what was known as third day ague, two and a half years in succession. His was the most persistent I remember.

Mr. Osband's trade served him well in the new country. After neighbors began to settle around him he earned by it many dollars that as a common laborer he could not have received. He was more than a carpenter and joiner. He made and repaired various kinds of machinery, made coffins, ox yokes, sleds, rakes, harrows, ax helves, scythe snaths, grain cradles, etc. Beside he did his own coopering, gunsmithing and upon necessity made and repaired his family shoes, beside carrying on his farm work.

In working for his neighbors, it was his custom to take a load of tools on his back and start off, to return home at night and sometimes work late in the evening at home. His wages were uniformly one dollar per day. For many years he made all the coffins for a large section of country. The summer of 1833 he rented his farm and worked on the U. S. arsenal at Dearborn, for which services he got $1.50 and $1.75 per day.

In the spring of 1835 he built a framed barn for himself, and later in the summer he built one for Marcus Swift, and the following spring he built one for Tho. Dickerson.

In July, 1839, his house burned to the ground with much of its contents. The family moved into the barn till the house could be rebuilt. Not till the frosts of October did they occupy the new house.

In October, 1848, a son, Wilson G., died of dysentery, aged 21 years, and almost immediately his wife, my mother, was stricken down with the same disease. She lingered a few days and died. She had shared the toils and privations of pioneer life 23 years, had experienced all of its hardships with but little of its rewards. She had been a hard working woman from her childhood. She had borne and reared six sons on whom she had bestowed a mother's affection and a mother's care. The award of her children is, "She did it well."

Mr. Osband's third son, Luther, with his wife, were members of the family when his mother died, and they kindly remained with him the rest of his life.

In 1851, and again in 1856, he visited his native town. He died Nov. 21, 1861, aged 65½ years.

He was a man of undoubted and unimpeachable integrity; always alive to questions of public importance, though he never accepted public positions but with reluctance. He was a member of the M. E. church before my recol-

lection, and with the rest of his class he seceded from it in 1841, on account of its connection with slavery. He promptly united with the new organization, and remained with it the remainder of his days.

Politically he was a whig till 1848, then a freesoiler till 1854, when he joined the ranks of the republican party. He was radically anti slavery and gloried in the name of abolitionist.

As a temperance man, he took pride in the fact that he organized the first temperance movement that he ever heard of. While in the employ of Jessup & Palmer, against his will he was elected "boss" of the shop. When he assumed the responsibility, he told his men, as they had made him boss they must obey him, and one of his rules was that no more liquor would be allowed in the shop. Some demurred, but the rule was enforced.

In his last years he lived at his ease, and in the enjoyment of a competence, as the result of his industry and provident economy.

Children of William Osband.

Of these there are five brothers, only three of whom are properly pioneers. They all grew to manhood on the farm, and after their majority all became carpenters and joiners and all, except the second, have made farming and carpentering the principal business of their lives. Like all pioneer boys, their school education was limited by the necessities of pioneer life. They have all lived in the quiet of private life, and of them there is little to write. They have maintained a reputation for honesty, industry, intelligence and respectability, and have always received the respect and confidence of their neighbors. While none of them have become wealthy, all have accumulated enough of this world's goods to relieve them from fear of want, at least for the near future. In their youth they each united with the christian church and they have since received christian recognition from their associates in life. They have all led lives of sobriety, and in them the saloon and its work have ever found uncompromising enemies. All yet live, and their ages at their next birthdays will range from 54 to 69 years.

Wm. Henry Osband

was born in Palmyra, N. Y., Dec. 12, 1820, and was under five years of age when he first heard the song of the wolf in the forest, and nearly nine before he ever sat inside of a schoolroom. Being the oldest of the boys his services were more effective in earning bread, and his school days were more limited. Beyond the "three R's," his schools never furnished him a passport.

In 1846 he became a partner in the firm of Straight, Osband & Co., manufacturers of lumber and wool carding at Inkster, He continued profitably in this business till 1854, when he sold his interest and retired from the firm. He subsequently owned and worked and sold the west ½ of southeast ¼ of section 3, and the northwest ½ of southeast ¼ of section 14, and in 1862, bought a part of his father's homestead, which he still owns. In 1848 he married Miss Sarah M. Glass of Livonia. He now resides in the city of Flint. He has been a hard working man all his life, but is now much broken in health, as is also his wife. Their two living children, a son and daughter, are in business in Otisville, under the firm name of Stringer & Osband.

Melvin D. Osband

was born in Palmyra, N. Y., April 22, 1824, and came to Michigan in his mother's arms, at the age of one and one half years. His infancy was passed in very feeble health, and in his subsequent life he never developed a large amount of vitality. In early youth he acquired a great love of books and study. This passion, backed by a strong determination to indulge it, secured for him better opportunities for education than the majority of his fellows enjoyed. By his study at school and by the light of the wood fire in the chimney corner at home during the long winter evenings, he got the reputation of being a close student. To the schools of the rural district were added one winter at the Ypsilanti Academy, in 1843–4, and his school education was substantially finished.

In December, 1839, while assisting to gather ice from the river, he fell and dislocated his hip. From want of skill in the family physician, the bones were never adjusted. This caused a disability which has attended him in subsequent life; and in his latter years it has so crippled him as to unfit him for physical labor.

During the years from 1844 to 1853, he taught five terms of school, in as many districts, with varying success. In 1855 he took a course in bookkeeping in Cochran's Commercial Intitute, in Detroit. He worked at bookkeeping, pattern making and carpentering till December, 1857, when he removed to Lansing. He served as clerk to Hon. Ira Mayhew, superintendent of public instruction, from May, 1858, to January, 1859; worked at his trade till May, 1852, when he commenced as clerk for Hon. Whitney Jones, U. S. assessor, and staid with him until October, 1866. He was then appointed assessor of the city of Lansing, in which capacity he served till May, 1870, when he resigned. He subsequently was accountant one year in a hardware store in Pennsylvania, also chief clerk to secretary of State, Hon. Daniel Striker, two years; a clerk in the office of auditor general for a few

years, and the first clerk of the Lansing Iron Works. In February, 1882, he bought a stock of goods in Frederic, Crawford county, which business he carried on till August, 1888, when, becoming too badly crippled to perform the necesary work in the store, he sold the goods and returned to Lansing, where he is enjoying as best he can the forced retirement from business.

In 1859 he married Miss Helen M. Hoskins, daughter of Dr. Thos. Hoskins of Scio, Washtenaw county. They have a son, Chas. H., now cashier of the People's Savings Bank of Lansing, and a daughter, Nellie E., wife of Hon. F. A. Baldwin of Gaylord, Michigan.

Luther R. Osband,

the third son of Wm. Osband, was born in Nankin, March 14, 1826. He was the first white child born in the vicinity. The sturdy life in the woods gave him a good physical development; in fact, physical education was the most prominent feature of pioneer life.

He worked on the farm till his majority. In December, 1847, he married Miss Elizabeth Charlesworth of Redford. They soon commenced housekeeping at Inkster; but after a few months they became members of his father's family, and after the death of our mother, which occurred in November, 1848, they continued in the family as housekeepers for our father till his death, in 1861. He subsequently bought the northwest ¼ of southeast ¼ of section 14, and lived thereon and cultivated it till perhaps 1874. His wife died in December, 1872; he has never married since. His life has been one of hard, unremitting toil. They had three daughters; the eldest, Martha A., married James Hick, and died several years since. The second, Ellen F., kept the house for her father several years after her mother's death, but is now the wife of Leander Meldrum of Livonia. The third, Jessie E., is the wife of Henry Walsworth of Osceola county.

Luther still resides in Nankin, and is the only representative therein of his father's family.

Edgar E. Osband

was born February 21, 1832; he received a larger physical development than any of his brothers, being six feet four without boots. He married Miss Sarah E., daughter of Harcourt Ferguson, in 1857. They have a son, Wm. W., now superintendent of schools of Ontonagon, and a daughter, Meda L., now teaching at Calumet, Keweenaw county; both unmarried. Edgar left his farm several years since, and removed to Ypsilanti to make a home for his children while pursuing their studies in the Normal school. After their graduation, he removed to Ontonagon, with a similar purpose in view, where he now resides as proprietor of the Paul House.

Edwin R. Osband,

the youngest son of Wm. Osband, was born March 20, 1836. In 1861 he enlisted in the first regiment Michigan engineers and mechanics, and spent the next three years in the service of his country. In February, 1864, he married Miss Louise F. Straight, daughter of Daniel Straight of Nankin. Soon after the war he removed to Lansing, where he still resides on a farm one and a half miles west of the city. They have three children.

Edwin is now manager of the coöperative store of the Grangers of Lansing.

Luman A. Fowler

came to Michigan with my father in 1825, under contract to work for him one year. He helped build the house, fell the first trees, clear, plant and gather the first crop on the farm. He made our house his home several years, as long as he remained in the vicinity. At one time he was interested in the firm of Fowler & Wells, in selling goods in the house built by Dr. Adams, a little west of the Schwarzburg schoolhouse.

In 1831 he bought of the government the east ½ of southwest ¼ of section 10, and built a small log house and made other improvements on it.

About 1834 he went into the employ of Titus Dort of Dearborn, where he worked a year or two. He married Miss Nancy Cochran of Dearborn. He visited us soon after, which proved to be his last visit. He sold his land and about 1836 moved to Indiana, where, if living, he still resides. He had always been a welcome visitor to our family circle. Peace to him wherever he is.

Dr. Micah Adams.

Among my earliest recollections of persons Dr. Adams stands prominent. He was our family physician during my childhood and youth, and he was prominent as a neighbor, and a leading member of the Methodist church.

He came to us from Ohio, in 1826, and settled on the plains a little west of where the Schwarzburg schoolhouse afterward stood.

His first wife died in 1828. In 1830–1 he taught the first winter school in the Schwarzburg house, at $12.00 per month, and boarded himself.

About this time he built a log house on the east ½ of southeast ¼ of section 4, and moved into it. He lived here but a short time, when he sold out, with the intention of going to Illinois. The day was set for his going, but something interfered and he abandoned his plan. My father then offered him the use of five acres of land, without rent, so long as he should occupy it, on the northwest corner of his farm. He accepted, and

built a log house upon it. He lived here during the first year of the cholera in Detroit, in 1832, and he frequently went to Detroit on professional business during that season. His professional calls at Plymouth became so numerous that he removed his family to that place in 1833. His second wife, Julia, daughter of Rev. Judah Lewis, of Livonia, died in June, 1833. He subsequently married a Miss Chambers of Canton. She died late in the fifties. He died in 1859, aged 64½ years.

Several years before he died he met with an accident to his hip joint which crippled him so badly that from that time he walked only by the aid of crutches. As a physician he maintained a creditable reputation. As a surgeon his skill was not remarkable. As a citizen he was intelligent and honorable. His moral integrity was unquestioned. He seceded from the M. E. church in the great anti slavery movement, in 1841, and united with the Wesleyan church, and remained in their communion the rest of his days.

Joseph Keller

was a Dutchman, I think from Pennsylvania. I do not know the year he came. He first settled in the neighborhood a few miles west of us on the territorial road, but about 1830 he moved into the house Dr. Adams left on east ½ of southeast ¼, section 4. I remember him as a respectable, steady and sedate old man, a quiet neighbor and a member of the Methodist church. He made good improvements on the farm—a framed barn among them. About 1834, on a cold winter's night, their house burned down with considerable of its contents.

Jacob was running the Schwarzburg saw mill when I first knew him. Soon after the Toledo war the family moved to Toledo. The father, mother and two children soon fell victims to the bilious climate for which that locality was then noted. Since then I have lost all knowledge of them or their whereabouts.

George M. Johnson

bought of the government the west ½ of southwest ¼, of section 28, in February, 1824. The village of Wayne stands upon a part of this. I do not know whether he made any improvements on this. In December, 1825 he bought the east ½ of northwest ¼, of section 1, on which he built a log house with two wings; all fronting south on the territorial road that ran through the south end of that farm. In this he kept tavern many years. His wife died here early in the thirties. He subsequently sold his farm and ran a small grocery at Schwarzburg. This was before the days of temperance lectures, and he dealt in whisky and became one of his own victims. He went west. When and where he died I know not.

John Fisk

came from Brandon, Vermont, and bought the west ½ of northeast ¼, section 3, May 30, 1830. He commenced making improvements immediately. By mistake his first chopping was on the south side of his line on my father's land. He chopped about an acre and a half before the error was discovered. My father paid him for his work. He boarded with us during his stay. He suffered so much with fever and ague that he became discouraged, and returned to his old home before winter, where he married and soon after died. His brother,

Hiram Fisk,

became possessed of his land, and in 1836 placed his family and effects in his wagon, with a good span of horses, traversed the intervening space between the Green Mountains and his Nankin farm, where they all arrived in good condition. His family consisted of a wife, and two daughters of about four and six years. He found accommodations for his family at my father's while building his house. After a few years his wife became insane from which she never recovered. He returned with her to Vermont in 1848–9 where she died. He returned with another wife. She lived but two or three years. He subsequently married a widow of the vicinity. He sold his farm and bought another a couple of miles further west on the plains. He was a respectable and hard working man, and prospered as such men should. He died in recent years at over 80 years of age.

Isaac Wilkinson

came among us in 1828, and settled on a piece of land, west ½ of northwest ¼ of section 4, bought by John Cahoon, his son-in-law, in June of that year. At an early day he commenced making brick on the flats of the Tonguish creek.

The family were highly respectable and morally upright, and mostly members of the Baptist church. He died in the spring of 1851. Of his wife I have no recollection. His daughter "Seny" was housekeeper for the family after her mother's death; she died many years ago.

Carlisle T. Wilkinson

was the oldest son of Isaac Wilkinson, that I have any definite knowledge of, though there were other older children living elsewhere. He was a shoemaker by trade, though in later years he manufactured shingles. He had three wives, by the last of whom he had one or more children. He had several

places of residence; his last, in Nankin, was on the land my father sold to Dr. Adams, on the northwest corner of his farm. About 1857 he sold out and removed elsewhere. He died a few years ago in northern Ohio.

Alvah Wilkinson,

son of Isaac Wilkinson, was a young man in my childhood, and worked for my father. In after years he was a frequent visitor at our fireside. He was genial in the social circle. He was a Methodist, while the rest of his family were Baptists. He was a good singer, after the old, unscientific sort, and sang the old Methodist melodies in a style that made him a welcome guest in the congregation or in the fireside circle.

He married Miss Almyra Bush in 1840, and located on the northeast ¼ of northeast ¼ of section 9. He farmed it on a small scale, made baskets and sash, and worked at odd jobs for his neighbors. He was moderate in his enterprises, and the accumulations of his life were small.

In his later years, he drifted into Second Adventism and left the Methodist church.

He died in recent years at his home near the Nankin mill. His wife survived him but a few weeks.

Isaac Wilkinson, Jr.,

lived in the old homestead many years after his father died, but subsequently sold and removed to a farm in the vicinity of Ypsilanti where he still resides if living.

There were three other younger brothers.

Ransom Wilkinson

died within the last few months, on a small plat of land formerly belonging to my father's farm, on which he had resided a few years. His places of residence had been numerous, and his accumulations of property small.

Smith Wilkinson

married, lived in various places, and died many years ago under middle age.

Brahman Wilkinson,

the youngest son of Isaac Wilkinson, Sr., injured himself by some violent physical labor and died young and unmarried at his fathers house, of abscess in the side.

James Kipp

bought and settled the east ½ of the northeast ¼ of section 3, in July, 1830. He was a hard working, economical man and by his energy soon brought his farm into a state of cultivation.

The territorial road, known to us as the Detroit & Ann Arbor road, ran twenty rods, less or more, south of his land, which no road touched. After a few years he bought of Abraham Perrin, a piece of land between his land and the road, built a framed house on the road and kept a tavern therein. In the summer of 1843, he fell a victim to the malarial climate and died at the age of 42 years.

Two years after, his wife, formerly Miss Mary Westfall, married

Roswell Barnes.

He was a miller by trade and his business called him from home much of the time. She did the business for the estate and looked after the interests of the farm.

Mary Barnes

was a person of energy and business ability. She was rigidly honest in deal but a woman of great irascibility of temper. She made a success of business, and made such provision for the future of her children as her limited means would allow. Her impulsive disposition brought her into frequent collision with her neighbors, and few, if any, who had business relations with her, escaped the lashings of her tongue. But her enmities were not lasting, and she soon appeared, with a disposition to perform the kindly offices of a good neighbor. She died in 1887, at over 80 years of age. Wm. Kipp and "Bert" Barnes are her only children now residing in the township.

John D. Corey

settled on the east ½ of northeast ¼ of section 2, in 1833. His wife died, I think, within the first year. He subsequently married Miss Roxy, daughter of James Ferguson. He was a professional school teacher, which business he followed winters till old age, whenever he could get employment. And he was a pretty good teacher, after the methods of those days. He was also a brick mason and plasterer. Occasionally he also played the violin at country dances; these in addition to working his farm. About the year 1855 he sold his farm to William Sanderson, an Englishman, and removed to Delhi, Ingham county. After residing there a few years he removed to Isabella county, where he died a few years ago.

James Ferguson

settled on the west ½ of northeast ¼ of section 2, in 1831. He came from Niagara county, N. Y. He was a kindly disposed old man, and an active member of the M. E. church. He died in 1839. He left a large family of children, of whom Sylvia became Mrs. Peter Meldrum, Roxy became Mrs. J. D. Corey, and Jane, Mrs. —— Cummins. There were two younger daughters, but I cannot give their history. There were also three sons, as follows:

Harcourt Ferguson

personally bought the land his father subsequently settled, in 1830, and then returned to Niagara county, N. Y. In 1832 he sent the means to purchase the 80 acres west of it. He married Miss Louisa Harris, in 1833, and brought her into the woods the next year.

He united with the Methodist church in the summer of 1839, as one of the results of a series of meetings held in Rev. Marcus Swift's barn, under the charge of Rev. John Kinnear.

After a few years he began to preach, which profession he followed the rest of his life. During the last two years before his death he rode from his home to Greenfield, on horseback, and preached every Sunday. He died in 1850, aged 42 years. His wife, now Mrs. John Nichols, residing three miles north of Wayne, still survives, in her seventy-third year.

David Ferguson and Reuben Ferguson both died in early manhood, and both left children. They were noted in the vicinity as superior drummers, and they always belonged to the martial band of music.

Abraham Perrin.

No sketch of the neighborhood would be complete that omitted to mention the two brothers Perrin. They came among us in 1831 or 1832, from Monroe county, N. Y. During many years they worked in company, and their interests were so identified that a sketch of one would very largely describe the business of both.

They bought the west ½ of southwest ¼ of section 2, and the east ½ of southeast ¼ of section 3, and divided it into north and south halves, the first named taking the north half.

In 1832 they commenced building a sawmill on the river Rouge, which was set running the next year. This proved valuable to the neighborhood and profitable to the proprietors. After a year or two turning lathes were added which brought chair and cabinet shops into existence, and a spirit of enterprise became active. Blacksmith shops, wagon shops and dwellings sprang

into existence, and soon the place assumed the aspect of a village. This was at first called Trenton, but subsequently Perrinsville.

In 1842 a building was erected near the sawmill and wool carding and cloth dressing machinery put into it. In this latter business Daniel and Enos Straight became partners. Jonathan Dean of Eaton county, an expert, was employed to aid the new firm in acquiring a knowledge of the business.

The first dwelling of Abraham Perrin was of logs and stood nearly opposite across the street from the present Methodist church. He subsequently built a large framed house, which has at times been used as a hotel.

A serious domestic affliction befell this family the first spring after his settlement. His little daughter Polly was burned to death in the sugar bush by her clothes taking fire.

Mr. Perrin prospered in business and for some years was considered the first man, financially, in the place; but in the events of years, the mill and other machinery became unprofitable and was allowed to go to decay. The little village put on an appearance of unthrift, and his financial condition sympathized with his surroundings, and he died in poor circumstances in 1871, aged 71 years.

His life was one of respectability. He was a member of the Baptist church, a good neighbor and a worthy citizen. His wife, whose maiden name was Phebe Barber, recently died in Detroit.

They raised a family of two sons and five daughters, none of whom are living in the place.

Isaac F. Perrin,

besides his manufacturing interests, paid much attention to his farm on which he set out a large orchard of choice apples. He built a house in 1834, and in September of that year he married Miss Hannah Ann, daughter of Rev. Marcus Swift, and went immediately to housekeeping in his new house from which he never moved. His wife died in 1863, leaving two daughters, one having died six years before, aged 21 years; the other, Sarah A., is the wife of Dr. Thos. Morrison of Wayne, and a very estimable woman.

Mr. Perrin subsequently married the widow of Zenas Glass. He died July 3, 1867, aged 62 years. He was a man of enterprise, and entered with spirit into any movement calculated to benefit his neighborhood. He was a leading man in the Methodist church, a good neighber and an enduring friend.

Thomas Dickerson

was a native of New Jersey. From there he went to Pennsylvania, thence to Palmyra, N. Y. He joined our pioneer circle in 1831. He bought of the government the northeast ¼ of section 10, June 2, 1831, and immediately commenced building a house thereon. He brought his family before locating his land. While the house was building he found accommodations for his family in the east wing of Marcus Swift's house. His first house was built for temporary use. It was placed about 40 rods west of the east line of the farm on the north bank of the brook. After two or three years he built a cheap framed house a few rods west of it. He was a blacksmith, and the first of that craft among us. He built a log shop near his house, burned a coal pit to procure charcoal, and from his shop could be heard the clink of his hammer, as he did sundry jobs for his neighbors for a series of years. In 1836 he built a larged framed barn near his house which still stands, though houses and shop have long since gone to decay.

When Mr. Dickerson came among us, he left in Pennsylvania, three of his oldest children. Those he brought with him were Phebe G., John and Davis, all grown to full stature, Rhoda Ann, a girl of 12 years, Mahlon and William L. Phebe married Elronzo Thomas, son of Alanson Thomas of Dearborn, in 1832 or 3. He owned and occupied a farm on section 13. She reared a family of children, and died many years ago. The family have all passed out of my knowledge. John Dickerson died unmarried in 1840. Davis married Miss Amanda Dean, daughter of David S. Dean, then of Nankin, and removed to Kent county, and died within the present year. Rhoda Ann married David Hicks and has always resided on a farm on section 13. She has reared a family of children. In recent years an accident to her hip joint will compel her to walk, the rest of her days, on crutches.

Mahlon married Miss Isabella Felton, reared a family of children and died in Montcalm county, in 1888.

William L., the youngest son, learned the wagon maker's trade, and worked at it many years. By great industry and economy he succeeded in purchasing of the heirs, titles to the greater part of his father's farm, and has since resided thereon. In 1853 he married Miss Olive Litchfield of Dexter, who has shared his fortune since that time. They have also reared a family of children.

Joseph L. Dickerson, one of the children left in Pennsylvania, followed his father, arriving a year or two later, and commenced business as a blacksmith in Perrinsville; after a few years he went to Kent county, where he died in recent years.

Thos. Dickerson, the subject of this sketch, was an active and leading member of the M. E. church, and a class leader from the time of his coming among us till the great secession of 1841. He did not see his way clear to go with the majority, but gave the hand of christian fellowship to those who did go. He died in the summer of 1842, aged 58 years. The family has always sustained a reputation for honesty, industry and respectability.

Lawson A. Van Aukin

came among us in the autumn of 1831. He bought of the government the northwest ¼ of section 10, November 1, 1831. He built a small cabin of poles with a shed roof, in which he resided a year or two, when he replaced it with a substantial log house of larger dimensions. He spelled his name Van Aukin when he settled here, but after a few years he spelled it Van Akin.

He was a man of great energy and perseverance in matters of personal interest. By his energy and economy he succeeded within a few years in placing a large part of his farm under cultivation. During most of his years his principal product was peppermint, of which he distilled hundreds of pounds of the essential oil annually.

In habits he was a temperance man, using neither whisky nor tobacco. At the time of his coming among us he was one of the most profane men I ever knew, but in after years he joined the Presbyterian church and was never heard to utter a profane oath after that. He was ambitious for official position and personal honor. He was captain in the militia at one time, and subsequently reached a military grade by which he was called general. In later years he became justice of the peace. He was extremely selfish and nothing enlisted his interest that did not in some manner affect him personally. He was an element of discord, and his persistent efforts for personal favor antagonized so many of his neighbors as to defeat all his efforts for higher political positions.

In 1846 he traded his farm with Alanson Knickerbacker for the east ½ of northwest ¼ of section 1, where he resided the rest of his life. His former home was Phelps, Ontario county, N. Y.

Archibald Brink

bought the east ½ of northwest ¼ of section 15, of the government in May, 1834. His family stopped with Marcus Swift while he built a house on his land. He had little or no money after he had paid for his land and built his house. He chopped four acres of land for my father for his first cow, and paid for all his team work for two or more years by his own labor.

He and his wife were very hard working people. She did many hard days' work for my mother. They soon got their farm cleared and under good state of cultivation. They had no children. In 1850 or thereabouts he built a good brick house and was soon in condition to live in comfort. He was one among the very few who escaped the ague, which was the more remarkable in that he was surrounded by swampy lands.

By rigid economy he accumulated property, and in his later years he became a money lender. He was honest in deal, though called a hard man on his creditors. He was conspicuous for his boastful and exaggerated opinions of his own importance and his inappropriate use of big words in conversation. He died December, 1875, aged 67 years. His wife, who was Abigail Swift, sister of Marrison Swift, still survives at the age of 77 years, and is the only surviving pioneer residing on the land purchased of the government in the vicinity.

Morrison Swift

was a son of Elisha Swift of Ontario county, N. Y., and came to Michigan in 1830. He bought the west ½ of southwest ¼, section 3, and in the winter of 1830-1, hired John Westbrook, and they chopped ten or more acres of his land adjoining the road that ran through it. I was but a little boy but I remember distinctly that after the felling of every large tree they both yelled with all their strength, and it was no feeble voice they sent forth. We were half a mile away, but we always expected to hear them as much as to hear the felling of the trees.

The next season Mr. S. returned east, but in 1834, he returned with a wife. He had sold his farm and for a year he did the shoemaking for the neighborhood. In September, 1835, he bought in his wife's name (Louisania Swift) the northwest ¼ of northeast ¼, and the northeast ¼ of the northwest ¼ of section 23. He built a log house thereon and settled there soon after.

The usual result of industry and economy brought prosperity, and in 1848 or '49 he built a brick house finished in the best style of modern construction. His health failing him, he in 1854 sold his farm and moved to Detroit. There he lost some money by bad loans. He afterward moved to Rochester, Oakland county, where he died many years ago. His wife died more recently. They were people of the highest respectability.

Daniel Straight and Enos Straight

were so intimately connected in business that any sketch of one would necessarily include the other. They were the oldest of a family of childen in Essex county, N. Y., and after the death of their father, to keep the family

together, they went into partnership in their minority. This association was maintained until late in life.

Enos came to Michigan in 1834, and worked for my father on the farm. Daniel came with his family in 1835. They bought the east ½ of southeast ¼ of section 10, of Luman Fowler. Enos returned east and married Miss Mercy Jones, and brought her with him in 1836. They also bought the west ½ of southeast ¼, of Samuel Willard; but they worked it all in partnership.

They were leading members of the Baptist church. Enos was generally superintendent of either the Baptist or a union Sunday school.

In 1842 they enlarged their business by engaging in wool carding and cloth dressing, at Perrinsville. In 1846 they, in company with their youngest brother, Zachariah Straight, and W. H. Osband, under the name of Straight, Osband & Co., built a steam sawmill at Inkster, and after a year or two added to it that of wool carding.

Enos moved his family to the mill, and, after three or four years, he and Daniel dissolved partnership and divided their property.

Enos died in 1854, of cholera, and Daniel died in 1875. They were both men of sterling worth and of undoubted integrity.

Mrs. Marcia Straight,

(whose maiden name was Ferris), wife of Daniel Straight, now in her 78th year, resides in Lansing with her daughter, Mrs. E. R. Osband, and

Mrs. Mercy Straight,

wife of Enos Straight, now Mrs. Frank Brainard, resides in Inkster, at the age of 73 years.

In this family there were several other brothers and sisters, all of whom came to Michigan in 1835 and 1836, some of whom are sketched below.

Matthias Straight

bought the southwest ¼ of southwest ¼ of section 11, being part of the Job Sherman estate, and made it his home. He subsequently bought the eighty acres joining it on the south.

His first wife was Miss Nash of Plymouth. He subsequently married Miss Amanda Smith of Livonia. He accumulated property, and for some years has lived in Ypsilanti in easy circumstances.

Charles Straight

settled on the east ½ of southwest ¼ of section 11, formerly owned by Emily White. He married Miss Mary Towner of Livonia. By industry and economy he added other lands to his possessions and is now in easy financial circumstances. His wife recently died.

Zachariah Straight

was the youngest member of the Straight family when they came to Michigan, in 1836, being then about 10 years old. He was a bright boy and a good student in school. Besides the district school, he attended the Ypsilanti academy during the winter of 1843–4. He afterward taught three terms of district school.

As said elsewhere, he became a member of the firm of Straight, Osband & Co., in 1846, and in September of that year he married Miss Eliza Reeves, a cousin of the writer, and commenced housekeeping at the sawmill. His wife only survived her marriage till May, 1847.

In 1852 he sold his interest in the mill and went to California with his brother Charles, by way of Panama. On his way he was shipwrecked at Acapulco, but reshipped. He was taken sick before he reached his destination and died a few days after reaching San Francisco.

Sarah Straight

married Stark Norris, and has since lived in Clinton county; the last ten or more years as a widow.

Jane Straight

married Reuben Wight and lived on section 6, in Dearborn. She lived several years as a widow and died in recent years.

Job Sherman

came from Palmyra, N. Y., in 1832, and purchased of the government the west ½ of southwest ¼ of section 11. His family consisted of a wife and six children. He was a man of feeble constitution and the development of his land into a farm required more strength than he possessed. He soon died of consumption. His family were nearly all predisposed to the same disease, and within about ten years, his wife and four of his children died.

Ann Sherman

died in 1847, at Redford Centre, as the wife of Charles Smith, her second husband, leaving a daughter who is now the only living representative of the family.

Job Sherman, Jr., the only remaining son, lived a feeble, aimless life and died in recent years in Kent county, aged about 58 years.

Alexander Tait

came from England and bought the east ½ of southeast ¼ of section 2, of Amos Barber, in 1833.

He was an intelligent, respectable and quiet neighbor, but seemed to avoid society. Neither he nor his wife ever mingled with their neighbors. He seldom went from home, and I don't remember ever to have seen her away from home on any occasion. He died many years ago, and his wife died several years subsequently.

John Williams

came from England and bought, of the government, the west ¼ of northeast ¼ of section 11, in 1826. I do not know how long he lived there. Before my recollection he received fatal injuries from a yoke of steers he was breaking, and died. His widow moved to Detroit, and, early in the thirties, she married Peter Fick and returned to the farm. He was a weaver by trade, and did some very fine work in that line for his neighbors. He moved to Indiana, where his wife died. He subsequently returned with another wife, early in the forties, and remained a few years. When he left, or where he went, I do not know.

William White

came from Wayne county, N. Y., and bought, in the name of Emily White, his wife, the east ½ of southwest ¼ of section 11, in June, 1833. He placed his brother-in-law, Elias Steele, on his farm, while he attended to other business in Dearborn. In the fall of that year Steele sowed a field to wheat on my father's farm, "on shares." The next summer before harvest he sold his interest in the wheat field to A. Brink for $10. He then went home and took a yoke of oxen that Mr. White had placed on the farm for his use, and departed for parts unknown, leaving a wife and adopted daughter. Mr. White recovered his oxen where Steele had sold them, but Steele made good his escape.

Mr. White moved on his farm soon after and died, perhaps in 1836. His family afterwards disappeared.

Alvah Pate

came among us from Redford late in the thirties. He manufactured wagons at Perrinsville, and for many years was a prominent business man. He also did business as a merchant with a small country store for several years. His first wife was Miss Clarissa Hale. She died about 1860. He afterwards married the widow of William Brasington. He was a man of considerable enterprise. A few years subsequent he sold out and removed to Wayne where he died some years ago. He raised a family of children of whom I know little.

Nelson Pate,

a younger brother of the above, came not earlier than about 1842, and worked as a journeyman in his brother's shop. He married Miss Cornelia Merrill. He bought the west ½ of northeast ¼, section 11, and built a house thereon and died there in 1856. They were both of the highest respectability.

Ebenezer O. Bennet

settled on the east ½ of southeast ¼ of section 4, in 1839. He came from Connecticut. He was a man of the highest respectability, and an influential member of society. After a residence of about thirty years, he removed to the village of Wayne, where he died, in 1883, aged 77 years. His wife died within the present year. They had several children, prominent among whom is Dr. E. O. Bennet, at present physician in charge of the Wayne county asylum.

Benajah Holbrook.

At my earliest recollection, Mr. Holbrook was the proprietor of a little store at Schwarzburg. When he came there I do not know. For several years he was a prominent man in the vicinity. He kept the red tavern at that place for a time. His wife died and he married Miss Barbara Herr, daughter of Fidel Herr, a German, of Nankin. I think he did not reside in Schwarzburg after his second marriage. I cannot say when he left, but it was certainly before 1835. He lived in Plymouth after leaving Nankin, and about 1850 went to California, but died either before reaching his destination or very soon after.

Moses Stafford

bought the east ½ of southwest ¼ of section 10, about 1833; built a house thereon and lived there two or three years, then moved to the western part of the State.

Sarah Stafford, whether his wife or his daughter, I cannot tell (he had a daughter by that name), bought the northwest ¼ of southwest ¼ of section 10, in 1833, and a Mr. Webster, a son-in-law, resided there a short time.

Jonathan Hubbell

purchased of the government the southwest ¼ of southwest ¼ of section 10, in 1835. He was an old man and too feeble to do much in converting heavy timbered land into a farm, but he made some improvements. He worked at his trade of shoemaking for his neighbors, doing all of that work he could get. His son,

Henry Hubbell,

with his family, joined him in later years. He had contracted a disease of the lungs while engaged in grinding in a Rochester, N. Y., edge tool factory, and spent several years in feeble health. He died in about 1850.

When his father disappeared from the neighborhood, or where he went, I do not know.

William Brasington

bought the northwest ¼ of northeast ¼ of section 2, late in the thirties, and lived there till about 1860, when he died. His wife was Miss Mary Ann Adams. He was industrious, and of high respectability.

Samuel Millard

settled on the west ½ of southeast ¼ of section 10, which he purchased in 1832. He made some improvements, but in two or three years removed to Shiawassee county.

Norman Blanchard

bought the west ½ of northwest ¼ of section 1, May 19, 1830, and immediately settled it. He resided thereon till early in the fifties, when he removed; where, I do not know.

William Field

was brother to Mrs. L. A. Van Akin, and bought a small piece of land of Mr. Van Akin, perhaps in 1836 or '37, and commenced work as a cooper.

He married Miss Hannah, daughter of Jonathan Grinnell. After two or three years' residence, he removed to Ypsilanti, and subsequently to Green Bay, Wis.

Jonathan Grinnell

succeeded Moses Stafford on the farm in section 10, in about 1837. He had a large family of children, some of whom were grown to full stature. After a residence of eight or ten years they disappeared.

Gilbert Cooper

settled the southeast ¼ of section 2 about 1836. He worked at blacksmithing and ran a sawmill just east of his farm, besides developing the farm. Three of his sons still live in the vicinity. He died many years ago.

THE WILLOW RUN SETTLEMENT.

BY J. M. MCMATH.

My memory of the southeast part of Washtenaw and the western portion of Wayne county, known formerly as the "Willow Run," goes back to the year 1828, and I propose to give my personal recollections of that locality, of its first settlers, and of some of the events which occurred there from that date on for about six years.

The Willow Run is a small stream that gave its name to the region, and is a tributary to the river Huron, into which it empties its waters near the present village of Bellville. With this part of the State and its first inhabitants are connected my earliest as well as many of my most pleasant memories. I knew all the people who first settled there, and was myself one of them. I was born in the town of Romulus, in that beautiful part of the State of New York lying between the Seneca and Cayuga lakes, and came at quite an early age with other members of our mother's family, late in the year 1827, into this portion of the then territory of Michigan. We moved at once upon a farm, previously purchased from the general government by my late father, Samuel McMath, who, with my two older brothers, Archy and Fleming, had come on the year before to select and prepare a home for the family in this new country. My father, after having made the purchase and assisted in making some improvements upon the land, was smitten with the fever and died before the family came.

The place chosen for the dwelling and buildings was pleasantly situated

upon the east bank of the Willow Run. When we all arrived (there were nine of us, I being the youngest,) there were built and ready for use, a good large log house and a large log barn, with the other small buildings usually found upon a farm. All these old structures were well photographed upon my young mind, and though they have long since disappeared, they now come up before me as distinct and as well defined in every outline as any object I see today. On the east side of the house, running along the whole length, was a generous stoop, as it was then called, with the usual mass of vines and ivies reaching up and over the windows on that side. To the southeast forty or fifty feet, was the well, with its old fashioned sweep and bucket. From this well we drew and drank the purest and best of cold water. The large log barn with one or more sheds attached, stood a few rods to the north and just across the old territorial road which ran from the bank of the stream east and was supposed to lead to Detroit. On the west, and eight or ten rods from the house and just across another road running north and south, was the deep bank of the Willow Run. Down this bank a short distance and right opposite the house, was a fine spring of clear cold water, the flow from which never seemed to diminish or increase. Upon and along this bank were a number of fine old black oak trees with their wide, leafy tops. To the northwest of our place, four and a half miles was the village of Ypsilanti, first started upon the east side of the Huron river, while adjoining our farm on the south, was the one of Clement Loveder, who with his wife had settled there the year before we came. They were English people and had come directly from near the city of London. They were good, honest, intelligent folks, and made good neighbors. They built their dwelling upon the bank of this same Willow Run and had as beautiful and fine a situation for a home as I have ever seen. They had no children for me to play with, yet I often went to their house and much did I enjoy my visits, hearing her talk of her dear old England, and looking upon the many quaint old pictures that hung here and there upon the walls. He was now and then a little petulant and harsh towards his better half, and, believing in the old English common law rule, that the husband was not only the head of the domestic establishment, but had as such the right to administer corporal punishment to the wife on such occasions as he might deem proper, that is, when he was mad about something, he attempted at times, as I remember, to put this rule into force, but as she was quite a large, strong woman, while he was rather a small man, his success in these efforts was not always just what he liked. The good faithful wife, however, never seemed to question his legal right in this matter, though she never conceded that her conduct was such as to warrant an enforcement of the rule. In the

main they lived very happily and he soon changed his views as to his marital rights, accepting the more modern American theory. They both died many years since, leaving, as I believe, no heirs or relatives in this country.

Farther on to the south, beyond the Loveder farm, and by a winding woods road, one and one half miles distant, was the village of Rawsonville; why the ville was added to this name I do not know. There was only one house and a very small saw mill there, they being upon the north side of the Huron river. To the east of our house, and within the door yard, stood the old fashioned brick oven, in which all the delicious loaves of good, honest bread, the pumpkin pies, biscuits and cookies for the family were duly baked, and where too, everything was done just right. An incident I remember connected with this old oven. Along during the third or fourth year of our residence, the good mother, as was her custom on Saturday, had prepared and placed in this oven to bake a number of pies and other good things, when a party of men came along, stopped and asked for a drink of water. This was given them, when seeing the old brick oven and getting the odor of the baking pies, they requested some of them to eat. Now, these pies could not well be spared; they were intended for domestic use and not for sale, and besides they were not yet done. This was fully explained to them, but they were not quite satisfied. The mother, thinking they were about to leave, went into the house for a moment, and on coming out soon after found that not only the men were gone, but all her half baked pies and goodies as well. They had opened the rear door of the oven and stolen every single thing there was in it. It would be drawing it mild to say that mother was indignant; however there was no help for it, the strangers were out of sight.

To the west of the house and across the Willow Run was an unbroken wilderness for several miles to the westward. It remained so, unsettled and uninhabited for many years, the home and hiding place of wolves and other wild beasts. Wild hogs in great numbers roamed over the whole region. They were often hunted as game, caught with great difficulty, and like the man's horse, worth but little when caught; they were too poor for pork, and too wild and savage to be either fatted or tamed.

The old territorial road, but little used after the building of the Chicago road, was the route usually taken by the Indians, then roaming over this part of the territory, when going to and returning from Detroit, to obtain their annuities from the general government. Their pilgrimage was made in the fall, and they went in bands numbering from fifty to five hundred, counting squaws, pappooses and ponies, and not counting the dogs. While on the march they were generally quiet and orderly, marching always single

file, each pony carrying a squaw, two or three pappooses and a lot of camping utensils. They often camped near our house in the woods a little to the east, and when they had no liquor, they were quiet and peaceful, but this seldom happened. Whisky was cheap then and, if possible, more easily obtained than now, and it required but a very small quantity of whisky to cause a very large drunk among the noble red men, and then the very mischief was to pay; quarreling and fighting was in order and they made night hideous with their racket. Once I remember when their noise indicated something more serious than common, my brother Samuel, then a full grown man, ran over to their camp to see what was up, and seeing an Indian in one of the lodges was pounding his old squaw over the head with the butt end of his musket, promptly interfered and after a short tussle got the Indian off and was handling him rather roughly, thinking, of course, that he was doing about the right thing. The old squaw, however, didn't understand it in that way, so she at once sprang up and seizing a stout stick began beating brother Sam most vigorously over his head and shoulders, bidding him in broken English, to be gone and to mind his own business. This brother in speaking of it afterwards averred that he did not stand upon the order of his going, but that he went at once, vowing never again to interfere with other people's domestic affairs.

The location and general appearance of our old place was indeed very fine to look at, and gave promise not only of a happy home for the family, but of abundant crops as a reward for their industry. The timber consisted mostly of black oak, white oak, oak bushes, and a species of wooden turnip, which was called oak grubs. These last had above ground a clump of bushes resting upon an immense bulb of the size and shape of a half bushel basket, from the under side of which downward, grew a good sized tap root, extending several feet into the earth, and of such vitality was it, that were even the smallest part left, it soon grew and replaced the original grub. These oak grubs gave no little trouble in clearing the land, and their use in the economy of nature, if they ever had any, is a lost art. The timber was not large nor the trees numerous, hence the land was easily cleared. During the first three years, from seventy-five to ninety acres of this farm were cleared, fenced and put under the plow. By the fourth and fifth years, the soil had been thoroughly tested and its productive capacity fully ascertained. Now, I always regret to speak disparagingly of anyone who has done his best to serve me or mine, yet in this instance, I cannot in truth and candor say as much in praise of the producing qualities of the land of this dear old farm. It was a very light sandy soil of a reddish color with a stratum of quicksand lying from three to five feet below the surface, and

extending over nearly the entire southeast portion of it. The first one or two seasons after the land was cleared, the crops were fairly good, but after that all the elements that go to produce the usual cereals seem to have been exhausted, and the only thing that would grow to any purpose was the white bean. Wheat, oats and rye were dead failures; corn with extra care, did a little better, but was never after the first and second year more than half a crop. The usual fertilizers from the barnyard, buckwheat sown and plowed under when half grown, were resorted to in order to enrich this fruitless earth, but it was all useless; things would not grow. In later years, however, as I am told, and long after we left, this same land, by the aid of plaster and other fertilizers, which more modern agricultural science has brought into use, plentifully used, has become reasonably productive.

As the land did not grow tame hay, the corn stalks and straw used for fodder for the stock were supplemented by wild hay cut from a marsh, three or four miles to the east, lying along the territorial road. My first knowledge of legal proceedings was obtained from a lawsuit which grew out of this wild hay business. My brother Fleming had, during the summer, cut and stacked a quantity of this hay, leaving it to be hauled home as wanted for winter use. After this was done, and while it remained on the place where cut, a man bought the land and claimed to own the hay. Fleming removed it and was sued for its value, the plaintiff commencing proceedings by civil warrant issued by a neighboring justice whose name was Dalrimple. The arrest was made at our house, where Fleming happened to be, the justice himself being present with the constable to see that everything was done in proper legal form. Fleming requested permission to go over to his own house for some papers and for his other clothes, in order that he might not only better defend his legal rights, but that he might make a more respectable appearance in court. But as his house was just over the county line, and within the county of Washtenaw, and as our house was in the county of Wayne, where these proceedings were being carried on, his request was denied, and when he absolutely refused to go he was taken by the coat collar and forcibly compelled by the officers of the law, very much to his indignation and to the terror of all present. But on the trial the case went againt the plaintiff and the prisoner was discharged.

This brother Fleming was married at this time and lived upon a part of the original farm, about one half mile northwest of the old house. His land was a little better than the rest, but not much. He lived here some eight years when he sold and went to another farm, about five miles west of Adrian, on which he has since lived and where he now lives, surrounded by a numerous family, and enjoying the fruits of a ripe old age.

A short distance beyond brother Fleming's place, settled our uncle James Fleming, my mother's brother. He had formerly lived near us in the State of New York, and followed our family to the new territory. He had a large family of six sons and four daughters, most of whom grew up on this farm. Poor uncle James had a hard time of it. His land was much like ours, and although he and his boys worked hard and lived prudently, as did in fact all those early settlers, it was a life and death struggle for existence. He lived here twelve or fourteen years, selling at the first opportunity and at a very low price, and going thence in his old age to another new farm near my brother Fleming's west of Adrian, where died not very long since a very old man. He was a large, tall man, very industrious, and, in his younger days, loved to spend a day now and then in hunting. I well remember his old flint lock rifle and powder horn, always clean and bright, hanging, ready for instant use, upon wooden hooks near the fireplace. In the war of 1812 this uncle was a soldier at the battle of Lundy's Lane. My father commanded a company in that war, and at its close, held the rank of lieutenant colonel. The several engagements they had been in were fought over and over again by the fireside, and gave interest to many a long winter evening. It was told me by my mother, that in the early period of the temperance reform, when all the other men of the family yielded to the new doctrine of total abstinence and ceased to use intoxicating liquors, this uncle James, though a very exemplary man and a member of the Presbyterian church, refused to adopt the new theory and continued right along to take his morning and evening bitters just as he had done before. He kept up this habit to about the end of his life, and outlived all the other members of his father's family by many years. But whether the morning and evening bitters (always genuine whisky) aided in prolonging his life, or whether he lived to a good old age in spite of them, I do not stop to speculate. I saw him when he was over ninety, and he was then quite strong and able to do many kinds of manual labor. His brothers died at from sixty to seventy years of age.

About this time, the exact date I cannot give, occurred the Black Hawk war. This caused considerable alarm and much war talk among us, though there was probably no real danger in our case. Upon all frontiers, however, an Indian war is at all times a great terror. Everyone knows that an Indian will travel far and fast to gratify his savage propensities. Many blood curdling stories of Indian massacres, during this exciting time, were told, in my hearing, and I was therefore kept in a rather feverish state of mind. The sight of an Indian even was not good for me, and there were a good many of them too, passing and repassing our house during this time.

They were not then the tame looking fellows such as we now see, but large, fine looking, bold men, always walking with head erect and with strong, steady step. If they wished to go into a house, no matter what time of day or night, they just walked right in and never stopped to knock or say "by your leave." If they were hungry they made their wants known more as a demand than as a request. I was, therefore, not pleasantly impressed with anything pertaining to the Indian character. One afternoon while I was returning from brother Fleming's, and just as I was going through a piece of woods, I met, suddenly, at the bend of the road, eight or ten large braves coming right towards me, all dressed in war paint, carrying their guns and marching single file. Retreat was, as I thought, impracticable, so, terribly scared as I was, I put on as bold a front as I could and walked straight on, expecting every moment though, as they filed by, to feel the sharp edge of a tomahawk, and to have my scalp torn from my head. But I was soon past and out of their sight, and without any delay made my very best time home.

A mile or so northeast of us lived the Combs family. Old grandfather Combs (he was a very old man), during fair weather, visited us two or three times a week to gossip and talk over old revolutionary times. He and my mother had, during the colonial struggle for freedom, lived in the State of New Jersey, and she had, when a child, fled with her parents before the marauding march of the British army, across that State. The other members of the Combs family were John Combs, his wife and their four or five children. John was the hunter of the settlement, and many a gallant stag fell before his deadly rifle, to furnish venison, not only to the Combs household, but to the neighbors as well. He was also chief musician for the community and played the violin when the young people gathered for a dance. A very nice, clever fellow was John, but he had a fondness for whisky and betimes took more than was proper.

There was also another member of the Combs family deserving mention; old Lois, a colored woman. She was quite large and of a clear coal black color; born a slave, the property of old grandfather Combs, she was given her freedom by the laws of the State of New York, in 1824. She had remained with the family, however, and followed their fortunes to the new territory of Michigan. She was a kind, faithful creature, caring for the children and doing most of the work, not only in the house, but in the fields as well. She could use an ax as well as a man, and I often looked on in wonder while she would chop down the trees and then chop up the trunks into wood. The family, however, did not seem to thrive. Too much time

was spent in hunting and playing the violin, and too little in work upon the farm.

In 1827 our oldest sister, Roxana, was married, in the old home, to Orrin Derby, and they went at once to Ypsilanti to live. Wedding tours were not fashionable then. Mr. Derby was a New England youth, of good habits, had a good trade, was active and thrifty, and he and his little wife (she was very small) began life with good prospects. He built a house on the east side of the river Huron, some three blocks back, and on the south side of the main street. For a time they "kept tavern" here; he, however, had a shop near by, where he made and sold saddles and harnesses. As soon as they were well settled, sister Mary went from the old home to live with them, and remained a member of the Derby family till she married.

In 1830 our oldest brother, Archy, who, since father's death had, under our mother, been the head man of the family, was married to Miss Elisabeth Kimmel and went over to the north about five miles, near his father-in-law's, Henry Kimmel, and began business upon a piece of new land, with the view of making a home. His wife, when they were first married, was one of the brightest, prettiest and smartest brides I ever saw, and "chock full" of innocent fun and mischief. She was called "Betsy" by her own people, and is better known by that name now. Her parents were from Pennsylvania. In their early married life they had settled in southern Illinois, upon the Kaskaskia river. After remaining there a few years they left and came, with all their stock of cattle, horses, wagons, etc., through the State of Illinois to the south end of Lake Michigan, and thence on around the end of that lake up through northwestern Indiana and nearly the whole width of Michigan, to where he was living in 1830, and where he remained till his death, which occurred only a short time since.

I think it was the next year after brother Archy was married that the cholera broke out. This caused great excitement, but I remember of no cases of it in our vicinity.

In 1831 our good sister Mabelle was married at the same old home. This was made eventful by the large number present, and more particularly to me, by the fact (sorry to admit it) that I got most ingloriously drunk on the occasion. It was a custom then to have wine at wedding dinners. A large table had been spread, at which the guests had just dined; at the side of each plate was one of those very small wine glasses, filled with wine; this the guest was supposed to taste of only, leaving at least some of it in the glass. Being myself very small, I did not sit down with the grown folks, but when they had all left I came into the room, hungry and dry (a boy is always dry), and seeing these little glasses tasted one and rather liked it. It

occurred to me to see how many of them I could dispose of; so I began going around the table taking them in course. Very soon everything began to swim around, then I began to feel queer myself. I lay down, then rolled over and over; finally I lay quite still. Some one coming in thought I was dead, but I wasn't. Finally, after I had created quite a commotion, I was laid on mother's bed to sober off. The usual headache followed on this, and is still well remembered.

Sister Mabelle and her husband, Asahel Williams, also went to Ypsilanti to live after their marriage. He was a fine looking young man, bright and active, but was lacking in that stability in business pursuits essential to ultimate success. He was a tailor by trade, but soon left that for other business.

After living at Ypsilanti for two or three years he went to some place in Indiana, where his wife soon after joined him.

The next to leave the old home was our brother Robert. In 1831 or 1832, and when he was about 17 years of age, it was decided, after much talk with our then pastor, Rev. Ira M. Weed, and after many family consultations, that he should become a minister, and with that in view he left home to begin the studies preparatory to entering college. He was then small of his age, not very robust in health, but was of a studious turn of mind, loved to study and to read. Brother Samuel, on the other hand, who was two or three years older than he, was the mechanic of the family. Everything in that line seemed naturally to go to him, and I must say that he was always able to do about everything; could make a sled, mend a wagon, make a pair of shoes, a drum or a violin. He also played well upon the snare drum. Brother Robert blew good music upon the fife, and together they often made the whole country echo at evening time with the best of martial music.

The habits of the people of this settlement were simple and their wants few. Grocery and dry goods bills were light. Maple sugar was made in the spring and did duty for most purposes the whole year round. The making of it was hard work; we had to go four or five miles to find the trees; but it was looked upon as a sort of holiday entertainment; was engaged in by whole families and heartily enjoyed by all. Barley did very well for coffee; the best of butter was made at home; pork and beef were home productions; of good, fresh eggs we had an abundance; the river Huron supplied us with excellent fish of choice varieties, and the forest held plenty of nice strawberries, whortleberries and sweet nuts, all to be had in their proper season. Farmers never buy flour, corn meal or vegetables; we did not then. Buggies either with or without canopy tops were not used. When a young man wanted to attend a social, five or ten miles away, he just mounted his good horse and taking his best girl on behind, went. This may have been a little

hard on the horse, but the riders enjoyed this mode of conveyance and always had a lively time of it. The nearest mills where corn and wheat could be ground, during the first two years, were at Detroit and Pontiac. Going to mill then was no small matter and took several days; but in the third year Mark Norris and John Brown (not he whose soul goes marching on) built a gristmill on the Huron river, at Ypsilanti, and then our wants in this direction were more easily supplied. The health of our people, if nothing be said of the fever and ague, was generally good. I remember of no deaths occurring while we lived there. The ague, however, was there, and it stayed. The doctor, with his whole saddle bags of medicine, did but little good; it paid its unwelcome visits to about everyone, and none could shake it off. I alone of the whole family escaped; this was a wonder to the others, but I am not willing to confess that I ever regretted not having had it.

The clothing for the family, as well as the materials for it, were made at home, excepting, perhaps, the materials for extra fine dresses and a few articles in the millinery line for the women folks. Linen sheets, woolen blankets and rag carpets adorned the house; hair mattresses, patent spring beds and marble topped bedroom sets were not known then; but we had, instead, good feather beds, nice pillows, and home made bedsteads which, if they did not cost as much as the modern kind, were considered then very good, and gave just as sweet and refreshing sleep. The big spinning wheel for wool, and the little wheel, with its distaff, for flax, then so common in every house, have long since gone out of use, and are now objects of curiosity only. A few sheep provided the wool which was clipped, carded and spun at home. A hand loom wove it into cloth, which was sent away to be fulled. It was soon returned a good, substantial gray cloth, which was cut and made up in the house into winter suits for the men folks, and always did good service. There was not much effort at style; clothes were just cut, made and put on, and that was about the whole of it. For summer wear, for the men and boys, a good linen suit was always in order. Boys did not tear these linen clothes; they couldn't. The girls made us straw hats for summer, and for winter they manufactured for us hats or caps of some kind of woolen stuff. These latter would hardly be thought in style now, but they were comfortable and handy and kept the ears from freezing in cold weather. For shoes, the leather had to be bought, but brother Samuel, who was the mechanical genius of the family, somehow without having learned the trade, made us very good shoes. They might not have looked as well as those now worn, but they fitted the feet and did not hurt the corns.

The Beers family came in about 1830, and built a small house on a part of Brother Fleming's land, just north of his house, where they lived two or

three years. Mrs. Beers taught the first school in the nighborhood, and the first I ever attended. Later I attended a school taught by my sister Mabelle, over on the Chicago road, nearly a mile east of Mr. Bowen's place. While I was attending this school some one broke into the schoolhouse one night and stole nearly all our little school books, with about everything else that could be carried off. We learned, a few days after, that the thief had been caught near Detroit, tried and convicted, and severely punished by whipping; such was the law then in the territory. Our books were returned to us. A little later I went part of a summer to a school located near the Supes farm, about a mile southeast of Mr. Loveder's place. It was while going to this school one morning that an incident occurred that I must not omit to mention.

As I walked quietly along the road leading south, towards Mr. Loveder's place, with the fence on the left and the deep bank of the willow run on the right of me, I saw, coming up the bank just in advance of me, a large wolf. I knew what it was, for I had recently seen one that had been caught in a trap. I was too much frightened to run, so I did nothing but stand still until the animal came up into the road and turned to come towards me, when I raised my dinner basket, and, shaking it, screamed with all my might. At this the wolf turned, leaped over the fence and ran off and around towards our house. Fearing to go back, I just went right along towards school, but when I reached Mrs. Loveder's I went in and told her what I had met in the way. Much to my indignation she accused me of telling a falsehood, and intimated that I had seen nothing but a dog, and probably not even that. The wolf, after passing me, continued on towards our house; it was soon seen by my brothers, who with others pursued it with dogs and guns for a good distance and finally killed it. The early settlers here, as elsewhere, had other things to contend with besides poor soil, distant mills and the ever present ague. This whole country seemed to be the native home and paradise of wolves; it was a constant care to protect our sheep and young cattle from their ravages, and their howling at night, often close to the house, was fearful. Now, if there be any animal in the world that can make himself numerous, it is the wolf; though his voice is not sweet or melodious, it has great compass and variety of tone; in fact, each can be, when he chooses, a full band all by himself, and if you did not know him well you would certainly think there were at least forty in the orchestra, so great and peculiar is the variety of his utterances. Then, like the thief and coward that he is, he does all his hard work at night, spending the day in his hiding place, digesting what he has stolen and eaten the night before. He is partial to mutton and veal, prefers to do his own butchering, and always takes his rations raw. I think they made it a point to visit us

every night during fall, winter and spring. If a sheep was left out unhoused for even a single night, we were sure to find its half eaten remains lying somewhere about in the morning.

Most of the settlers were of Presbyterian stock and attended public worship on the Sabbath. Our family, Mr. and Mrs. Loveder and Uncle Fleming's people went to Ypsilanti. Betimes some wandering minister would favor us and hold services on an evening at some of the private houses. I well remember my first appearance in meeting at the old red Presbyterian church in Ypsilanti. The late Rev. Ira M. Weed was in the pulpit; he had but recently come on from somewhere among the hills of New Hampshire to make his first effort here as pastor of a church. Long board seats were arranged on three sides of the audience room, rising one above another for the use of the men and boys, while in the body of the church were some long seats with backs to them; these were for the ladies and the more genteel part of the congregation. There were no pews and no organ. We had a long sermon in the forenoon, an intermission (Sabbath schools were not commenced then) of two hours, then another service lasting until half past three, and then again another in the evening. People in the country did not usually remain for the evening service. Such long services, filling up nearly the entire day, would be thought tiresome now and we are inclined to pity those who formerly had to endure them; yet it must not be forgotten that most of the men and women who grew up under those old fashioned ways, and long Sunday ministrations, were strong in religious faith and doctrine and good honest people who paid a hundred cents on the dollar every time.

Besides those already mentioned there were a few others that came and settled near us, but not many. Mr. Supe located on the Huron river two or three miles below us. He was a German of the Pennsylvania kind, a man of means. He soon had a fine, well cleared farm. The Vining family lived near him, while two miles or so to the northeast of us settled a family by the name of Horner, a respectable, thrifty, well to do household.

Ypsilanti grew apace meantime, the west side of the river after awhile taking the lead. The present part of the town where the depot and upper bridge are now seen, was then still overgrown with trees and brush. Among its prominent men I now recall the name of Solomon Champion, Mark Noris, A. H. Ballard, Jas. M. Edmunds, Madison Cook, John Brown, Walter B. Hewitt and Orrin Derby. The good old Dr. Millington looked after the health of the people, while the lawyers, Marcus Lane and Elias M. Skinner, saw to it that their legal rights were preserved or a fair opportunity given to contend for them before the proper courts.

In about six years from the time we came there, the family consisted of only our mother, brother Samuel, sister Elsie and myself. The old farm was then sold and the family moved out near Adrian. As time went on the Reaper Death came betimes to several of them. My mother and two of my sisters, Mrs. Mary Persels and Mrs. Elsie Brewer, now lie buried side by side in the cemetery at Niles. Another sister, Mrs. Mabelle Williams, sleeps in a grave at Berrien Springs. My oldest brother, Archy, and my brother-in-law, Orrin Derby, died in California many years since; brother Samuel died at Ypsilanti in this State, and brother Robert (Rev. Robert McMath) died some fourteen years since, at Webster, in the State of New York. There now only remain of the old household besides myself, my brother Fleming, a widower, who lives a few miles west of Adrian, and my oldest sister, Mrs. Roxana Derby, who now lives a widow at Greenville, in this State.

THE RIVERS OF THE SAGINAW VALLEY SIXTY YEARS AGO.

BY JUDGE ALBERT MILLER.

The Kawkawlin I first will name,
A noted stream for fish and game;
And to your notice I will bring
Its Indian name, Ogohcawning,
Which, in English, means the home
Where wall eyed pike are wont to come;
For at its mouth there then was found
A very famous fishing ground.
The Williams brothers traded then,
And, with the help of a dozen men,
A cargo there each spring they'd take
And ship them all across the lake
To sell at Cleveland or Detroit,
And thought it then no great exploit.
No white man's dwelling then was seen
Along the banks of the Kawkawlin;
The nearest settlement that day
Was fully twenty miles away.
In sailing southward on the bay
On any pleasant summer day,

When off the mouth of Kawkawlin,
The Saginaw was plainly seen.
The perils of its navigation
Were then unheeded by the nation.
No friendly light was there to show
The troubled sailors where to go,
But, unobstructed by a bar,
Its free commerce then to mar,
Six feet of water scarce was found
Between the surface and the ground.
But, when the vessel sailed inside,
In deeper water she would ride,
And on each hand there might be seen
A broad expanse of living green.
The prairie coming to each shore
With groves of trees was dotted o'er.
Thus it appeared on left and right,
Until was reached Bay City's site,
Where there was seen, on either hand,
Timber growing on higher land.
On the right, tall pines were seen,
Distinguished by their darker green;
And on the left the banks were high,
And could all freshets then defy.
Here, in two channels, the river 's cleft,
The broader one is on the left;
There lies a middle ground between,
Where many hay stacks have been seen.
Upon the right, and at the south,
Lies the broad Squaconing's mouth;
To the north of which you'll see
The first old Indian apple tree.

The fine location soon did draw
A settlement at Saginaw.
It is not now quite fifty years
Since Harry Campbell there appears;
A joker of the ready sort,
Always looking out for sport.
One day at Saginaw he found
A dentist there, on business bound,

Who of him inquired to know
The chance for business down below.
Harry, bent upon a joke,
Thus of business prospects spoke:
"Yes, there's Squire Conning, now, forsooth,
With a big mouth and not a tooth;
His mouth, it is so very large,
To fit with teeth you well can charge
So that great profits will inure,
For teeth Squire Conning must procure."
The dentist then, on business bent,
Straight to Lower Saginaw went.
There his errand he made known,
And when his reference he had shown,
And said he came down from the south
To fit with teeth Squire Conning's mouth,
Those present, into laughter broke,
And said 'twas Harry Campbell's joke.

Now to our vessel we must go,
Our progress has been quite too slow.
But if the wind blows from the north
Upon our journey we'll set forth,
We'll pass the creek Sonwesconing,
Which Skull Island near will bring,
Where, by tradition we are taught,
A famous battle once was fought,
Which drove the Saugies from the land
And gave it to the Ojibway band.
Forward and to the left we'll see
The landmark called the old lone tree;
Perched on its top a big white owl,
Which is a spirit in a fowl,
For an Indian prophet long ago
Told his people it was so;
That the guardian spirit of their race
In the owl there sitting at that place,
Their course would watch, their actions guide,
So that prosperity would abide.
But when the spirit left the field,
Their nation's doom would sure be sealed;

Some great misfortune then would come;
In places strange they 'ere would roam.
I cannot tell how much he knew,
But the Indian's prophecy came true;
For more than fifty years ago
The tree received a fatal blow.
It yielded to the treacherous flood;
The waters long around it stood.
Its leaves fell off, its branches bare,
E'en like a skeleton it stood there;
While around and above the fierce storm swept,
The spirit owl his vigils kept;
But when it tottered to the ground,
The owl no longer could be found.
Smallpox among them then appeared,
Which by all, is greatly feared;
They, unaccustomed to the sight,
Were panic stricken with affright;
When an Indian was attacked,
Their utensils soon were packed
And to some other place they'd fly
And leave the victim there to die.
It followed them from place to place,
'Till by it fell one half their race;
The remnant then in lonely bands,
Went forth to unaccustomed lands.
Sixty years have scarce rolled round
Since few but Indians here were found;
When fourteen hundred in a day
Were gathered to receive the pay
Which was due them from this nation
According to treaty stipulation.
Now scarce an Indian is found
Upon their once best hunting ground;
Near the site of the old lone tree
A mile race course we now may see.
No Indian passing by the place,
No spirit owl to watch their race.

Our onward course we will pursue
And see what else is brought to view.

The Devil's Elbow comes the next,
Which the sailors always vexed;
For the river here takes such a bend
That eastward now our course must tend.
But when we've passed Cheboygan's mouth,
It then lies nearly to the south.
At this place, sixty years ago,
The banks were high, the river low;
Miles of the blue joint grass were seen
On the prairie, so bright and green.
On these green banks did wild flowers bloom,
Sending forth a sweet perfume.
As Willow Island we shall pass,
We 'll see a tree, and blue joint grass;
But when we reach Zilwaukie's site
There's timber land upon the right;
Upon the left, the Island Crow,
Where the Indians' corn did grow.
Passing Crow Island, soon after that,
We come to the shoal—the Carrollton flat;
The river so spreads o'er the ground,
Four feet of water is all that's found.
There on the right the traveler sees
Another clump of apple trees.
Who planted them? Tell, if you can,
Whether an Indian or white man;
For they were old, as we do know,
As they stood there sixty years ago.
And as the flats we now pass o'er,
We closely hug the right hand shore,
And pass along 'till the pilot sees
A little clump of willow trees;
Then put the helm down hard a lee
And in deeper water soon we 'll be.

In all this route o'er which we've been
No white man has as yet been seen;
No improvement has e'er been made
In all this land, with ax or spade.

But here upon the left we'll see
(Near the street that's now called Genesee,
In the city of East Saginaw,)
A block house, built with ax and saw.
By whom 'twas built we do not know,
But it stood there sixty years ago,
Unfinished, and without a roof,
Which state of facts comes near a proof
That the Indian's savage nature then
Proved hostile to all good white men;
For the "Mission" that was undertaken
Forever after was forsaken.

Further on, and to the right,
If evening's come, we'll see a light,
For there's a house, two stories high,
First on the route that we'll espy;
Built by the trader, Jo Compeau,
Seven and sixty years ago,
When the soldiers of the nation
Near that place then had a station.
A little farther on our route
We'll cast our anchor, and look about.
If in the Indian tongue I'd sing,
I'd call the place now Pa-su-ning;
But when the English term is found,
Its meaning is, "Near camping ground."
Your attention to it I draw,
For 'tis the fort at Saginaw.
Here stands some of the old stockade,
Which by the soldiers had been made;
The gate which had been iron bound,
Was broken and had fallen down.
Six block houses there did stand,
On a very beautiful rise of land.
No new improvements had been made;
No business here but Indian trade.

Here, now, we'll leave our larger boat,
And in a canoe we'll onward float.

As up the river we pass along,
The place on the right is Shaw-es-sko-skong;
Green Point, the Indian word doth mean,
Appropriate when the prairie's seen.
The only ferry was crossing here,
That was on the river for many a year.
Here two large rivers unite their flow;
To view them is pleasant, as on we go
For where together they mingled run,
The river Saginaw is begun.
Here on the right there swift doth run,
The prettiest river under the sun;
Its deep, fresh current is crystal clear,
Till mingled with darker waters here;
Its Indian name is pronounced, I think,
As if it were written Ta-ta-ba-wa-sink,
Which is the same as if you say,
Running parallel with the bay;
That you will see is the river's course,
Which gives the Indian name its force.
We pass the prairie, and then there come
Extensive orchards of purple plums.
When we have gone a mile or more,
Standing upon the left hand shore
A trading house we there shall see,
Built by Riggs, named Lauren P.,
But abandoned as we do know
Nearly sixty years ago.
We pass the Riggs house; the scene is changed;
Deep forests on either hand are ranged,
Huge black walnut trees are seen,
With red elm and butternut between;
Five lengths of twelve foot rails I've cut
From the trunk of one tall butternut.
In springtime, flooded by melted snow,
The river here does its banks overflow;
And for their fertility of soil
Of the lands I've seen they surpass them all.
Next thing to notice, as on we pass,
Is, on the left bank, a patch of grass;

Standing there the traveler sees
The most famous of all the apple trees.
Four large trunks from one small seed grow,
Planted there in the long ago.
Other trees close around it stand,
But that's the most famous in the land.
The fruit it bears is the very best,
As eating of it will surely attest.
Since sixty years, if not before,
One hundred bushels a year it bore.

As we pass along to view the ground,
A high bank on the left is found;
When further on and to the right,
A little clearing comes in sight;
Upon it there a log house stands
Which has been built with white men's hands.
The place that does the eye so charm
Long ago was called the Stanard farm.

Further on, six miles from town,
We 'll reach the farm of Yankee Brown.
Around the town the story ran
That he was an easy-going man;
On the river's bank he cut his trees,
And to get rid of them with ease
Into the stream he let them fall,
Trunks and branches, leaves and all;
Thus obstructing navigation,
Against a law of this great nation.
Then everything there was to "tote"
Had to be carried in a boat.
Jewett, up the river bound,
Paddling along o'er familiar ground,
Near shore his boat did glide with ease
Until he reached those fallen trees,
When, with all his might and main,
Around them he went to the shore again.
When he stood up, and with a frown,
He thus addressed his neighbor Brown:

"If I catch you at that again
I surely will of you complain."
"That makes no odds," said Brown, "you see
Most every one complains of me."

Upwards of sixty years ago
Of a famous mill site some did know.
Considered of great value then;
None nearer in the white man's ken
To Saginaw could then be found,
Where mills could run or grists be ground.
Milling soon after was done by steam,
No mill dam now obstructs the stream;
The place here noted in my ditty
Is now the site of Midland City.

The right hand fork we'll now ascend,
But far more force we now must lend,
For as further up the stream we go,
Much stronger doth the current flow.
We'll pass along, twelve miles or more,
And look upon the left hand shore.
And now Salt river doth appear,
Where democrats were bound last year;
At the river's mouth, or just below,
Not far from fifty years ago,
The State did there then undertake
A well to bore and salt to make;
The project failed, and that sad fate
Was caused by being a bankrupt State.

To explore these smaller inland streams
By far a heavier task would seem;
For nothing near them could there be found,
But pine and Indians' hunting ground.
Pine grew on every valley stream;
On Tittabawassee the most was seen.

We'll now again to the forks return,
And see what further there is to learn.
The left hand fork I now will say
Is called the river Chippeway.

As up the Chippeway stream we go,
Into it we'll find Pine river flow.
Both rivers in these days known quite well,
In Gratiot county and Isabel;
But then in the times so long ago
No white man's work was there to show;
Nothing at all could there be found,
But Indians' camp and hunting ground.

To the Saginaw fork we'll now return,
And see what more we there can learn.
To where the Saginaw's begun
The Shiawassee there doth run;
Its Indian name doth indicate,
The river that is running straight.
As we ascend a mile or less
Upon the left we'll see the Cass.
Above the Cass it now doth take
A breadth that's sometimes called a lake;
In it Dead Island now is seen,
But then 'twas clothed in living green.
With wild ducks oft, the water there
Was covered o'er for acres square.
A broad expanse of wild rice grows
Where this lake river together flows.
Then prairie comes upon either hand,
Before we reach the thick timbered land.
On the left hand there is a big bayou
Where the Flint river once did flow.
From the Saginaw, six miles or more
Southwest we'll see Flint river's shore;
And as from it onward again we pass,
We'll find large tracts of prairie grass.
And as we proceed landmarks to seek,
Three miles up we'll find Swan creek;
Three miles still further on we'll see
The river that's called Mich-a-see-be;
Bad river it is, by English name,
And it once was quite possessed of fame.

Few there are who now can tell
The history of Bad river canal.
'Twas planned, and might sometime have been made
To accommodate the western trade,
By opening up a water way
Across the lower peninsula.
On the towpath, now large trees do grow,
Where it was made so long ago.

After we leave Bad river's mouth,
We'll then pass onward to the south,
Until we reach the Driftwood station,
Which hinders all further navigation.
From there we'll have to drag our boat
To a point above where it can float.
From Bad river's mouth twelve miles will bring
Us to the place Che-as-sin-ing;
In the language of the Chippeway race,
Its meaning is the Big Rock's place.

From this point we will onward go,
Till we reach the site of Owosso.
Eight and fifty years ago,
As the writer very well doth know,
This place was reached by two young men,
They were A. L. Williams, and brother Ben,
Where they found the Indian chief, Wosso,
And gave it his name with the prefix O.

We will now hasten from the south,
Until we reach Flint river's mouth.
That stream and its branches to explore,
Will take us four or five days more.
As we ascend upon each hand,
A belt of timber there doth stand.
Beyond, we'll see as we do pass,
A large extent of prairie grass;
To the right is the stream Mich-te-gay-ock,
But to find it we shall have good luck;
To do so there'll be miles to tramp,
For its mouth is hidden in a swamp.

Ten miles on, up the Flint we'll go,
But then our progress must be slow,
For here another driftwood lies,
Which further progress now defies.
A mile or more we must drag our boat,
Before in water again we'll float.
Instead of small streams running in,
Their outward course can here be seen;
They across the flats their course pursue,
Till in a swamp they are lost to view.
Here may be seen upon each hand,
Some very fertile bottom land.
In spring the river its banks o'erflows,
And here much black walnut timber grows.
As we pass up stream, on either hand
We'll see some rolling timbered land.
As further still up the stream we go,
Much pine timber is found to grow.
Here on the left Pine Run comes in,
Which on the Saginaw trail is seen.
And on its banks, there once was found,
Quite a convenient camping ground.
There is nothing more to note, I think,
Until we reach Pe-wau-a-go-wink.
And here resides an Indian band,
The largest one that is in the land.
In describing them I'll be very brief;
Old To-na-dog-a-ny was their chief;
Wild game in the forest did abound,
And in the river fish were found;
The squaws now cultivate the fields,
Which to them a bountiful harvest yields.
They live here on their reservation,
The happiest people in the nation.
Pe-wan-a-go-see-ba is the river's name;
By the English name it means the same.
The stream is crooked, the current strong,
So over the land we'll skip along
Until the site of Flint is found,
And there we'll stop and look around.

Where the Saginaw trail Flint river crossed,
Had a long time been a trading post.
The river in half a circle came,
Grand Traverse then was the new French name;
Called Squo-ta-wi-ing by Indian race,
Which means the fire land or burning place.
Here enters in the river Thread,
In Oakland county it has its head.
As on its northern course it's bound,
A settlement on its banks is found.
Captain Stevens was the first man
Who there a settlement began.
Tis seven and sixty years or more
Since he that region did explore.
When first he settled there 'twas then
Near twenty miles from more white men.
The name of the place was then "Graw Blaw,"
For as Frenchmen passed the place they saw
A "Big White" man who there resided,
And that circumstance a name provided.
The Frenchmen wrote the name "Grand Blanc;"
It was so pronounced by every "Yank."
The Perry settlement was the next,
Where, in eighteen hundred and twenty-six,
Edmund Perry his home did fix.
Others there were besides this man,
Who was the patriarch of the clan.
Fifty thousand they there have made
By farming industry, not by trade.
The Smiths and Thompsons and Daytons then
Were among the hearty and stalwart men
Who were farming near the Thread river's shore;
All told, there were more than half a score.
Each saw the fruit of his early labor,
For if one got rich, so did his neighbor.
A saw mill on the Thread then stood,
But it proved to be of but little good.

Four miles' travel it still will take,
To reach the Copinisconie lake;

Near which resided the Fisher band,
Descendants of the "Big White" man.
Their hair is light, their eyes are blue,
And their complexion's fair to view.
Some lived there till they were very old,
While others on to life still hold.
The lake is of a stream the head
Which finds its way into the Thread.

Now to the Flint we will return,
For something more is there to learn.
By the old treaty of the nation,
There was there made a reservation
Of eleven sections of good land,
For half breeds of Flint river's band;
To the section lying east and south,
Just above Thread river's mouth,
The title to Edward Compeau went,
A half breed of Indian descent.
He built a house for the Indian trade;
No other improvements there were made.
The trading house they occupied,
And with them here, I did reside.
Two families near that place did stay;
The third was seven miles away.
Since then there's been a great accession
To that very scanty population;
For the place that was then esteemed so light
Has since become Flint city's site.

Up the river now we'll go,
But there's nothing very strange to show.
If water courses still we seek,
We'll find the mouth of Kearsley creek.
Few flats upon the banks are found,
The country being of higher ground;
All the way, there is timbered land,
And pine is seen upon either hand.
We'll travel onward as far as Lapeer;
But no white man shall we yet find here,

For 'tis not now eight and fifty years
Since the first white settler there appears.
In the fall of eighteen thirty-one,
The first real settlement was begun;
The Harts and Whites there settled down,
And each commenced a rival town.

Over the trail we now must pass,
Until we reach the mouth of the Cass.
Having already left our boat behind,
Another one now we here must find.
Near the mouth the traveler sees
A growth of monstrous hickory trees;
They bore large nuts, with strange, soft shell,
That by hogs and squirrels were liked full well.
But the treacherous river's overflow,
Destroyed those trees long, long ago.
As we pass on up, upon either hand,
We'll find rich river bottom land;
But when we've gone six miles or more,
The river's blocked from shore to shore.
Another driftwood here is found,
Again we must haul our boat around.
A little further along we pass,
Until we come to the bend of the Cass.
By Bridgeport the place is occupied;
A village now known far and wide.
When sawing puts pine wood to test,
That on Cass river is found the best;
The large pine trees that here are found,
With hardwood timber set all around,
When manufactured into boards,
The best of lumber always affords,
And the very ground on which they stand,
When it is cultivated land,
The largest crops doth still produce,
And is the best for the farmer's use.

As further still up the stream we go,
Old Indian fields are there to show

Where large tracts once were cultivated,
As by the old Indians has been stated.
And as we pass on to the river's head,
We find where the elk and moose are fed.

We have now passed over all the ground,
That near the valley streams is found.
On Tittabawassee and Saginaw
And Thread, were the white men that we saw.
But in passing over the self same ground,
Ten fine cities may now be found.
Of villages there are full two score,
And if small ones count, there are many more.
Then if we number the population,
By the most accurate estimation,
Three hundred and twenty thousand souls
Must be counted upon the census rolls.

PIONEER REUNIONS.

ADDRESS BY B. O. WILLIAMS, AT THE OAKLAND COUNTY REUNION.

Mr. President, Ladies, Gentlemen, and Pioneers of Oakland County:

For several years I have been invited, by your officers, to meet with you at your annual gatherings, and feeling that such an occasion would afford one of the greatest enjoyments of a somewhat checkered life, hoping to meet and renew the acquaintances and friendships of early days, at this assembling of the pioneers of the county and village where were passed happily my childhood and youthful days, and at the request of your honored president that I would respond, if called upon, and presuming that your rules, like those of the State Pioneer and Historical Society, required written articles to be submitted and filed with your secretary, permit me to say that it is not my wish to occupy your valuable time, but I would prefer to remain silent and listen to the relation, by *your* pioneers, of the events, trials, hardships and joys of their lives; and with your consent will gladly do so. I came hoping to meet a goodly number of those friends and acquaintances of early years, so long and highly valued. And, Mr. President, I would prefer to stop right here and listen, while others more profitably occupy the time.

Having never considered it a fortunate circumstance to have been reared in a new country, deprived of most of the advantages enjoyed by those brought up in well educated communities, and surrounded by highly cultivated people and works of art, I have never felt any especial pride in having been raised a pioneer, in the back woods of even old Oakland county. I would have greatly preferred that fortune should have permitted my parents to have remained where nearly all of their childen were born; and, although not quite among those who, according to John G. Saxe's facetious remark of those born in Boston, "need no other birth," yet would gladly have been sufficiently near to have received a good education —the greatest blessing to mankind, except it be that "second birth." But fate would not have it so, and most of us, at least while young, had to submit to her sway. And fully believing that "there is a divinity that shapes our ends," I have ever felt that my honored parents did all in their power, under the circumstances, to make their children happy, while aiding somewhat to develop the resources of Michigan while a territory.

With her eight children, my dear mother arrived in Detroit sixteen days before the county of Wayne was, by the proclamation of Gov. Cass, organized and named. She, with my father, had selected their farm while it was still in the county of Wayne, and moved their family into a large, well-built house in less than two months after the Governor, by proclamation, organized and named Oakland county, as your county history shows.

Presuming that it is well known that I have contributed to the history of this county in the State Pioneer and Historical Society's Collections, and fully believing that my father was the first to break through the almost impassable woods and swamps back of Detroit, by clearing and opening a road from the end of the Leavenworth road to this place, and to his farm in the fall of 1818, before the county was named, the Pontiac company formed, or their land selected; and, no doubt, in entire ignorance of the fact that the Grahams, Mr. Herskey, Mr. Hartsough, and possibly the Hoxies, had followed up the Huron river from Mt. Clemens and formed a settlement, as did my father from another direction, before the boundaries of the county were thought of or its name given, he very naturally thought himself the first settler in the county. But, Mr. President, I have already occupied too much time on this unimportant subject, and should not have alluded to it but for the fact that you sent me, last year, a list of the first entries of land made in the county, taken by yourself from the books of the United States land office; and why my father's or brother's entries of lands did not appear under their proper dates, is to me, a mystery. For I do know that, quite early in the fall of 1818, the lands were selected, and that improvements were com-

menced and the house built, and do not believe it was left subject to entry by others at the land office, until the time, by your list, it appears to have been purchased.

Instead of the above I might have described to you the sickness, privation and hunger endured; the killing by the tyrant chief, Kishkorko and his band, of one of Mr. Austin Durfey's valuable oxen in front of the house on Drayton Plains, and of the fight or the breaking of Capt. Archibald Phipp's leg, near Allen Durfey's house, a little south of Drayton Plains station, and of the surgical skill of our family physician, who, upon arriving at the house, decided that it was not necessary to set the limb before the inflammation subsided and the muscles relaxed, for which about one week's time would be necessary; of the hopeless look of the captain when he heard it; of our sending for Doctor Richardson and carrying Phillips home on a litter, and, the same day or the next, myself extending the limb while the doctor adjusted it to the great relief of all present. Of the great number of rattlesnakes; while mowing a marsh one day, we killed twelve before noon and none of us wore boots; Mr. Harvey Durfey was barefoot and wound a twisted rope of marsh hay around both feet and legs and worked in safety. One massasauga the same day stuck its fangs into brother Ephraim's tow pants and was dragged several rods before discovered and shook off. Of the wolves we killed without thought of bounty, and of their depredations on our sheep and swine; of the pigeons by the million, and their digging acorns out of the deep snow; of the ducks and geese that blackened the surface of the lakes; of the bee-trees from which we took hundreds of pounds of honey from a single tree; of the pine trees and logs we borrowed from "Uncle Sam," and how we rafted the lumber down the Huron river to Ann Arbor from the Walrod place; of my father, Dr. Thompson, and Judge LeRoy, at a very early day, going in our large canoe with an Indian guide down the Clinton river to Orchard Lake, and borrowing from the island a boat load of apple trees in the spring of the year—most of these died from having their roots in the water too long—and of Capt. Hotchkiss' first drill of militia by platoons, saying he wanted them to wheel to right or left just as his big barn door swung around; or of the lynching of a tramp who robbed his benefactor, Acker Toule, of about $800, all the money he had, and that he had just returned from the East with. (You may be sure that the thief gave up the money.) And of three Indians one day after concluding the sale of skins, furs and beeswax, exhibiting seven skins stretched nearly round, with the remark, as the oldest man drew them from his medicine bag, that "he didn't suppose my father would care to buy them;" they were once worth five dollars apiece. Mrs. Hodges first pronounced

them scalps. My father's face was terrible to look upon as he first took in the situation and the insult, and I have ever thought that Indian was as near death that moment as he had ever been. My mother, who stood in the door, laid her hand on father's shoulder and bade him come into the house at once. I will give you my reasons for that belief. Having often heard my father relate that on the second day after Gen. Winchester's defeat and the massacre, while walking on Jefferson avenue in company with one French gentleman and an English officer, meeting a band of painted Indians all carrying scalps on sticks or at the end of war clubs or tomahawks, one of the tallest and most hideous looking struck my father in the face with the fresh scalps, torn from those unfortunate Kentuckians, and he always turned pale and had the same look of horror and rage as he related it that I then saw on his face. The Indian quickly replaced the scalps, but not before we had all seen to whom they must have belonged: two men, one woman, a girl, two boys and a fair haired child or babe, as we judged by the length and cut of the hair. Those Indians belonged to the Grand river bands, and were probably Ottawas. I never saw them afterwards. Since then it has been my lot to traverse the valleys, hills and mountain ranges of California; to see those valleys covered with beautiful flowers in all their pristine loveliness; to climb the basalt capped and breccia, snow covered mountains; have ridden over the grass covered wide savannahs, clambered up and down and viewed the wild savagery of the Andes, crossed and recrossed the awe-inspiring Cordilleras of Central America, whose forests are filled with the progenitors of Darwin; witnessed on its plains, on the night of April 12, 1850, the birth of a volcano; standing at a safe distance, watched through a long, tropical night the grand display of nature's fire-works, and upon the land felt the throbbing of its mother earth. And of all these grand and beautiful scenes none have left more lasting, vivid and pleasant remembrances than did the grand old forests, shining lakes, hills, valleys, flower covered plains, musical with the hum of bees and of song of birds, of old Oakland as we found and lived among them. Nor will the others ever make as happy homes, or sustain as dense populations; and as I now look back and endeavor to recall the often suffering faces of the many respected pioneers by whose kindness, example, friendship, instruction and admonition I was enabled to profit, I find of their number nearly all have crossed the river that we, too, must soon be ferried over. That we shall meet again, retaining full consciousness of our lives and friendships here, it seems to me that no intelligent person should doubt if they have studied well the past and present history of the world and the life and death of the King of mankind, He who spoke and is still speaking to us as never man

did before or ever will again, when He bade us love one another. Let us all try to keep that precept.

ADDRESS BY HON. O. POPPLETON, PRESIDENT OF THE OAKLAND COUNTY PIONEER SOCIETY, FEBRUARY 20, 1889.

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Oakland County Pioneer Society:

Your members have come together today to renew their social acquaintances, to greet each other with the hearty shake of the hand, a pleasant smile and a "God be praised," that so many have been spared to again meet each other. During the past year many have passed away; we shall never see their faces or hear their voices more, but their familiar countenances will be indelibly impressed upon our memories.

Those who came as early as 1817 to 1825 have nearly all finished their life work with us. The number who would respond to a call for that period in the county, I fear might be numbered less than two score. These early pioneers were mostly from New York, Pennsylvania, and the New England States. They came of a hardy, energetic race; liberal and conscientious in their views and associations, and hailed with pleasure the advent of those who came later. The latch string was ever hanging out to give them welcome. Their doors were swung inward, bidding them to enter. Their homes and their hearts went out to meet them. With the perfume of the wild flowers, and sweet scented air from green forests, they mingled the fragrance of their welcome. To the tuneful melody of the wild song birds they added their unostentatious hospitality. Here it was that those pilgrim pioneers laid the foundation for the country's greatness. Where is the resident of the county today who does not point with pride to the illustrious names of the men and women who, by their energy, perseverance, indomitable will and example have subdued these forests, reclaimed the low and waste lands, built your public highways, the district, primary and graded schoolhouses, and the higher institutions of learning, which rank with like institutions of the State or any other State of the Union. The preëminent ability, sterling integrity, christian virtues and worth of these early pioneers have shed a lustre upon your country, which shall never fade as long as its history shall be read by the generations following this people.

Our pioneer fathers and mothers, upon settling this country, found a race of people unknown to them in the land from which they came. The wild savage of the forest was frequently found lurking stealthily in the bush and tall grass, ready to strike down, with gunshot or tomahawk, the unsuspecting whites. Yet this menace and danger did not deter them from their

purpose of subduing the forests, and wresting them from the dominion of those savages.

The trials, hardships and privations of Miles Standish and his compatriots, were but the repetition of those endured by those early pioneers of Oakland county. But though they are dead, their memory still lives in the works they have accomplished. Upon the foundation of these evidences of the concentrated expenditure of brain and muscle, we who yet survive and came after them, have reared a commonwealth second to none in the State. The Indian and wild beasts roam over these lands no more, and over the ashes of what were once his watchfires, we have reared this beautiful country, with all its many improvements, which stand as monuments to the memory of these early pioneers. You have seen the magic wand of enterprise waved across the great lakes, and drifting far beyond. You have seen well directed enterprise and intelligent labor remove the dense forests, making beautiful the hill and plain, and the waste places to blossom as the rose. During all these years of pioneer life you have upheld the dignity of labor and of true American citizenship. You have reared and educated many noble men and women, who have gone forth from the parental roof, and may be found in all the elevated walks of life; as missionaries in foreign lands; in the halls of our State legislature; in Congress; eminent jurists on the bench; statesmen of prominent ability; clergymen adorning the pulpit; literary and professional men and women, who are a credit to their chosen professions and to our county.

When, with wondering eyes, you have gazed about you upon the scenes of today, and reflected upon those of the early settlement of the county, you would be warranted in exclaiming, with Ruth of old, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee. Whither thou goest I will go, for thy people will be my people." These themes of the early incidents of pioneer life might be pursued with profit to the present and future generations, as well as the historian.

Oakland county is not barren of traditional or legendary events of deep interest to the historian, and to her people. When the Jesuit fathers and French fur traders first visited this region of the country, and following them the very early pioneers, they found many evidences of a prior occupation by a semi-civilization, in the tillage of the soil by unknown and extinct agriculturists of a very remote period. Many rude agricultural implements have been found in the clearing and tillage of the land, and by excavations; thus demonstrating theoretically that the country had been previously occupied by a people who were well versed in the knowledge of practical agricul-

ture, and who subsisted by cultivating the soil, by mining, in pursuit of game of the forests, and the fish of the lakes and rivers.

The very early surveyors in pursuit of their calling, and the pioneer in exploring this region for a favorable location for his homestead, found large areas which, evidently, had been tilled in hoed crops, judging from the regular and well defined rows of hills for corn and vegetables, upon which were then growing the largest oaks and other trees of the forests. By an actual computation of the yearly growth of these trees, the occupation of this region by those people must have been centuries before the discovery of this continent.

The traditions were that corn, beans and other grains and vegetables were raised upon these aboriginal fields; that they had sustained a numerous population, who were proficient in the arts of rude manufacturing of cloths, pottery and copper utensils, silver and copper ornaments, stone axes, hammers, mortars and pestles, flint arrow heads, graining and skinning knives, many of which have been found during the early explorations of the missionaries and traders, and since by the first settlements of the pioneers of the county. At what period these people occupied this county, it is difficult to approximate a date. Yet from all the evidences we can gather of a semi-civilization through their works left, which we frequently find, there can be no other conclusion arrived at than that this country has been occupied by a race long since extinct, who were undoubtedly descendants of, and closely connected with the early civilizations of Asia and Europe.

In the explorations of the great lakes and rivers, of the then great northwest, by the French, commencing in 1554 and 5, they found the descendants of the Algonquin tribe of Indians occupying the country to the north and west of Detroit, with whom they cultivated friendly relations, and exchanged various commodities in barter and traffic for furs, skins and rude implements.

But little has been preserved of the Indian history, or of the French nomadic occupation. One Micheau, a French and Indian trader, who died about the time of the first settlement of Wayne, Oakland and Macomb counties, at the advanced age of 115 or 116 years, relates that one of the traditions of the tribes was, that a sanguinary conflict occurred between the Foxes and Chippewas, upon the plains north and west, and adjoining what is now the village of Birmingham, and known as the Willits, Dr. Swan and Capt. Blake farms, on sections 24 and 25.

The village of the Chippewas was situated near the present site of the cemetery, and formed a nucleus, from which they sallied forth upon their hunting, fishing, warlike expeditions, and forays, returning with varied suc-

cess, bringing game, furs and scalps of their hated foe, the Foxes. Between these powerful tribes there had existed a deadly feud for many years, until it culminated in an attack by the Foxes upon the Chippewas, at their village. How many braves were engaged in the conflict, tradition has failed to hand down to us. That there were many on each side is evident from the number of dead redskins said to have been found in the trail of the retreating tribes and on the battlefield. The Chippewas were defeated after a desperate struggle in defending their children, squaws and camp fires, and their village burned. They retreated along the trail towards what is now Detroit, closely pursued by their foes, leaving about 700 dead bodies along the course of their retreat; and on the field of battle the dead were too numerous to be counted. The pride and prowess of this once powerful tribe was crushed and humiliated, and thereafter they declined in influence and numbers.

There is one other notable Indian tradition, of an event which occurred in the county—that of a hostile meeting between the great chief Pontiac and another tribe, in the vicinity of a large, white oak tree, in the township of Royal Oak, on section 16, from which the township derives its name; located near the junction of the Crook's, Niles and Paint Creek roads. At the time I first saw it, in 1825, it then still bore the scars made by the tomahawks, arrows and bullets. But at what date this happened, or what tribe was opposed to Pontiac and his followers, I have never been able to learn, not even through traditional history.

ADDRESS AT THE KALAMAZOO COUNTY REUNION, BY A. D. P. VAN BUREN.

The Women of our Pioneer Epoch.

The poet in one of those moods of inspiration, in which, as Matthew Arnold would say, he sees clear and thinks straight, claims—

> "One moment now may give us more
> Than fifty years of reason."

The poet may have had in mind, among other things, the great need of gathering, at the proper time, the important facts and data in the early history of a people. How true then his utterance in regard to our pioneer history. For that is the only kind of history that does not repeat itself. It must be written at the time, or in the clear memory of its occurrence, or it is gone—gone never to return. This is so much the case that when we, in after years, undertake to write of the early pioneer days of this county, "the past does not rise like a vision before us," but, on the contrary, it recedes from our view and investigations into that realm of the by-gone, whose somnolent scribe, tradition, when asked to give us any information desired,

only murmurs of what has been handed down to him from the memory of others. Consequently we can say with the poet, one moment now with Rix Robinson, Bazil Harrison, Titus Bronson, or some of the the earliest settlers, in regard to many important facts in our early history, would give us more than years of research, without such aid, could bring us. And this is most especially true of the important part that our pioneer women performed in establishing homes in this State.

It has been said that we have nothing to do with the past but to get a future out of it. Ah, there is a good deal of the past that we would like to get, and most especially the part that relates to these heroines of an heroic age, whose history, yet unwritten, is necessary to more completely round out our future. And we would like to get it, because it would give us the home life, with all its potent and transforming influence upon the society, the young manhood and womanhood of that early period, as well as upon the early growth and the present prosperity and greatness of our noble commonwealth.

The men and women of our pioneer epoch "came here with an inspiration as absorbing, but far more elevating, than that which moved the old crusaders." It was an inspiration that moved the bold and strong men, the brave and true women of the east, and of other old States to seize the golden opportunity that was offered them, by which with their small means, they could secure good homes in the far west; and where, after undergoing the hardships and the discipline of stern adversity, incident to pioneer life, they secured just rewards for their labor.

The log cabin was the early settler's castle where a brave and true woman presided. Here the spirit of true courage, industry, and thrift, reigned. A man can build a palace, but he cannot make a home; woman does that. Without her, the palace would be desolate and homeless; with her, the rude hut becomes a palace, where joy, and industry, and love abound. What woman was in the days of chivalry, an inspirer to higher life, and noble deeds, she was in the pioneer days, an inspirer to the manly courage and fortitude that overcame the hardships and suffering in the battle for existence while planting homes here in the wilderness. No "lady fair" was ever truer to her trust, more brave, and more devoted to her lord, than was the pioneer wife to her husband. As he went forth to his field of labor he was doubly armed for the hard struggle there, by the aid and encouragement he got from the truest and pluckiest of wives.

Says an old pioneer* of Calhoun county, "after six months' hard toil in the woods, I got the ague, and was sick for several weeks, and at last got

*Judge Tolman W. Hall, of Battle Creek.

discouraged and disheartened. Money about all gone, no one but myself with my bare hands to provide for my family, I gave up, and told my wife I would sell out our claim, and we would go back to Vermont. But that plucky little wife of mine came to me, and, putting her hand on my shoulder, said, "You will do no such thing. You will get over the ague. All you need is courage. We are going to stay here. I will stand by your side, and we will fight the battle out, here in the woods, and secure a home." This cheered me up; I staid. And for all that I possess, or have accomplished in Michigan" (and he has filled places of honor and distinction in the State), "I am indebted to that resolute little woman." Now I give this as the experience of one pioneer. But it is a characteristic instance, and is typical of our pioneer women. How many early settlers can tell the same, or a similar story of their wives. Go back, in imagination, with me, to the first settlement on Prairie Ronde, to the one at Kalamazoo, Gull Prairie, Toland Prairie, Climax Prairie, Grand Prairie, to Charleston, or to any of the early settlements in our county, and you will find this one instance of womanly fortitude typical of the pioneer women of that day.

"Where before, in the history of the world," says Judge Cooley, "in what other country but America, was such tempting promise held out for the acceptance of honest industry. It was a hard life for husbands and brothers, but let us be just and admit that for wives and sisters it was harder. Many of them had been reared in competence and were accustomed to luxuries and the refinements of life." This is true, for each settlement was a bit of eastern life hidden away in the heart of the western wilderness. Yet these women, thus reared, never faltered or became discouraged in that early struggle with unreclaimed nature, that mighty, tongueless, obdurate, mysterious adversary, who neither took nor gave quarter, but who gives you opulence if you conquer, and a grave if he conquers you. In such a struggle as this, I say, the pioneer wife was by the side of her husband to aid, to cheer and support him in the bitter trials they passed through. Who felt more than she did the silence and solitude, the friendlessness and discouragement, that was their portion during the first years. Who felt more than she that their lot was cast in a companionless, inhospitable wilderness, and that they must stay and suffer and struggle on for the good time coming. What distance from aid in sickness, what hardships as their family stores grew scant; what toil through pathless woods and swollen creeks to carry their scanty produce to market, and bring back a few household necessaries! Who felt, I say, the burden of all these hardships and trials, and did more to relieve them, than the pioneer women? How truthfully the poet Woodsworth has thus outlined them in his ideal woman:

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command;
A spirit brave, yet calm and bright,
With something of an angel light."

Loss of civilized intercourse, familiarity with danger, the determined persistence, the iron will, the animal struggle of the settler's life in his fight for existence half animalizes him also. And in such a struggle no wonder we find the victor rich and rugged. "The wonder is," says a late historian, "that refinement in the west is as common as it is." But when we come to study the character of our pioneer life we find the wonder ceases. For even in the settler's rude cabin standing alone in a savage wilderness, there was not only fortitude and thrift in the incomparable housewife, but, as before stated, there was often the inbred refinement of the eastern home; and although she was put to the severest ordeal amid the rude and rugged life about her, her children were taught the lessons of industry, virtue and honor.

No ideal of human conduct is more beautiful than that embodied in the life of our pioneer women. The true heroism, the dutiful respect and hospitality that prevailed in the settler's log cabin, was as genuine as in the boasted days of chivalry. Among the most real and potential influences is that of ideals. In the mind and in the heart of the young or old, ideals often take shape and get into the place of power sooner than ideas do. The pioneer wife, as we have seen, was the ideal of courage, industry and virtue in the settler's home. Here she reigned as mistress. The Roman bride, as she stepped over the threshold of her new home, said to the bridegroom, *ubi tu Gaius, ego Gaia*—where thou art Gaius, I am Gaia; or in other words where thou art lord, I am lady. Surely then our pioneer wife was mistress where her husband was master. Her realm was the home, this was her kingdom, there she reigned as queen. And who shall estimate the value of the pioneer home to, and its influence upon, this county and this State? To man has been given almost all the credit for the settlement and building up of this State. This is unjust to woman, whose work, though done mostly at home where it may not have reached the ear of fame, yet has been invaluable. It is about time that she was given full credit for the part she has performed, and accorded her true place in our history.

The boy, it is said, is father of the man; but the woman is mother of the boy. It is the home after all where the character is nurtured and formed, and true manhood developed. Woman is the measure of the civilization of any race or people. Home, then, and the mother are the two most important factors in our civilization. Let this apply to her in connection with our

early history, where hardships and adversity brought out the brightest and noblest qualities of her nature, when she was at her best, as wife and mother, and the ministering angel of those homes.

The value of the civilization of any people has ever been determined by the position woman has held among them.

Let us see what an historic retrospect will give us to substantiate this statement. We find that when the Aryans passed over from the east into the Hellenic world, they possessed all the culture of the elder races. Thus Greece was early endowed with the wisdom and learning of the older nations. At the most advanced period of Trojan history, old Homer sings of the virtue, loveliness, and exalted womanly worth of Andromache, the wife of Hector. It was when Greece was at the height of her classic fame and military glory that the Greek ideal of womanhood stood among the most beautiful in the world. And it was when Roman learning and Roman arms had filled the world with wonder, that Rome could point with pride to Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi. It was when the Hebrew race was at its best, that it produced that illustrious group of Ruths, Naomies, Marys, Dorcases, and Marthas. It was when a love of personal freedom and reverence for womanhood had become a ruling sentiment in the hearts of the Teutonic nationalities, that christianity began to dawn upon Europe, and that the family became once more established as a unit of society.

Then came the age of chivalry, when woman was raised to the rank which, as a rational being and member of society, she ought to hold; when she received that treatment, that protection, and respect due to her virtue and fine sensibilities. It was during the age of chivalry, so marvelous in its deeds of heroism and feats of personal bravery, that woman's brightest and loveliest qualities were brought out; and had it not been for the fair dames of this period, mercy, save in the garb of courtesy to a conquered equal, would have been unknown. A signal instance to show that although chivalry made men "gentle," woman made them *humane*, is given in the case of Philippa, Queen of Edward the Third of England, when she saved the lives of the six principal citizens of Calais, whom the king had cruelly doomed to death. Froissart calls Queen Philippa, on this occasion, "one of the sweetest figures of the time."

Lack of space forbids us to more than mention the names of Queens Joan and Blanche of France, and Isabella of England, whose noble deeds have made them illustrious. A period that was capable of producing that heroine of history, "The Maid of Orleans," could but stimulate woman to the noblest acts of heroism. Jane, Countess of Montfort, who, as Froissart says, had the courage of a man and the heart of a lion, successfully defended Hen-

nebau against the attacks of her enemies. Her beauty was as irresistible as her courage; but the loveliest of all these warrior ladies, and the loveliest of all the stories of chivalry, is that of the beautiful countess of Salisbury, who defended the castle of Wark against the attacks of the Scots, in the absence of her husband. Such women as these are they who beautify history, dignify all epochs, hallow all causes. "Fountains of honor," in good sooth are they, creating the virtue they reward. "And they are not special to time nor to race, nor to creed; the world has never been without them. They stand out as examples which forbid us to despair of the race, or to doubt of men when born of such mothers. Folly and vice may get the upper hand for a time, but deep down in the heart of humanity lies the fount of a pure and glorious womanhood, the true *Eaux de Jouvence*, the fountain of youth, whence flows the salvation of the race."

Following the days of knight-errantry came the reformation, the renaissance of learning in Europe, and a higher, fuller and nobler type of womanhood. Then came the Madames de Sevigne, de Stael, Roland, and Campau, the Mary Wortley Montagues, Hannah Mores, and Florence Nightingales, down to the present period of European history; and when

"Westward the course of empire took its way,"

America, 'time's latest and noblest offspring,' became the chosen abode of the fullest freedom and the highest civilization among the nations of the earth. Here has been developed the highest and noblest type of manhood and womanhood known to civilized man; and here, in this "land of the free and the home of the brave" woman's worth and woman's power has been fully recognized and appreciated, and she given the position in society to which her worth and virtue entitle her. But in whatever direction her talent may be employed or her services given, her empire is the American home; here her worth and power are invaluable, for woman and home are the two most important factors in any civilization.

Let me close with full tribute of honor to the noble women of our revolution, and to the noble women of our pioneer period; to the one, for so bravely aiding to free the homes of '76 from the reign of British tyranny; to the other, for so bravely aiding in establishing new homes in this western wilderness.

I give here some reminiscences, sketches and incidents connected with, and illustrative of, the life and character of our pioneer women.

I could not begin these "sketches and incidents" with anything better than the following from the pen of Hon. E. Lakin Brown, of Schoolcraft: "The list of women worthy of mention as pioneers in this vicinity, would embrace nearly the whole catalogue of the wives of the early settlers; but

those worthy of special mention, would, perhaps, be limited to a small number. When I arrived at Schoolcraft, in November, 1831, the only women living in the village were Mrs. Thaddeus Smith, some account of whom you already have, and her sister, afterwards Mrs. H. B. Huston, now a widow in Kalamazoo. In the spring, Johnson Patrick became the landlord of the Big Island hotel (he had been living near the village the year previous) and his wife, the landlady, was a most capable, energetic woman. She would have been a woman of note and executive ability anywhere. With her was living a sister, Miss Betsey Foster, a bright, intelligent young lady, who some years after married Dan Arnold, of Cooper, and became the mother of five children, one of whom is now Judge Daniel Arnold, of Allegan, and another is now the wife of Senator Stockbridge. I should have said of Mrs. Patrick that she was the mother of a large family of girls, of whom one, Miss Betsey Patrick, was a successful teacher for many years, of a private school at Kalamazoo.

As early as 1832, Col. Lyman I. Daniels married, at Detroit, a Miss Amelia La Grave, a lady of French descent, a very intelligent and accomplished woman. They continued to reside at Schoolcraft till her husband's death, in 1837, and afterwards she married Evert B. Dyckman, with whom she lived till her death some years after. She was a very graceful, pleasing woman. In the years 1833 and 1834, came three of my sisters. Mrs. James Smith was a woman possessed of every grace and virtue that can adorn society and give happiness to a family. She died, alas! too early, in 1841, beloved and mourned by everyone who knew her. She was the mother of seven children. With her came to Schoolcraft her sister, Pamela S., who afterwards became the wife of Dr. Nathan M. Thos., and is now a widow at Schoolcraft. Her character and virtues it is not for me to dwell upon; they are well known to a large circle of friends and acquaintances. In 1834 came Mr. and Mrs. Asa B. Brown; Mrs. Brown is a woman of great energy and ability. She now lives with her daughter, the well known Rev. Olympia Brown (Willis), at Racine, Wisconsin. Mrs. Jonas Allen was a well known lady, not of the early pioneers, but of the year 1837. She died within the last year. She was a woman valued and beloved in society; of her home she was the hospitable and graceful mistress. Of the pioneer wives of the surrounding prairie, it would be invidious to select special instances where all performed acceptably and honorably the duties of wives and pioneers. Indeed I don't think of any of marked distinction and characteristics, unless I may be permitted to except Mrs. Darius Wells, one of the very early settlers on the prairie. She was a valiant Methodist and mother in Israel, whose home was

the refuge and harbor of all the wandering preachers of the early time. She has long since ceased from her labors."

The following is from the same pen:

Died, in the village of Schoolcraft, on Monday, July 6, 1888, Mrs. Eliza Smith, widow of the late Thaddeus Smith, Esq., aged 84 years and 19 days.

The ordinary words and phrases of obituary eulogy seem cold and inadequate when spoken of this admirable woman. They need to be used with a new and fuller meaning. The writer of this notice knew the deceased in all the changes and vicissitudes of her long and honored life. He knew her in the grace and beauty of girlhood and youth. He knew her when, a radiant and happy bride, she left her New England home for a home in the sunny south, and when, on the wreck of her husband's fortune, in three brief years, she returned with her infant babe to the home of her widowed mother. He knew her when, brave and uncomplaining, she emigrated with her husband to the then far west, and endured the unaccustomed toils and privations of a rude pioneer life, and he has known her in all the long series of years and events, to the day of her death, the same calm, dignified, self-possessed lady; never for a moment losing the love, the respect, the admiration, her just and natural tribute, from everyone who knew her.

A little incident will show how she attracted the love of even the savages, who were numerous on the prairie during the first years of her residence there. She was known and loved by all the Indians in the neighborhood for her kindness and attention to the wants of all, male or female, old and young; and was always called by them the "good white squaw." When the order came for the removal of the Indians to their reservation in the west, an Indian woman, whom Mrs. Smith had not seen for years, was unwilling to leave until she had said farewell to her old friend, and made a visit to the village on purpose to see her. After a brief interview, taking her hand, she, with tears in her eyes, said in the Indian tongue, "we shall not meet again here, but," pointing upwards, "we shall meet up there," and sorrowfully went away.

In a secluded and quiet life, giving comfort and happiness to her family and pleasure to her friends, she passed her days without repining or complaint, while there is no station in the land which she would not have adorned by her presence.

Eliza Parker was born in Cavendish, Vermont, January 18, 1804. She, her younger sister and brother, Mary Ann and John—Mrs. Huston, now of Kalamazoo, and the late John Parker, of the same place—were left orphans by the death of their father in 1813. At the age of 13, Eliza went to spend some years with her father's brother, Mr. Jabez Parker, a merchant in

Richmond, Va. She was one to enjoy and be improved by the society of that gay capitol. She returned to Vermont in 1825, and on the first day of September of that year was married to Mr. Thaddeus Smith, then in business in Petersburg, Va. Unfortunate in business, they returned north in 1828, and in 1830 emigrated to Prairie Ronde, in this county. Arriving in July, they passed the fall and winter in the cabin of Abner Calhoun, on the west side of the prairie. In the succeeding March they removed to what was to be the village of Schoolcraft, not yet located. They were the first permanent settlers at that place and there the life of the deceased has been passed to the day of her death.

Thus passes from earth this venerable and beloved woman, leaving behind her memories beautiful and fragrant as the sweet flowers of spring, which she loved so well.

From Henry Bishop, Esq., of Kalamazoo, I received the following notice of one of Prairie Ronde's worthy pioneer women, Mrs. Elizabeth Franckboner, who died a few weeks ago at the age of 82. Her father's family, Mr. Christopher Corse, consisting of her mother, four brothers, and three sisters, came from New Jersey, when she did, all settling on Prairie Ronde. They all made good citizens, and by industry and economy procured good homes. Mrs. Franckboner, noted for her domestic virtues, was, as Mr. Bishop says, "one of the stay-at-home wives and mothers," but did her full part towards securing a good home and a competency for her family. "Her butter, her poultry, her eggs, everything that she took to market at Schoolcraft, brought the best price." Who can say what effect such a well-regulated home, and the influence of such a model mother and housewife has on the society surrounding it?

Catherine VanArsdale was born in the village of Pluckamin, Somerset county, New Jersey, July 26, 1789, and died at the house of I. V. Powlison, at Ripon, Cass county, Dakota, Aug. 23, 1888, at the age of 99 years and 23 days.

When 16 years old she united with the Dutch Reformed church in her native village, and at 23 years of age was married to John C. Powlison. Soon after their marriage they removed to western New York, where they lived till 1835, when they came to Michigan, settling on their new lands near Galesburg. Here, during the early history of this township, they faithfully performed their part of the pioneer work. Mr. Powlison died in 1859, and sometime near 1882, "grandmother Powlison" removed with the family of her son, I. V. Powlison, to Ripon, Dakota, where she died in the 100th year of her age.

Mrs. Powlison is a fine illustration of the true and devoted christian

women that have characterized our pioneer epoch. How appropriate the text of her funeral sermon, "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in its season." The influence of her godly life may be seen in her descendants. All of her ten children became members of the church. Five of them are now living, and five have passed to the silent majority. At the time of her death the fifth generation had arisen to call her blessed, and it is a remarkable fact, that out of this very large family there has been none to disgrace her by intemperance or a profligate life.

Mrs. Lydia Eldred was born in Hartwick, N. Y., June 20, 1809, and died at Climax, Mich., February 14, 1888. Her maiden name was Cole. When 12 years old she moved with her parents to Erie county, near Akron. She was converted in Royalton township while absent from home, in 1827. She was married to Daniel Eldred in 1834, and with him moved to Michigan in 1835. Her husband died in 1847. In the same year of her settlement in Michigan, Rev. J. T. Robe organized a class of six persons, of whom she was one. It was then a mission supplied by the Indiana conference. Her house was the preaching place for three years. In that house Jacob Colclazer preached his first sermon when he came on the work. The first quarterly meeting was held one mile from Kalamazoo village, near the Indian trading post. Daniel and Lydia Eldred, Alfred and Sally Eldred, and Lysander Cole rigged out a tent, yoked up a pair of steers to a lumber wagon, tied a rope to the horses, and started for the quarterly meeting. The men took turns in leading the ill-broken steers. But the meeting was glorious, for the people had assembled from far and near by just such primitive means of conveyance. Aunt Lydia was a faithful soul. Her christianity was a rich experience, a deep, spiritual life. She abounded in good works. She loved the church with her whole heart. She appreciated gospel truth. She never faltered in the discharge of duty. She was not a theorist in any respect, but a practical, thorough going christian. She was widely known and sincerely loved. She had no children, but after her husband's death enjoyed a home with her adopted son, John Retallick. She had enough of this world's goods to provide for herself through life, and leave others in comfort when she died. Her whole life was a blessing to the church and to the world. Humanity would speedily be brought near to Christ were all professed christians as faithful and efficient as our now sainted sister.

"It was not always the dark side of the shield," says an able writer of this period, "that looked out upon the pioneer," for, though there may have been the rough and adventurous element in that hardy band of first settlers, "yet true manhood and womanhood were there in all their strength

and beauty. And nowhere in the world of created intelligence did God's last best gift to man more clearly assume the character of helpmate, than in the log cabins and amid the rough and trying scenes incident to establishing homes in the wilderness. Ever foremost in the work of civilization and progress, she was today a physician, tomorrow a nurse, next day a teacher, or again, a helper by the side of her husband in clearing his land. Yet, she was always busy in that wearisome household work that knows no pause, "from early morn to dewey eve," from day to day, month to month and year to year. Yet, as we have said, while she had ever on her hands the ceaseless round of her household duties, she found time to help her husband in his more arduous labor out of doors. A signal instance of this we find in Mrs. Mary Calhoun, who came with her husband, Abner Calhoun, from Fort Meigs, Ohio, in the year 1829, they pitching their tent on the west side of Prairie Ronde. Mr. Calhoun's "breaking up team" consisted of a yoke of bulls, a yoke of steers and two yoke of cows. The plow was a nondescript implement composed of a wooden moldboard, an iron share and colter fastened to a white oak beam some ten feet long. The plow was chained securely under the axle of the hind wheels of a wagon. A sap trough was pinned to the axle over the plow; in this the baby was snugly laid, while the mother drove the team, stopping when the little "wayfarer' grew uneasy and hungry, then tucking it carefully in the trough again, she took up the long beech whip and started the team in their weary round once more. And, in the language of an old plow boy poet—

> "The glittering plow-share cleaves the ground,
> In many a slow decreasing round,
> With lifted whip and 'gee, whoa, haw!'
> She guides the oxen as they draw."

Mrs. Calhoun was the daughter of Judge Stephen Hoyt, who was one of the side judges, Titus Bronson being the other, Bazil Harrison the presiding judge, of the first court held in Kalamazoo county. The Calhouns removed to Kankakee, Illinois, where the father and mother died many years ago.

Mrs. Hollis Gilson who, with her husband, settled in southwest Climax early in the "thirties," told the writer that she had seen many a day when her family had nothing to eat but the potato tops, that she gathered and cooked as "greens."

Mrs. Hampton, one of the early settlers on the west side of Prairie Ronde, made a jelly from the inner bark of the slippery elm tree, and the family ate it in the absence of any other food. Another pioneer wife gathered leeks, which were the only food the family had in the place of bread for a long time, or while the leeks lasted.

Mrs. Aaron K. Burson of Prairie Ronde showed what material the pioneer wife was made of, when she took the gun, in her husband's absence, and went out to the barnyard and shot a large bear that was making an inroad upon the premises.

Mrs. Aaron Harrison of West Climax, in the fall of 1836 or 1837, when her husband was sick, split the rails and built the fence around the wheat that she had sown and dragged in, and thus saved the crop for the coming year.

SOME SKETCHES OF THE LONG AGO.

REMINISCENCES BY F. A. DEWEY.

It is a pleasure sometimes to review, for it brings to mind many long cherished remembrances of the rapidly fleeting time of days and years passed by the writer in the territory of Michigan.

We will begin a few short notes near the well remembered and majestic river. On the beautiful level banks is the far renowned city of Detroit. Here it was a cheerful pleasure nearly sixty years ago, to pass two years of the ripening time of my younger days learning the ways of the world. My home was at the Steamboat hotel, Benjamin Woodworth, landlord and proprietor. This house at that period of time was said to be the best tavern in Michigan. It was my good fortune to board and room for over two years at this celebrated house. Among the daily boarders were seen some of the Indian extraction, with many of the ambitious, cheerful French pedigree, not omitting genuine, true Americans. The house was large and commodious, accommodating two hundred or more, and in the summer months was often full of enterprising and intelligent travelers. The dining room was set with one long table, which would seat fifty or more, the tables were bountifully spread with the growth of the fertile country, and also with very tasteful varieties of the foreign clime, consisting of liquors in decanters along the center of the table. It was the habitual custom for some to take a modest drink; it is a pleasure to note, however, that it was seldom anyone was intoxicated at this long ago pioneer hotel.

As we look back over the city of former times, there were three windmills for grinding grain, also one horizontal tread mill propelled by two yoke of oxen. This machinery was on the bank of the river, nearly opposite from where my esteemed friend and generous benefactor, Hon. Degarmo Jones' residence was located, in the year 1830. I recall a number of citizens of that

period; Oliver Newberry built the first steamer, the Michigan, four tons burthen; Captain Chesley Blake commander. This was the first boat that navigated Lake Erie, in the year 1833, with cabins or state rooms above the main deck. This boat was built on the ground where the Cass house now stands. We will recall a few names; Thomas Sheldon, Hon. Austin E. Wing, Col. Sibley, George C. Bates, Maj. Forsyth, Rev. Gabriel Richard, the Catholic priest who preached in the stone temple of five steeples, also Mr. Palmer, who built the first territorial capitol, and was mostly paid in city lots, with ten sections of forest lands near the city of Detroit.

In the year 1832, as volunteers in the army, we well remember Col. Whiting, Major Larned, and others of Detroit, and Gen. Joseph W. Brown of the eighth regiment—our rations and camp equipage were shared with them, in that memorable, sublime and beautiful scenery of over three hundred miles march through the fertile and admired forest of Michigan, during the long ago historic campaign, when the pioneers' courage was brought to a test in the alarming Black Hawk war. We were often entertained while in the city, at the loghouse built by the French government over one hundred years ago, the palatial residence, for a number of years previous to 1835, of our esteemed governor, Lewis Cass. The monumental building was taken down a few years ago; each corner log was fastened with an iron grip; from one of the logs, as a relic of olden times, a chair was made and presented to the writer, by Mr. Waldron, a member of the antiquarian society. I call to mind Hon. Zack Chandler, who came to Detroit, a Yankee stripling, from New Hampshire; also, that eminent pioneer, Hon. C. C. Trowbridge, Gov. Cass' secretary; also a cheerful and competent assistant in making Indian treaties, Mr. Schoolcraft, whose office was decorated on all sides with Indian curiosities. I will not omit Dr. Houghton, the geologist, and also Steven T. Mason, the first State governor.

I remember very well, in the year 1833, of being in the post office on Jefferson avenue, when Hon. John Norville first came in, an entire stranger, and announced his name. Mr. Abbott cordially asked if he was from the Grampian hills. His answer was, "I have read in the school books Scott's lessons of the Grampian hills." The postmaster very politely said, "You can take the office any day at your pleasure." In a few days he took possession. Mrs. Norville was a highly esteemed and educated lady; she had the whole care of the postoffice for a number of years, with very seldom any assistant.

As we start from Detroit west over the Chicago road, the first place to note is at Dearborn, ten miles distant, the home or tavern of Conrad Tenyat, a graduate in the same class with Martin VanBuren. Fifteen miles

from Detroit was the half-way house; at eighteen miles was the log tavern of Simons who killed his wife and was hung at Detroit; at twenty-two miles lived the well known family of Mr. Sheldon. From this place to Detroit it was said to be, when not frozen, one continuous mud hole.

At Ypsilanti, Mr. Whitmore kept the tavern; on ten miles, at Saline, Mr. Keats was the landlord. Here was also the house of Orange M. Risdon, one of the surveyors who assisted in the survey when the Chicago military road was laid out in 1825. At Clinton was the farm home of Major Kies, in the year 1829. Four miles south were the romantic and beautiful homes, at Tecumseh, of Col. Pittman, Gen. Joseph W. Brown, Ezra F. Blood, Wm. Tilton, Abner Spafford, Jesse Osborn, Stillman Blanchard, and of the first settler of the county, in 1824, Musgrove Evans. He was also a government surveyor on the military road in 1825, and in 1832, surveyor on the government road from La Plaisance Bay to intersect the military turnpike at Cambridge. These two military roads were built by the government, the expense of grading the lines being about $700 per mile. Maj. Sibley was superintendent.

Now, as we look back and note the many intelligent pioneer citizens, whose families were largely interested in planning and shaping the course of the enterprising sons of Michigan; when we review with cheerful satisfaction the events of sixty years ago it occasions many reflections. The forest has been cleared away; the fields planted and cultivated, producing annually beautiful crops of grain, hay and fruit; towns and villages have multiplied in all directions; good roads have taken the place of the Indian trail; the iron railway passes our doors with its palace cars, carrying passengers and mails a longer distance in a day than our well made four horse mail coaches formerly did in a week.

Two or three items more. The first settler of Cambridge was Chas. Blackmar, who erected his cabin with the aid of Indians in 1829, near the pleasant bank of the river Raisin. Hon. Sylvester Walker, in the year 1838, bought the Cambridge property, at the junction of the turnpike; here was the admired and romantic home or hotel for thousands of pioneers. Here, also, in the year of 1840 was the great forest mass-meeting with hard cider, coon skins and log cabins on wheels; hundreds of ox teams, and thousands of pioneer citizens, taking in the population of fifty miles around. George Dawson, of Detroit, was the speaker. In the year 1865, what was once the celebrated hotel, many times repaired, repainted, and refurnished, became the pleasant, cheerful and contented home of a pioneer who holds eight government deeds of land, bought at one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre, passing down the decline of more than seventy-eight years with kindest friendship to all good citizens.

OLD FORT NONSENSE.

[Free Press, Aug. 26, 1888.]

Gen. Friend Palmer, an old resident of Detroit, while in conversation with another old resident a few days ago incidentally referred to old "Fort Nonsense."

"Where was it located?" asked a representative of the "Free Press."

"Let me see," said the General, reflectively. "It was opposite St. John's church, about a block or two from Woodward avenue. At that time Judge Sibley's farm cornered on Woodward and Adams avenues, and a rail fence ran up Woodward avenue to the forest. The fort was an earth-work, circular in form, and contained about half an acre. It was in a meadow. The Judge used to take off a crop of hay and then pasture the lot. The fort was built about 1806 by soldiers from Fort Shelby, which was located at the corner of Fort and Wayne streets. The object was to warn off the Indians, who used to come into Detroit and steal cattle, and a guard from Fort Shelby was mounted there every day. There never was any ordnance placed on the walls, which were about ten feet high on the inside. On the outside a deep trench, which was always filled with water, ran entirely around the fort, thus making the exterior walls fourteen or fifteen feet high, from the bottom of the trench. There was no drawbridge. On the inside of the walls a terrace ran entirely around, so that riflemen could stand thereon, and level their weapons over the top. After the war of 1812 it was abandoned and became overgrown with grass. The old fort was a favorite resort for the youth of the city, and many a harum scarum foot-race we ran around the 'grassy seat,' as we called it."

"When was the old fort obliterated?"

"I went to Buffalo in 1842, and when I returned, a few years later, Dr. Duffield had built a house at the corner of Woodward avenue and High street, and not a vestige of Fort Nonsense remained. He leveled it off when he built his residence."

"How did it get the name of Fort Nonsense, general?"

"I don't know exactly; but I presume the people thought it so little protection, or that so little was required, that it gained the name by natural selection. It was called so by everybody."

MRS. NANCY HOWARD, OF PORT HURON, AND HER INTERESTING RECOLLECTIONS.

[Detroit Free Press, August 29, 1889.]

Within the little city of Port Huron lives Mrs. Nancy Howard, in the eighty-third year of her age. She is one among a very few, if not the only

person living, who passed through the memorable scenes, incidents, and a part of the history of Detroit during the war of 1812, and including the surrender of Hull. The old lady is the relict of John Howard, one of the early-time merchants of Detroit, he having established himself in the grocery business in the struggling little city that today has grown to be the pride of Michigan and its metropolis.

Mrs. Howard recently and kindly detailed some of her experiences and observations, which, while they seem quite fanciful to us today, were vividly realistic to her some seventy-five years ago. Her story is substantially as follows:

I was born August 31, 1806, at Fairfield, Pa. Shortly after my father, Mr. Jonathan Hubbard, moved his family to Grand River, O., where we lived until 1811, when he decided to move to Detroit for the purpose of trading. Packing our household effects into an open boat, together with mother and eight children, he left Painesville for the territory of Michigan. We were two whole weeks making the trip to Detroit, following as we did the Lake Erie shore, and stopping until morning wherever night overtook us. I was but five years old at the time, but remember the tedious trip very well.

We reached Detroit at last and landed on the shore at a point very near to the foot of what is now known as Randolph street. What is now Atwater street was then the river shore. No large sailing or steam vessels then plied the waters of the lakes and rivers—principally small sailing vessels and canoes. There was but one dock on the river front, that belonging to the government. There were no settlements back of the river, the primeval forests then being in their glory and inhabited by numerous Indians. The little hamlet or trading post was made up principally of French, there being a few English and American families, mostly traders. There was but one church, Ste. Anne's Catholic. The presiding priest was Father Richard.

We had lived in Detroit but a few months when father rented a farm at Grosse Pointe, where we moved in time to put in fall crops. While we were a long distance from English neighbors, there being only one other family between the point and Detroit, yet we felt quite contented as our prospects were quite bright, until father was taken ill and died in the middle of the winter. His remains were laid to rest on the banks of Lake St. Clair. No language can express the anguish of that hour. A wife without a husband, and eight children without a father and so far from friends and home, surely we could say we were strangers and in a strange land. After returning from the grave and the darkness had settled down so black and gloomy, we sat about the old-fashioned fireplace in sadness and anguish. I could not bear it long, and going to my eldest brother I crowded in between his

knees, looked him in the face, and said: "Edward, will you be a father to me?" The silence broke into tears, but in a moment he replied: "Yes, my dear sister, so far as I can."

Very soon after our severe trial the dreadful news came of war being declared with England, and the dear brother in whom we had placed so much reliance, volunteered for six months. He provided his own horse and was appointed to mounted sentinel duty between Detroit and Grosse Pointe, to guard the river shore.

Mother remained on the farm to secure what crops were possible. It was while we were there alone that we were one day surprised by the bloodthirsty savages. I was in the yard, and, looking up onto the lake, I espied a canoe load of Indians coming near the shore. A squaw was coming up the road, and when she was opposite the house she beckoned, and at that moment they sprang on shore and ran up to the fence, leaped over it with the agility of deer and ran up to the house. We saw the whole proceeding from a window, and fully expected that our time had come. My eldest sister sprang to the door and her first impulse was to lock it and did so, but again turned the key and opening the door as they came up, in French she asked them to come in and get warm, as it was a cold day. They shouted at her and she turned and walked into the kitchen, where mother and the children were sitting around the fireplace. The Indians followed and surrounded the family. As they stood there in their war paint, with their tomahawks and scalping knives in readiness, they did present a most hideous spectacle. They discussed the situation between themselves to considerable length, not being certain that the family were English after what my sister had said to them in French. In a few minutes, however, my sister took up the youngest child and walked out of the back door, and mother and the rest of the family followed, going across the fields to the nearest French neighbor.

The Indians then most thoroughly plundered the house of nearly everything save my sister's clothing, which they knew by the size. The dishes they took down to the beach and broke them into pieces. They then went up the lake shore several miles and related the circumstances, saying that if we were not French they would come back that night and kill us, but they were assured that we were French. Notwithstanding this they seemed determined to kill us, and word was sent us to leave the house. This we did for several nights but came back during the day.

Sometime after this a white man, well known on the river, came one day with the Indians and drove off a span of horses from our barn. My young brother went out and pleaded with the wretches, but to no purpose. After

the harvesting was done mother moved the family back to Detroit and we were placed under the care of the garrison at the fort. Many were the days that I went to the store-house to draw our rations.

But when Hull surrendered so ignominiously to the British we were again left to the mercy of the Indians. When Proctor took command of the fort under Brock he accepted the home of Col. Cass, that stood where the Biddle house now stands. We lived just east, a block or so nearer the river. Proctor had a standing offer of $5 for American scalps. I have seen as many as twelve Indians go into his yard at a time with their scalp trophies. They would form a circle about one of their number, who would beat the drum, and the others would dance and give the war whoop and push the trophies into the air on the sticks. Childlike I have often peeked through the fence and seen the cruel spectacle. Proctor did not remain long. After he had destroyed all the public buildings possible he went back to Canada. What few men remained after Hull had delivered over his handsome army had nearly all secured boats, and they went down the river by night to join the American army in Ohio and have it march up and again take possession of the Fort of Detroit. My oldest brother was one of the brave volunteers who started on this perilous journey. We never heard from him again. What fate evertook the courageous hearts we never learned.

Some little time intervened before the heartily welcomed American army came. During this time the few remaining families would gather into a house and the men would stand guard outside through the night with clubs, as they had no guns. I remember well the beautiful and joyful sight the army made when they finally came. There was great rejoicing then.

I lived in Detroit about a year after this, possibly more. The house that Hull and Proctor had occupied was turned into a hospital and so many died there. It was frightful, the number of deaths during that period. I used to see a great deal of it as I carried milk to the hospital. No boxes or coffins were used for burial. The corpses were wrapped up in a blanket and the ends tied up to a pole and two men carried the same to the old burying ground that was situated where the old First Baptist church was built. There they were buried as thick as they could lie.

It was during and previous to this time that the Indians used to bring their white prisoners captured down in the Ohio campaign to Detroit, where they used to sell them for tobacco, and whisky, and money. If any of the older ones or children could not stand the journey they were summarily dispatched. Many were the instances where mothers and fathers have seen their own children brained for this reason. I remember of one young boy about 16 or 17 years of age, a bright fellow, that the Indians would not sell for any

price. It seems they had lost a young brave about his age and size, and they captured the young lad to fill his place. They took him away up north and we never heard of him again.

When I was about eight years of age, my eldest sister married Joshua Townsend and they went to Ohio to live. I went with them and did not return to Detroit for some seven or eight years. Of course, the town had changed considerably, but it was slow of growth. I remember and knew quite well many of the old families whose names are familiar to all. In my 19th year I was married to John Howard, a young man who had but a short time before come from Ohio and established himself in the grocery business. We lived in Detroit until 1834, when we removed to Port Huron, where we have since lived, Mr. Howard dying about two years ago. Several of our children were born in Detroit, and I have many fond recollections of the city, as well as some disagreeable ones, as I have related.

A VISIT WITH A LADY WHO KNEW DETROIT AS A FRONTIER POST.

[Free Press, March 10, 1889.]

In the year 1800, in the village of Castleton, Rutland Co., Vt., a girl baby was born and she was named Jane M. Deming. Today, as the widow of the late John Palmer, she lives at her pleasant home, No. 69 Lafayette avenue, a remarkably well preserved and very entertaining lady, and one, too, who has probably the most distinct remembrance of various details in the history of Detroit during the first half of the present century, of any person now living. The other evening a representative of The Free Press called on Mrs. Palmer and found a lady seated in a rattan rocking chair reading a paper and apparently as deeply interested in current affairs, local and general, as though she had just begun the study of life and its mysteries. She was attired in black, and as she arose smartly to greet her visitor she showed that she was a trifle above medium height, that her clear, blue eyes lightened up a face which, while it showed the work of years somewhat, was courtly and hospitable. Across her nose rested a pair of silver-bowed spectacles, on her head was a tasteful white lace cap, in the fluffy folds of which, and as a natty finale to the top of her head, rested a pale, purple silk bow, an admirable color foil to the white hair curls, two on each side of her forehead, which peeped from beneath the front edges of her cap. Altogether she was a picture of peaceful, refined and vigorous old age, quite uncommon and decidedly attractive.

"Yes. I'm an old settler here," she replied to the inquiry of her visitor, "and I find that my memories of those early days in Detroit remain quite vivid and readily at hand."

"When did you come here?"

"I reached Detroit in July, 1820. I came west by invitation of my brother, John J. Deming, who was confidential clerk for Judge Witherell and also inspector of revenue at this point. My father escorted me from Castleton to Schenectady, where I expected to be met by Judge and Mrs. Witherell, but instead I was met by my brother. Together we traveled by stage to Buffalo, the journey lasting seven days. You know the Erie canal was not then built. After a night at Buffalo we took a stage ride of three miles to Black Rock, where we took passage on the steamer Walk-in-the-Water, the pioneer steamboat on the great lakes. I remember my brother had to pay $18 each for our passage to Detroit from Buffalo, and I remember, too, that the boat was towed down the creek to the lake by the use of oxen. I think it took three days for us to reach Detroit, which we did without mishap."

"Was the Walk-in-the-Water a comfortable boat?"

"We thought it very comfortable and in our eyes it was a very large and wonderful craft. I recollect the cabin was up on deck, so to speak, and that it had, I think, six berths on either side with a free or walking space of perhaps eight or ten feet between the seats, which extended in front of the berths and lengthwise of the cabin. Of course such a boat nowadays would not be considered safe as a means of transportation across Detroit river; but you must bear in mind I am talking of a steamboat 69 years ago."

"What was the appearance of Detroit at that time?"

"My brother and I lived with Judge Witherell's family on Atwater street, near Brush street, and I remember that the town was still surrounded by a palisade with pickets about twelve feet high, with loop-holes every few feet. I also remember that there was a block house, a firm, well built and well preserved affair, on Jefferson avenue, near and, I think, just above where Brush street crosses the avenue. This line of cedar pickets extended from the river north and parallel to and a short distance east of the present line of Brush street. At a point about where Brush and Congress streets now cross each other the palisade turned to the west and extended on a line parallel to Michigan avenue, to a point about midway between Griswold and Shelby streets, and thence south to the river. The fort stood on what is now the southeast corner of the site for the new government building, with the cantonment on the west and extending to the Cass farm or what is now Cass street. The entrance to the parade ground was at what is now the head of Wayne street, and the cantonment was inclosed by a line of pickets set close together and five or six feet high. The old building, which was torn down to make room for the old Whitney opera house, was, when I

came here, occupied by Capt. Clitz, the father of Gen. Clitz, and like all of the buildings—officers' residences, soldiers' barracks, storehouses, hospital and the like—was built of logs and clapboarded."

"And the society—"

"Our society in those days consisted of the army officers and their wives, the old French families and the few Americans, but it was delightful. We had superior men and women here in those days—men and women who were competent to shine in any phase of courage testing, labor tiring, or social elegance; who could walk, ride, handle a canoe, hunt, fish, attend to household labors, do the honors at a social gathering or a formal event of any kind, and all with equal grace and skill. We were all friends—Indians, soldiers, French and Americans—all sociable and interested in each other. I tell you our lives were more pleasant, I believe, than are the lives of society people of the present day."

"What was the business of the place?"

"Trading with the Indians, helping new settlers to locate at Detroit or bidding them God speed for points further west. My husband and Thomas Palmer (father of ex-Senator T. W. Palmer) sold goods in a store which stood at the corner of Jefferson avenue and Griswold street. I recollect, I think it was in 1823, I went with my husband to New York. While in New York my husband met the captain of the Walk-in-the-Water, who had visited the metropolis to get a new shaft for his boat, and then we learned that we would be obliged to make the trip from Buffalo to Detroit in a schooner, or take our choice between a ride through the dark woods of Canada or the black swamp of the Maumee country. We chose the lake route and sailed on the schooner Tiger, Capt. Blake, and after four days reached sight of the mouth of the river, but in a storm and out of provisions nearly. I recollect going on deck and while a sailor held an umbrella over me and my fire, cooking a meal of fried salt pork and fried sea-biscuit. I freshened the pork and then fried it, and then, soaking the sea-biscuit in cold water, I fried them in the pork fat. It wasn't a bad meal; and it proved a valuable one, for two or three hours later we went ashore at Colchester and had a narrow escape and considerable hardship."

"At that time the river road or Jefferson avenue extended west as far as what is now Twelfth street; that is to say it was a popular driveway that far, Mr. Godfrey's residence and trading post being just below Twelfth street. Then we had 'Mack & Conant's turnpike' on the north. What was that? It is now called Woodward avenue, but then it was a new corduroy road extending from the Grand Circus north six miles. Mack & Conant built it for the general government, receiving $6,000 for it. You can get

an idea of what it was when I tell you that Mrs. John P. Sheldon and myself, each with an infant in our arms, started to visit Mrs. Sheldon's father, who lived in Oakland county, twenty-eight miles from Detroit. We made the six miles over Mack & Conant's turnpike and twenty two miles along an Indian trail in just two days. Rather slow, wasn't it? I know we had dinner at the north end of the turnpike in a little log tavern kept by Mrs. Chappell, and I don't think I ever enjoyed a meal better."

"Weren't the Indians troublesome in those days?"

"Not a bit of it. I've had them all over my kitchen floor as lodgers night after night. I knew them all, and there were some noble fellows among them. By the way, let me tell you about Kish-kaw-koo's death. He had killed one of Judge Riley's clerks on the St. Clair river, and the whites were trying to capture and punish him. One evening my husband came to me while I was at work in my kitchen and said, 'Jane, word has come from Beaufait (he lived at Grosse Pointe) that Kish-kaw-koo is encamped in his (Beaufait's) orchard. Sheriff Wing is going up to get him.' The sheriff got his man; he was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. The day before the one set for his execution, three of his wives came down from the Saginaw country and got permission to visit their husband, who was confined in the jail which stood near where White's theater now stands. They made their visit and went away, all tears, and the next morning Kish-kaw-koo was found dead in the jail. He had committed suicide rather than suffer death by suffocation, and one of his wives had provided him with the poison.

Another incident, which I remember, with considerable pride, is the establishment of the first free school in the then Territory of Michigan. It happened late in 1832, and Mrs. Maj. Larned, Mrs. E. P. Hastings and myself were the founders. We operated the school a year, with an average daily attendance of fifty pupils, and at an expense of about $700, I believe, which included the cost of a small, but comfortable schoolhouse. In December, 1833, we needed some more money, and so we decided to have a fair, and that, I believe, was the first bazaar ever held west of Buffalo. We advertised in The Free Press that we would give the fair 'in Woodworth's long room in the Steamboat Hotel.' We had a lot of fancy articles, needlework and the like, for sale, and we had Capt. Brooks for auctioneer. The door of the 'long room' was opened at halfpast seven o'clock in the evening, and at 10:30 o'clock it was closed; the fair was ended, and we had taken in $1,656 in money!"

"How did you do that?"

"Because everybody was interested and liberal. I recollect Oliver Newberry brought us a roast turkey, the gift of a restaurant keeper named

Lillibridge. That turkey was put up at auction and a rivalry for its possession developed between Mr. Kellogg, proprietor of the Mansion House, and Mr. Wales, proprietor of the Michigan Exchange. Before this, however, it had been sold two or three times, and finally when Mr. Kellogg bought it, we had netted $200 from the fowl. It may be conceit on my part, but I verily believe that the spirit engendered in the interests of that first free school in Michigan was the direct progenitor of a movement which has resulted in the present University of Michigan."

A TRIP ON APRIL FOOL'S DAY.

BY E. S. WILLIAMS.

About the year 1829 or 1830, we had a very heavy fall of snow the last week in March. We were in want of a few goods and Indian silver ornaments for our spring trade. We decided I had better improve the snow and make a trip to Detroit and procure the needed goods, for we should probably not have another opportunity to do so, as, upon the thawing of this body of snow, it would spoil the roads, and raise the rivers and make them impassable the entire spring, which was the fact. Therefore I started on Monday morning, the last week in March, with pony and cutter, taking Judge Jeremiah Riggs as a passenger to Grand Blanc, and stayed there over night with my sister, Mrs. Rufus W. Stevens. I left early the next morning, and arrived at father's (the old homestead), at Silver Lake, that evening. Next morning early, leaving my cutter and taking father's light, one-horse wagon, for the snow was light compared with it when I started, I arrived in Detroit, procured my goods (making two bales, well packed and bound up in canvas), and left for Silver Lake that afternoon (the goods amounting to $1,000 or $1,500) expecting to reach a Mr. Smith's, who had settled about half way between "Mother Handsome's" (so called) and Royal Oak, in the heavy woods, in the evening. About a mile before reaching Smith's I broke down, breaking the hind axle of the wagon. I left my wagon and goods and mounted my pony for Mr. Smith's. *Rough* was no name for those causeways, they were terrible. Arriving at Smith's, I informed him of my trouble, asking him if he would assist me in getting my wagon and load up to his house, and help me in repairing my wagon, for I was in great haste as it was thawing so fast that I feared I should not be able to cross the rivers.

Being well acquainted with Mr. Smith, I laid the matter before him, and being a good pioneer of those days, all being willing, and taking much pleasure in assisting each other, he took his oxen and an old wood sled and brought all to his house. After supper Mr. Smith and his men made a new

axle for the wagon. In the early morning I paid my bill and left for Silver Lake, where I arrived that evening. Next morning I took my cutter and started for Saginaw. I went about a mile or more north of Grand Blanc to Whigville and stopped with a Mr. and Mrs. Spencer whom I was acquainted with, and who had settled there as pioneers, and in fact about the only ones. Mrs. Spencer gave me an early breakfast, being before daylight and raining quite hard, and I left for home. This was Sunday, the first day of April. Arriving at Flint river, I found the water rising rapidly. I put some sticks across the top of my cutter, put on my bundles and fastened them as well as I could, mounted the pony and made my way across, dodging the rocks (which were many), then on the rapids, where the present mill-dam is. The stream was rushing furiously among the rocks; I expected every moment to see my cutter floated against a rock and my goods swept down stream. But I crossed safely and clambered up the bank just as the sun was rising. The rain had stopped and it came off pleasant. After draining the water from my cutter I put some bark and grass under the goods, and went on my way rejoicing. There was not a living soul, not even an Indian, then at Flint; I was "lord of all I surveyed." It was arranged with my brother and partner in the fur trade, when I left Saginaw, that if it thawed rapidly, some two or three of our men should meet me at the Cass river and assist me in crossing, for that stream raised quickly from a thaw of snow, or heavy rain. Arriving at Cass river I found it had raised but little; I gave the Indian war whoop a few times, but receiving no answer, concluded I was alone. I commenced to find my best crossing. I crossed safely, yet the ice gave away some on the opposite side, as the sun had there operated more forcibly, but pony sprung and kept on top and landed safe. Speaking to him he stopped. I had to go up the river some twenty rods or more to a tree that had fallen into the river, and I passed off on its body, went on and arrived at the Saginaw about sundown on the first day of April. I sat upon the side of my cutter, not thinking of or seeing danger; pony took a slow trot and we arrived safely. While crossing, I saw a number of men in front of our store, also my wife and children in front of our dwelling, all looking anxiously on my crossing. When I struck shore all shouted loud with joy, swinging hats and handkerchiefs in the air, all of which I could hardly understand. Upon arriving at the store I noticed my brother and men were white with fear; my brother said, "Why Eph, how dare you cross the river, it is so dangerous. We examined the river this morning two or three hours but could not find any place where we thought it safe to cross even on foot, much less with horse and cutter." I laughed at them and said, "Nonsense, the ice is good, I saw no holes, or signs of danger." Brother G. D. and

men and myself went to the place where I crossed, and my hair fairly raised my cap from my head when the men would strike a pole through the ice within three or four feet either side of my crossing track. When we examined my track, we found there was a white streak of ice from eight to ten feet wide, which from some cause appeared stronger that the rest. This my pony followed in safety. The next morning the ice was running, the entire width of the river rising rapidly. It was always looked upon and talked about as a miracle how I crossed as I did. At this time there was no person at Flint and not a house from Whigville to Saginaw—all a perfect wilderness. It appears almost impossible that it can be the same country to see it now with cities of ten, twenty and even thirty thousand people, beautiful farms and villages the whole distance, and splendid roads and railroads running in all directions. Genesee county is now one of the best agricultural counties in the State, and Saginaw Valley a wonder of cities, enterprise and business not surpassed by any other part of Michigan.

A PIONEER PICNIC.

BY E. S. WILLIAMS.

Back in the early forties, myself and my late brother A. L. Williams of Owosso, were with our sister Mrs. M. A. Hodges in Pontiac, assisting her in taking charge of and opening the Hodges house, it having been rented and run by others many years. During the beautiful Indian summer of one fall, the ladies young, and young married, had tried a long time to induce their fellows and their husbands to join them in a picnic party, to the mountain (so called in those days) in the township of Waterford, Oakland county, about five or six miles from Pontiac. The gents were indifferent and rather cool upon the picnic question. But the ladies were bound to have their picnic. A committee of ladies called on me, and said they were bound to show the gentlemen of Pontiac they could, and would, have their picnic to the mountain if they went alone; they said they had called to ask me if I would kindly gratify them by taking charge and accompanying them to the mountain. I said I would with pleasure, if it was their wish, and the day was fixed. Carriages and sober drivers were provided. And fifteen or twenty wide awake, cheerful, jolly and pleasant ladies with everything provided for their picnic, on a beautiful Indian summer afternoon, such as we had in those days, left for the mountain, a jolly party, with the hearty cheers of the citizens on the streets. After the arrangements were all completed, and it was settled that the ladies were

bound to have this picnic, some of the young gentlemen proposed to accompany them. The ladies said "no, we have a gentleman to go with us, and in charge of our party. We don't wish your company and you will all please remain at home," and they did so.

We arrived in due time, after a pleasant drive to the mountain. By a circuitous road we could drive about two thirds the distance up; the balance of the ascent we had to walk to the summit, and there, under a beautiful shade, the ladies spread their table cloths upon the clean grass, and such a spread of choice things could not be surpassed in the, perhaps, more plentiful days of the present. It was a happy and delightful party, and, after enjoying the bountiful refreshments and a jolly good time, we gathered up the fragments and started for home where we arrived towards evening, after a very enjoyable and pleasant ride never to be forgotten.

The top of this mountain had been visited so often in those days, it being about the only place of resort, it had become a clean, nice spot of green grass. This mountain (so-called) was a mere knob compared to mountains, yet it was the best we had in that region. From it there was a beautiful view over Oakland county and surroundings; some twenty or more of Oakland's beautiful lakes could be counted from its summit, all of which made the mountain a pleasant place of resort.

Now how changed. Most of those ladies have passed from earth, and the little beautiful mountain of pioneer days has passed into the hands of civilization, and become a beautiful farm. I have been spared to see it cultivated, and a very pretty white farm house, barns and out buildings for farm purposes, situated about half way up its southern side. I am told it makes a fine farm from its base to summit. It has been cleared of timber, plowed and cultivated to its top, and fenced into different fields. I have seen grass, and, I think, wheat, growing upon its top, and cattle taking their picnic where our pleasant party took ours, in pioneer days, long since gone.

This little mountain farm is in full view, as we pass on the D. & M. R. R. from Pontiac to Holly. I never pass but I look and think with pleasant reminiscences of those early days, and the ladies' picnic party I had charge of and enjoyed so much. But those times have passed and gone, and those dear good pioneer ladies have nearly all passed over the river. One of those ladies, who was then a young and cheerful girl, now a gray haired widow lady, visited me and my daughter recently at my residence in Flint, took tea with us, and we talked over those days and our picnic party to the mountain with much pleasure. We may never meet and have the pleasure of enjoying each other's company again.

STEAMBOATS ON LAKE ERIE.

[From the White Pigeon Republican, May 15, 1839.]

Names.	Masters.	Tons.	Built.
Illinois	Blake	756	1838
Great Western	Walker	781	Unf.
Cleveland	Hart	580	1837
James Madison	Bristol	720	1837
Buffalo	Allen	700	1838
Chesapeake	Howe	464	1838
Erie (of Erie)	Titus	430	1838
Constellation	Robertson	530	1837
Bunker Hill	Nickerson	470	1837
Constitution	Appleby	433	1837
New England	Burnett	416	1837
Thomas Jefferson	Wilkins	428	1835
General Wayne	Pratt	400	1837
Sandusky	Floyd	400	1837
Wisconsin	Randall	580	1838
Rochester	Eastbrook	400	1838
Vermillion	Shook	400	1838
Lexington	Root	363	1838
Columbus	Dobbins	392	1835
Michigan	Allen	462	1833
De Witt Clinton	Squires	400	1836
Robert Fulton	Hart	368	1835
United States	Case	366	1834
Monroe	Hazzard	350	1834
Pennsylvania	Lundy	355	1833
North America	Edmunds	361	1834
Commodore Perry	Wilkinson	352	1835
New York	Shoppard	325	1838
Charles Townsend	Shainhold	312	1835
Fairport	Gregory	260	1838
Cincinnati	Davis	200	1836
Erie (of Detroit)	Edwards	160	1836
O. Newberry	Atwood	170	1833

The 28 first named boats have an aggregate tonnage of 13,069, or an average of 467 tons each.

Some eighteen or twenty of the smaller boats plying between different ports on the lakes are omitted.

Three large boats have sold or chartered to the Canadian government

within the past year, viz: Daniel Webster, 376 tons; Milwaukie, 500 tons; General Porter, 352 tons.

Nine of the boats in the above list, having an aggregate tonnage of 4,373, were built the last season.

The Washington, a new boat of 400 tons, built at Ashtabula last year, was burned on her first trip on the 16th of June.

New boats are building at Buffalo, Huron, Vermillion, Sandusky, and perhaps other ports.

The Great Western, of Huron, Capt. Walker, is not quite complete. It is said she is to surpass everything upon the lakes in speed, style and accommodations, as in size.

Those boats whose names are in italics have low-pressure engines.

A VOYAGEUR OF 1818.

The venerable Gurdon S. Hubbard, of Chicago, relates many singularly interesting facts associated with events in which he was an actor.

"I first visited this region," he said, "in 1818. When peace was declared between Great Britain and the United States, I moved with my father from our home in Vermont to Montreal. In 1818, though I was only a young chap, I joined the American Fur Company and 13 boat loads of us set out on the 13th of May that year for the far west. We reached Mackinac on the fourth of July, and had a big celebration. There were about 3,000 persons there at that time, and the place was livelier than it has been since. From Mackinac we coasted along up to Chicago, which place we reached in October, still in the same boat that I started from Montreal in. Chicago was only a site, not a town, and from there we pulled down the Illinois river to St. Louis, which then numbered 400 inhabitants.

"I remember that Chicago consisted of just two log houses, one of which was owned by John Kinzie, who went from Detroit, father of Mrs. Gen. Hunter, and, I believe, of Mrs. Geo. C. Bates; the other was the property of Antoine Ouilmette.

"Well, we came back from St. Louis late in the fall and wintered at what is now Hennepin, Ill., then merely a trading house. I also remember that on the way from Chicago down we did not see a white man until we came within 18 miles of St. Louis.

"In 1820 I was at the mouth of the Muskegon river, also trading, and the year 1822 I spent at what is now Kalamazoo. There was no town there then, only a trading post, which was, I think, about two miles from the center of the present beautiful and flourishing town of which Michigan is justly vain.

"On leaving there I went back into the Illinois country and took charge of that department for the fur company. In 1828 I bought out the company's interest there and launched out in the business myself. It was during that period that I built the first frame house in Vermillion county, at Danville. In 1832 my neighbors elected me to represent our county in the legislature, and soon after that I moved to Chicago. In 1834 I built the first brick building put up in Chicago. It was at the corner of Lasalle and South Water streets. In the same year I organized the Eagle Line of vessels, and soon afterward the Lake Superior Steam Transit Company, whose fleet comprised the Superior, the Lady Elgin, and the Ontonagon.

"Since you push me to talk about myself, I may as well add that I am now the oldest settler for 200 miles around Chicago. I was its first insurance agent and wrote the first fire risk there. The policy was among the archives of the Historical Society for many years, but it was destroyed in the conflagration of October, 1871.

"I packed the first beef and pork ever packed in Chicago, but my packing house was burned in 1870, which misfortune cleaned me out of $100,000. The big fire called on me for $200,000, but I have still enough to live on.

"I shall never forget the delightful journey I made on horseback from Chicago to Detroit, in 1828. Didn't see a white man till I came into Ypsilanti, a town of one blacksmith shop and two log cabins. Detroit was only a shanty town, of perhaps 500 inhabitants; but I could see it had a future. I knew all the old settlers there, but most of them are dead and gone."

A RELIC OF OLDEN TIMES.

While they were tearing down the old brick building in Galesburg (built for a hotel, about 1846), an old letter was found in one of the nooks of the building, which was addressed as follows: "Mr. John Moore, Savannah, Georgia." It was postmarked Dalton, N. H., 25 cts.; was folded in the old style of fifty-five years ago, and sealed with sealing wax. It was written on rather coarse, unruled paper, apparently a fly-leaf cut from some blank book. The letter was written by the father of John, Hiram, Lovel, and Abram Moore, who were among the earliest settlers of Kalamazoo county, and are all well remembered by a great many people in that part of the State.

"*Dalton, May 23, 1831.*

"*Dear Son:* Last evening I had the satisfaction of receiving a letter from you dated Sav., May 6th, the present instant, accompanied by one from Hiram, from which together I learned that through the blessing of Heaven you both enjoy good health. This is very comforting to me. I need not

inform you anything about Hiram; you know all about it as well as I do. You have also heard that Lovel is gone or going to him; it's true he has gone, but had not arrived there when Hiram wrote. He wrote to his family when at Buffalo; that is the last we have heard from him. It seems from what you write that you mean to visit the boys at Michigan territory this summer. Hiram states in his letter above named, that he had made a pitch and expects to locate about 150 miles west of the old fort Detroit, and 50 miles east of the Lake Michigan. This must be a great way in the woods, and I fear you will be troubled to find them. I am inclined to think you will find them the cheapest and quickest at my house, for Hiram says if the sale of public land takes place, as he expects it will, in June, he shall return here in July. This, however, will be for your consideration. But if you are about to leave Sav'h I shall be very anxious to see you before you locate anywhere else. As it respects my family, we are all pretty comfortable at this time but myself. I, as Lovel informed you, met with a sad fall the fore part of March last. I am yet unable to do any hard labor, and it is very doubtful whether I ever shall be able to do much more. Louisa is now at home; she has been somewhat sick with a fever, but is pretty comfortable. Asenath is at Holleston, but we expect her to come home soon.

To John Moore, from your affectionate father,

ABEL MOORE."

To this letter Abram Moore, a younger son of the above Abel Moore, adds a few lines in which he wishes John to come by way of Dalton, when he leaves Savannah, and perhaps he will go to Michigan territory with him.

SOME BIOGRAPHIC MEMORANDA.

MONROE, MICH., *November 9, 1887.*

Mr. S. D. Bingham:

SIR,—In compliance with your request to fill out the circular containing the biographic memoranda of my dear father, James Jacque Godefroid (which is the French spelling, and the English, Godfroy), received some time since, I will endeavor to collect a few facts concerning his life. He was born in Detroit, Mich., in 1824; was educated at Bardstown, Ky. Studied law, but abandoned the profession of it on account of ill health contracted in his youthful years, when he first encountered such hardships as I am about to relate, that settled in his throat, and, later on, on his lungs, of which he was a more or less sufferer. He married Miss Victoire, daughter of Colonel Francois Navarre, of Monroe, Mich.; was for many years in the firm of P. & J. J. Godfroy. Here is a little incident connected with his former business life.

A few months after the birth of their first child (son), who is Mr. J. L. C. Godfroy, the family, father, mother and son, left their home on horseback in order to seek for their future fortune in the far west, as it was called in those days, but not far in the present days (Coldwater). The only way of getting to that place was by crossing the Saline river on horseback, and a very dangerous adventure did they experience. He led the way, his wife with their son following. When ready, he told his wife to hold the baby firmly so that he might not be frightened at seeing the water. He crossed and landed safely on the other side. As he left his wife he told her to stay where she was until he had reached the other side of the river, and if all right he would make signs by beckoning to her to cross. As he did so she understood his motions and started reluctantly. Holding their child closely to her with one hand and arm, and leading her horse with the other hand, winding the reins around her arm, she told her horse "*Carion, vas dousemont.*" Carion was the name of her horse, telling him to go softly and slow.

When she was in hearing of her husband, she told "Carion," to whoa; in the meantime, telling Jacque (her husband) that she was afraid to go any farther; he screamed to her to come along. The farther she went, the deeper the water seemed to be, as she had taken a little different course, than he had, bringing her into very deep water; her lower extremities soaking in the cold water. Jacque on the other side, wringing his hands in despair as he saw his wife's and little son's perilous situation; by this time, her horse had traveled a few slow steps toward shore; his wife, encouraged at this progress, told the baby, *pleure point mon chére* (dont cry, my dear). Her husband walked a few steps into the water in order to near her as much as possible, and hallooed to her, to throw the reins to him, that he might lead her horse to shore, which he did in safety. Prayers of joy and thanks were indulged in, in consequence of their safety.

Recovering from their fright and resting awhile, they dressed differently and started for their place of destination; which was composed of mud, woods, wolves, Indian dogs and Indians. They squatted in the woods at night, and built a fire by striking two flint stones (as in those days matches were not in existence) in order to dry their clothes, and to prepare something to eat, as they were almost famished. Fortunately their small allowance of provisions was still in existence, and drinking a cup of black coffee, by this time it was night, and with no other resources, they concluded to rest the best they could, in order to be able to go still farther the next day. At sunrise the next morning they started with the intention of still going on farther; they halted in the woods, unsaddled their horses, in order that they

might refresh themselves in eating grass, and they gathered some wood and branches to make a fire to warm by, having fire in readiness by having struck the two flint stones together, as by this time they were nearly famished, having subsisted during the day until late, on nothing but pumpkin blossoms (raw), which they had picked off some vines belonging to some Indian and white farmers, as they were called in those days. They met with some of the Indians to whom the patch of pumpkin vines belonged. Monsieur Jacque invited them to come to the fire to warm. The Indians came, and offered the family the pipe of peace (pipe or calumet de paix). Jacque took it, and smoked a few puffs in order to make them understand that they were his friends. The Indians seeing that they were so cordially invited, brought and gave the family potatoes, Indian sugar and parched pounded corn which they relished, being mixed with water, and sweetened with this Indian sugar. Some months after this encounter, Monsieur Jacque and family returned to his birthplace, Detroit. Later, they removed to Monroe, the home of his wife. From thence he commenced trading in merchandise, and groceries suitable to the Indians, and the French exchanged goods for all kinds of furs.

The dry goods were chiefly composed of dark blue calico with small white figures, which suited and delighted the Indians; also in figures and colors of all description in the line of shawls, which were worn by the Indians, in addition to their blankets. The building in which he did his trading in those days was made of brick. It is still standing erectly, and is situated on the west side of the Macomb street bridge, facing front street of Monroe, Mich. Much later, he was a dry goods merchant, and carrying on the business in the building situated very near to the Monroe city mills, now owned by his son, Samuel Godfroy. He was a sickly man from the time of his experience in the far west, by having endured so much hardship and cold, in the uncultivated and uncivilized country.

During his unhealthful life, he always tried to be in harmony with every body, particularly with the Indians, as they were and are still a hard people to manage. He certainly was in their favorg reatly, as was shown by them, in coming to make Jaco (as he was called by the tribes) a visit, particularly on New Years. Indians and their squaws, with their pappooses strapped tight to a board (called *barseau* in the French language—not aware of the Indian name) and carried on the squaw's back; the addition of another leather strap, being nailed to the *barseau* in order to be slung over the mother's head, in order to carry the *barseau*, with its contents (pappoose) safely. Jaco would cordially open the door to let his comrades walk in. The name comrade pleased them very much. The first welcome was by the

shaking of hands and the offering of the Calumet de paix. Jacque by this time could not endure tobacco, would only take the pipe, and telling them that he was sick and could not smoke, they would nod their heads, as much as to say "all right." Then Jaco would tell them some laughable stories, and doings he had experienced during his sojourn in the far west, and other doings at home; and being listened to with great earnestness in anticipation of something relative to themselves, they would at last break their silence by laughing aloud and saying Jaco, Jaco, meaning that they approved of all he had said. Then Jaco would ask them: "Comrades, what do you want today (New Year)?" le premier jour de l'an, or nouvelle année (the first day of the year)—as Jaco understood their pátois perfectly by this time. They would answer by saying, we want presents of potatoes, salt, corn meal, wheat flour, and several other quantities of different things; which were given them by him, oftentimes taking cooked edibles from the table, which had been prepared for the family, saying to them, in their pátois: "Tien, comrades, prenez cela, et allez vous en, chez vous" (here, comrades, take this, and go home.)

A little incident, which is connected with his business life, is told. On the approaching of a thunder and lightning storm, of which he was a great coward (owing, no doubt, to his bad health), he would be seen to make preparations to go by telling his customers that he was going home before the storm commenced. Leaving his friends in the store and telling his clerk to see to wants, he would leave for home; no sooner in the house than he would disrobe and jump in his large feather bed, and surrounded with feather pillows, which he would pull closely to him, would say, "now I am safe," as it was and is still suspicioned that feathers are a great preventive from lightning. When the storm had abated, he would return to his business, finding his customers awaiting him in order to indulge in merriment at his expense, which he would join in.

He removed the last remnant of the Indians about Detroit to their reservation in the far west. He died in 1847, leaving a large family of children, comprising eight sons and five daughters, all of whom survive him, with the exception of one son having died in 1885, and three in their infancy. The eldest daughter married the Hon. Frederick Walldorf of Welstein, Hesse Darmstadt, Germany, and later of Monroe, Mich., in 1844.

In politics, my father was a democrat.

I remain, in my husband's stead, very respectfully,

MRS. C. A. GODFROY WALLDORF.

LETTER FROM AN OCTOGENARIAN.

VANCOUVER, CLARK CO., WASHINGTON T'Y., *August 10, 1887.*

Hon. S. D. Bingham, Lansing, Mich.:

SIR—Your circular and request of 3d instant are received.

My name is Columbia Lancaster; I was born in Newmillford, Litchfield county, State of Connecticut, on the 26th day of August, A. D. 1803; occupation, an attorney; politics, a democrat (copper-fastened).

I came to Michigan in August, 1830; remained at White Pigeon until the county seat was located at Centreville; erected the first dwelling and became the first resident of Centreville.

The territory of Michigan filled in rapidly with good citizens, and it was deemed best to have a State Government formed and recover back the ten-mile strip which Ohio and Indiana had robbed from our territory. A territorial military organization was effected to that end, and I was elected one of her colonels. A constitution was adopted and forwarded to Congress asking that our lands be restored to us. Congress could not do it, but tendered to us a region along the south side of Lake Superior or providing that, when the people in convention would accept of the offer, the President should admit us as a State of the Union by his proclamation.

A convention was called at Ann Arbor. I was one of the delegates to that convention. We (democrats) lost by two votes, because the constitution permitted foreigners to vote on three years' residence, and the whig rule required 21 years. Another convention was called, and we became a State. I took a seat in the legislature in 1837 or 1838 (I am depending on memory).

In March, 1837, I left Michigan with my wife, and a daughter four years old, with an ox team for Oregon, reaching Oregon City on the fifteenth day of September following. At the crossing of the Missouri river, I was elected to the command of the company, consisting of 84 wagons, and the command to terminate at Ash Hollow, beyond the hostile tribes of Indians, when we were to separate into small companies, which we did. Some sickness prevailed, but not a death. My command terminated at Ash Hollow.

When we reached Oregon City, I found a provisional government established, bounded on the south by California, on the west by the Pacific Ocean, on the east by the Rocky mountains, and on the north by a boundary line to be established by the United States and Great Britian. This whole region was held under a treaty of joint occupation between England and the United States, and the Hudson Bay fur company had possession. The fur establishment of John Jacob Astor at Astoria was discontinued. I found the

provisional government, perfect in detail, had adopted a statute of Iowa, had a legislature, circuit judge, and a supreme judge from whose decisions there was no appeal. On the 30th day of November, 1847, I was appointed supreme judge of Oregon territory, and when Congress organized Oregon into a territory, a provision was added that those in office should hold until their successors were appointed and qualified. The territorial judges were from the east, and had to pass round Cape Horn to reach here. When they came, I surrendered the docket and papers, and was elected a member of the council in Oregon's second legislature. And afterward, when Oregon was divided, and Washington Territory was established, I was elected her first delegate to represent her in Congress (democratic), and this ended my official career.

Permit me to add that, in the winter of 1847, Dr. Whitman and his family and some others were murdered by the Indians, and some women were taken prisoners. This happened at his home east of the Cascade mountains. It produced a dreadful shock, and came near causing the death of every American settler. The leading members of the Protestant churches laid the murderous act to the influence of the Catholic priests. Whitman was a Presbyterian minister, a doctor and missionary, and a good man. The members of the Hudson Bay company were Catholic, and had perfect control of the Indians. Through the influence of Dr. John McLaughlin, the excitement cooled down, and the Hudson Bay company purchased of the Indians the enslaved women and brought them down to us.

Some years after, being strengthened by United States troops, it was thought our duty to capture the murderers of Whitman, and a war commenced called the Kyuse war, and every part of this wilderness was exposed. We erected block houses and places of security as best we could, and organized a force and sent them with the troops east of the Cascade mountains, and a company was placed on the west side, at the foot of the mountains near the Indian trail, to give prompt notice to the settlers below of the Indians' approach. I volunteered and served three months as a private. The Indians passed us by another trail and commenced their attack at the cascades of the Columbia, and were driven back by our forces. Five Indians were captured and brought to Oregon City for trial as the murderers at the Whitman massacre. They were proven to be the murderers, but held that all Indian physicians are exorcists, and if a patient die, his relatives and friends may slay the exorcist. This plea was set aside, and the whole proof showed, conclusively, that neither Catholic nor Catholic priests had any hand in the murder. They were convicted and hung.

Please permit me to say a few words more. England desired that the

Columbia river should be the boundary line, and hence it was for her interest that Americans should not settle here, and form a government, and it was reported and believed that we could not cross the mountains and rivers with our families, but if ever this country should fill up it must be by water communication. Dr. John McLaughlin had been chief factor of the Hudson Bay interest throughout this whole region. Yet he was a noble hearted man, and would do as he would be done by; and he aided the immigrants, let them have food, clothing, seed and teams. For all this he was assailed in London, was severely denounced, and a pamphlet published, showing his hostility to British interests. The doctor handed me the pamphlet and looking up towards heaven, with tears in his eyes, said, "I have done no harm, I have committed no sin." He was severely treated here, and prevented in Congress from taking a donation land claim, but the legislature of Oregon corrected the evil. He was one of the best men I ever knew, and without him what could we have done? At the opening of the first United States court here, he declared his intention to become a citizen of the United States, and did so become.

It is difficult for any man to comprehend the rapid strides of this country, in improvements, wealth, and means of communication with the world. What was once six months of hard toil, amidst dangers, is now accomplished in six or seven days, and this season cherries were taken from my trees, and sent by rail to some eastern city. At first, six months were required to receive an answer to a letter, and now we can whisper our wants along the wires in a few minutes to a friend in London.

I am pleased with this country, but still I cannot keep my mind away from Michigan and her noble system of education, the best the world produces, and in imagination I sit down in Centreville, and all previous incidents pass in a grand panorama before me. But my old friends, many of them have emigrated to the celestial regions. I shall soon follow them. On the 26th of this month my wife and I will have been married fifty years. We are in good health, have two daughters and one son, all married and doing well. We have enough of this world's goods to keep us from want. This season has been hot and dry, yet none can say in this city that they have seen a flash of lightning, or heard a rumbling sound of thunder. I have seen more flashes of lightning and heard more claps of thunder in one thunder shower in Centreville than all I have seen or heard here since I came here.

Yours,

COLUMBIA LANCASTER.

I wish to state why I have this female name. When Lewis and Clark returned from their explorations here, one of them called upon my father. I was in sight, either in a cradle or sap trough, I don't remember which, and had been named Thomas. My father was persuaded to change my name to Columbia, after the mighty river they had explored. My father consented, as the explorer prophesied that I would lay my bones on the bank of that river, which I have done many times.

When the explorations were published, my father received a copy. When old enough I read the book and the impressions were lasting, and, like Greely, could say "Go west, young man."

The United States flag waves over us, and we have proven to the world that man is capable of self government.

REMINISCENCES OF THE EARLY ITINERANCY.

BY S. C. WOODARD.

My parents, with seven children, left Steuben county, N. Y., for the territory of Michigan in September, 1836. They located in the town of Ray, Macomb county. We came to Detroit on the old steamer "North America." There were but two mud holes between Detroit and our future home, one commenced in the city and ended about a mile south of Mount Clemens, the other, a little north of the village, and ended about half a mile south of the end of our journey.

In 1837, or '8, the glorious fourth of July was celebrated in due form at Mount Clemens. Stevens T. Mason, the first governor elected by the State of Michigan had projected some grand schemes of internal improvement, among which was the Clinton and Kalamazoo canal. The ceremonies of breaking the grounds for the commencement of the work of construction of this canal were performed, and added to the interest of the occasion. The citizens marched in a body, with the governor and some of the noted citizens of Detroit at the head, to the bank of the river, where the canal was to terminate. Among those noted men was the Hon. Ross Wilkins, judge of the United States court. A hollow square was formed, and the governor stepped to the centre and made a speech in which he predicted, in glowing language, the advantages of the canal. A wheelbarrow and some shovels had been provided, and the big men soon filled the wheelbarrow. Col. James L. Conger, who was then or subsequently a member of Congress, took off his coat and with great energy took hold of

the wheelbarrow, and in the effort to unload it broke one of the handles and failed to accomplish his purpose. A man standing near me said that that failure was emblematical of the fate of that canal, which prediction proved to be true.

The crowd then marched back to the village, where, under the shade of a bower, a sumptuous dinner had been provided. After the table had been cleared, an abundant supply of champagne was brought on, and toasting and drinking commenced. I suppose they had what, in those days, was called a good time. I know I thought they did not act as though the champagne had added to their brains or sense. I am proud to say that a governor would not do such things now.

Judge Wilkins subsequently became a Methodist local preacher. When I was stationed at Trenton, about 35 years ago, he came down and preached in my pulpit while I was absent on a visit.

On Monday morning, the 25th day of November, 1838, I formed a resolution which was the pivot on which my future destiny, not only for time, but for all the eternity beyond, was made to turn. No resolution of my whole life was ever formed with more careful consideration and freer from excitement than that which led me then to enter upon a religious life. The following Saturday, at 9 o'clock P. M., I was soundly converted. From that time until to day, I have never, for a single moment, wavered a hair's breadth in my purpose to be a christian.

In the month of May, I had a strange experience, in which the most prominent thought was, "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel." My natural taste and all the natural elements of my being shrank from the response to such a call. I thought the Lord had undertaken a very difficult task in trying to make even an ordinary preacher out of such an ignorant, diffident boy as I was.

About a year after, I made my first attempt to hold a religious meeting. The circuit preacher, Rev. D. McGregor, told me he was going to leave an appointment for me at a certain place. I told him I would not go. He said "you will go." I repented and went. As I came to the place of meeting I found the house full. I supposed I should not be able to speak over five minutes, and then they would say no more to me about preaching. I repeated a text, opened my mouth, and talked just one hour by the watch. I then thought I was quite a preacher. I soon changed my mind and thought I was not. The next time the preacher came around he called my case before the church and I was licensed to exhort. On the 20th day of March, 1840, I was licensed to preach. In the following summer I was duly recommended as a proper person to be received on trial in the Michigan

conference as a traveling preacher. The conference was held at White Pigeon. It was quite a long journey, so I did not go. I had but little expectation of being received into the conference and assigned to a field of labor. I learned nothing as to what disposition the conference had made of my case until I saw in a Detroit paper my name, in connection with Livingston circuit, Ann Arbor district, with Henry Colclazer for presiding elder, and Flavel Britten as preacher in charge. Henry Colclazer was a polished gentleman, a ripe scholar, an eloquent preacher, and as such deservedly stood at the head of the conference. He went from our conference to the Philadelphia conference about 1846. Bishop Hurst said at our last conference that Henry Colclazer led him to Christ.

Flavel Britten, my colleague, was a fair preacher, and a wise leader in a revival of religion. With a trembling heart I packed my saddle, bade my friends farewell, and started out in the name of the Lord, on the great mission of my life. I had in my saddle bags all my worldly effects, which consisted of a Bible, hymn book, discipline, and one other book, as a library, and a few clothes.

About sundown the second day of my journey, I passed through the village of Milford. I thought I was glad that Milford was not on my circuit. I dreaded villages, for I thought that people in villages knew more than country people did. I have since learned that I was mistaken. I stopped over night about two miles south of Milford, and there I learned that I was on my circuit; and I had to preach in Milford the next Sunday afternoon.

Our first quarterly meeting was held at Howell, a little village among the oak brush. The presiding elder, on Saturday afternoon, preached a very fine sermon, to a small congregation. He told me I must preach in the evening; I tried, and made a flat failure. The elder talked after me, and made worse work than I did. I suppose he failed to ease, not down, but up.

Our second quarterly meeting was held in Milford. The society there was very feeble. The appointment had been discontinued and Methodism was nearly dead.

On Saturday afternoon three men, who were not professors of religion, came into the quarterly conference to see about having trustees appointed to build a Methodist church. The outsiders wanted a church and were willing to take the lead in the enterprise. We had some difficulty in getting timber for the trustees, as only two male members in that society were available. My colleague said he hoped we would see the time when we would have timber enough in Michigan of which to make trustees. The next Wednesday evening all those three men were converted. We had a glorious revival. Two

of the three men referred to were D. Mowry and John Crawford, who died recently. As the fruits of that revival, about one hundred united with the different churches. The next year a church was built, and the society has been a strong one ever since. I received as a salary that year, $37.00, with a few presents added.

In the fall of 1842 I went to conference to receive another field of labor. I supposed I should be sent off on the frontier somewhere; but, to my surprise, I was sent to Birmingham. Had a prosperous year.

In the fall of 1843 I went to conference, and was much disappointed in my appointment. My presiding elder told me that he did not intend to let me go out of the Detroit district. At that time there was, on the northern frontier, a circuit, for some reason, I hardly know what, called the "Whipping Post." I listened with interest to the reading of the appointments. The Detroit district was read and my name was not there. So with every district in the conference, and my name was not read. Then the Shiawassee district was called (a new district just formed), and then, when "Whipping Post" was called, I found my name there; and I was preacher in charge of Mapleton circuit, with Nathan Mount for my colleague. I had just been ordained as a deacon, and had authority to baptize and perform the marriage ceremony. My field of labor embraced some appointments in the western part of Shiawassee county, others in the north part of Ingham, and a large portion of Clinton county. The year before, I received about $37 on my salary, and when I started from my father's to go to my new appointment I did not have a whole dollar in money in my pocket, and had a journey of a hundred miles before me, all the way among strangers.

I reached the border of my charge Friday night. My first preaching place was what was then known as Rochester Colony. Saturday noon, where I took dinner, I met a man who lived in the Colony. He said he had some business with a man a little off from the main road, so he told me to go to a certain place where a man by the name of Swarthout lived and there he would meet me and conduct me through the woods, a distance of twelve miles, and only three houses in the whole distance. I rode on to Swarthout's and stopped, as a stranger, but did not tell who I was or the character of my calling. The lady of the house looked out and saw a pair of saddle-bags on my horse, and suspected my business. She asked me if I was one of the preachers sent on to that circuit. I replied that I was. She seemed to be disappointed, and told me that the presiding elder promised to send them an old man that year. They had two young men the year before, and neither had been ordained. One was M. E. Bigelow, now of Detroit conference, the other, W. H. Cowles, of Iowa.

The old lady said they wanted a preacher who could baptize and perform the marriage ceremony. I told her I supposed, if anyone wanted to be baptized, I could do it, and if she had any children who wanted to get married, I was authorized to do that; though I had not as yet done either. The good old sister, as she was, wanted to know what kind of a financial report the preacher who had just left the circuit made to the conference. I told her they reported their salaries paid in full, which amounted to $100 apiece. She replied that she thought that, as they had paid so well, they ought to have older men to preach for them. I thought she was treading on facts a little too much. Her talk did not make me spunky, but it did throw me onto what little dignity I had. Now, said I, "The presiding elder you said made you that promise knows me. I was converted, joined the church, licensed to preach, and recommended to the conference under his administration, and he picked me out for this circuit. I did not covet the job of coming up here in the woods, but I am here, and if I live and the Lord favors me with health I shall probably stay during the year, and the people will have to put up with it some way."

Soon the brother who proposed to conduct me through the woods came along. I mounted my horse and rode on.

I made up my mind that the old lady had some reason, which I did not understand, for saying what she had, and I would not judge her until I found out what it was. She was one of my warmest friends, and, when I left the circuit, she told me I must tell the presiding elder to be sure and send me back for the next year.

Soon after, I was riding along in the woods on my way to an appointment, on a week day afternoon; I saw a man coming towards me, on a lame horse, with a pair of big saddle-bags in his saddle. He was poorly clad, and looked as though he might be a Methodist preacher. I said to myself, that is N. Mount, my colleague. I had never met him. My conjecture proved to be correct. After exchanging salutations, he said I must go and marry him. I asked to be excused. He said he knew of no one else he could get to do it. It required a journey of thirty miles to reach the place where his future wife lived. As it turned out, the round trip cost me about seventy miles ride, and I received just enough to pay my cash expenses, which was twenty-five cents, the amount of the county clerk's fee for recording the certificate of marriage.

In one settlement where I preached there was a building standing, in which my horse was kept when I came around, in which was the first manufactory ever started in Clinton county. It was a long shanty without a floor, covered with a primitive roof made of basswood saplings,

dug out in the shape of long gutters to carry off the rain. The business carried on was not making boots and shoes, or furniture, but in making bogus money. Uncle Sam found the nest of criminals, and had them punished. That locality was then known as the Bogus settlement. Strange to say, my horse, with those corrupt associations, never turned out bogus.

North of St. Johns there is a swamp in which my horse was mired in the winter more than once, five miles from any human habitation.

In the month of December I started out one cold day to go to Pine lake to an appointment and preach in the evening; also to go to Okemos the next evening. After I had gone about four miles I stopped to warm. I had on my only pair of pants and they were worn very thin; I had on no undergarments. I went out, and, in attempting to mount my horse, my pants met with an accident, so that I was in a sad plight. I went back to where I had stayed over night and borrowed a pair of pants to wear around the circuit. I did not then have a dollar in money.

On that circuit I found a very warm friend and wise counsellor in Rev. Lewis Coburn, who is now a resident of Lansing. One of the early pioneers of Clinton county was Hiram Benedict, who settled at what is now called Maple Rapids. Mr. Benedict was a sceptic, but desired to have religious meetings in the neighborhood. He opened his doors for that purpose, so we preached in his shanty once in two weeks. When each preacher came around, Mr. Benedict not only entertained us and our horses, but gave us 50 cents each. He said they had a very fine country, and he desired to have it settled by an intelligent, solid class of people. He said he observed that when men came there to look at the country, those whose appearance indicated that they would make good citizens invariably asked two questions: First, have you any religious meetings here? Second, what prospect is there for schools? It seems he had not logic enough to perceive that his statement involved a strong practical argument in faver of the divinity of christianity.

In the fall of 1845, I was sent to organize a new circuit around Grand Rapids. I had two preaching places to begin with. One was at Grandville, the other at what is now Lamont. At these two places there were about 30 church members. My work was largely of a pioneer character. On some occasions I was under the necessity of letting my horse stand out all night in cold winter weather without any shelter to protect him. As the result of the year's labor, I reported to the conference nine preaching places and 120 church members and probationers.

During the year I formed the acquaintance of a young man who was a graduate of a New England Unitarian college, and I think also of a theologi-

cal seminary. He had united with the Congregational church at Grand Rapids and was licensed to preach. He was the most humble and sociable young man I ever knew, for one of his attainments. He seemed to be perplexed in his views concerning experimental religion. He sometimes went with me to my week day appointments to get light. At the close of the year he was present at one of my preaching places and heard me preach my last sermon there. After I commenced my sermon a little dog came and sat down before, and commenced barking at me. I did not know whether it was criticising or applauding my sermon.

The young man to whom I referred got up and drove the dog out doors. There were some dogs out doors larger than he was, and he came yelping back into the house. The congregation were all in a titter, and I dared not stop talking for fear my humorous nature would get the better of me. The young man drove the dog out the second time. Soon the dog came back, yelping, into the house. A woman then took him onto her lap and kept him quiet during the rest of the meeting. It was rather an impressive, but not very solemn, scene.

I lost sight of that young man and have never seen him since that day. But if I am correctly informed, he turned out to be Dr. Addison Ballard, who preached several years in one of the Congregational churches in Detroit.

At the close of my seventh year in the conference I married. During those seven years I received for my services less than $500. My board and horse-feed cost me nothing, for I lived most of the time among the people. You may well wonder how I clothed myself and secured books to study. Some books I bought, studied them, and then sold them at a reduction and bought more. As to clothes, I wore them until they were well patched. When my pants got thin on the knees, I had the legs cut off, turned around and sewed on again.

One of my presiding elders years ago, the Rev. R. R. Richards, married for his second wife the widow of Dr. Douglas Houghton, who was drowned on Lake Superior. She was a lady of fine culture and education. She, with her own fingers, fixed her husband's pants in that way and he wore them to one of my quarterly meetings.

After I was married I went to the Lyons circuit, which was not far from forty miles long and thirty miles wide. I was poor and we had nothing with which to commence keeping house, so we concluded to board. The official board made an allowance of just $80 for our board and the expense of keeping my horse. One of the official members, a merchant of Lyons, with a large heart, was somewhat disgusted with the small allowance, told us to come and live in his family and he would take the $80, and the people

might pay it in what they could let him have. We stayed with him until the first of February, up to which time all that had been paid on our board bill was about $10, so we thought we had better quit boarding and commence housekeeping. My wife's father sent her a deed of forty acres of land to sell and buy an outfit. We thought it unwise to sell the land for that purpose, so we commenced keeping house in the village of Portland without owning a table, bedstead, or chair. We borrowed a set of chairs and some bedding and slept on the floor until we could get some of our own. We left Lyons circuit in the fall of 1850, and have had no real experience in pioneer life since. My salaries have always been small, but I never left a charge owing a dollar to any man.

I am glad I have been a Methodist preacher.

THE FIRST SETTLEMENT OF IONIA.

BY P. H. TAYLOR.

On the 28th day of May, 1833, in the forenoon, the first company of pioneers came to a halt, pitched their tents, and began living in and inproving the then new Ionia. Sometime in the year 1832, Samuel Dexter visited Michigan. Reaching Detroit he secured the services of an Indian guide, came to Ionia and made his selection of land, all of section 19, in town 7 north of range 6 west, lying north of Grand river. From Ionia he went to Grand Rapids; then to White Pigeon, where the United States land office was located, purchased his land and then returned home. Pleased with his report of the western wilds, other men of families determined also to remove to the same section of country. The names of the adult members of this emigrant party were Samuel Dexter, Erastus Yeomans, Oliver Arnold, Darius Winsor, Joel Guild and Edward Guild, with their families and four young men; Dr. W. B. Lincoln, Zenas Winsor, Patrick M. Fox and M. Decker; 63 person in all. This company left German Flats, Herkimer county, N. Y., April 25, on the boat, "Walk-in-the-Water," of Utica. This boat was propelled by horse power, or rather towed by horses, the company having five. A small stable was in the bow of the boat for their accommodation. The cabin was located in the stern, with the kitchen; the midships being used for dining hall, sleeping place and storing goods. They reached Buffalo, May 7, where the boat was disposed of. A vessel called the Atlantic was chartered to take the great bulk of the goods to Grand Haven. At Detroit this boat received a supply of flour and pork,

purchased of Oliver Newberry, and then proceeded to its destination. There was at that time at Grand Haven a small block house.

The families, with horses, wagons and a few of the most necessary household goods, took passage on the steamer Superior, reaching Detroit May 10. On the 12th, having everything in readiness, the caravan started, a covered wagon to each family. My impression is there were two horse and four ox teams. When night came, it was some times necessary to pitch a tent, perhaps a tent for each family. They reached Pontiac May 14th, Fullers, in Oakland county, on the 15th, and Gage's on the 16th. They camped in the woods on the 17th, were at Saline on the 18th and 19th, and camped out from the 20th to the 28th. A part of the way it was necessary to cut their own road. During the last stage of their journey a child of Samuel Dexter was taken sick, and died while the wagons were moving. The company came to a halt near or at Muskrat creek, where the babe was buried. The death and burial of this child was the one marked event of the whole journey.

On May 27th the company reached Grand river, near Lyons; forded the river and traveled across the prairie to Generoville, where they again forded and then camped for the night. On the morning of the 28th they started again, following an Indian trail on the north side of the river, crossed Prairie creek very near where the dam now is, and came to their final halt before noon, having been on the road from Detroit from the 12th to the 28th.

On arriving at their destination, the company bought from the Indians several bark wigwams or shanties, together with the crops they had planted. The corn was already out of the ground. The wigwams bought by Mr. Dexter were near the present mill site. One piece of corn was west of Dexter street and on both sides of Main street. Those bought by Mr. Yeomans and Mr. Arnold, with the cornfield, were on the ground now used by the agricultural society. The two families of Guild and Winsor did not remain long at Ionia, but removed to Grand Rapids, where some of their descendants still live. On arriving at Ionia, Mr. Yeomans wrote the following :

We'll praise Thy name, O God of grace,
For all Thy mercies shown;
We've been preserved to reach this place,
And find a pleasant home.

In journeying far, from distant lands,
We've been Thy constant care;
Have been supported by Thy hand
To shun each evil snare.

Through dangers great and toil severe,
Thou, Lord, hast led our way;
Thou art our helper evermore,
To guide us day by day.

Help us, O Lord, to raise our song
Of gratitude to Thee;
Great God, to Thee all praise belongs,
From land to land, from sea to sea.

The wigwams mentioned were summer wigwams, some ten or twelve feet square, the frames made of small poles and covered with elm or ash bark. There was no room for fires inside, so cooking had to be done in the open air. Wigwams for winter were circular, with fires inside. After a day or two it was found necessary to send for the goods at the Haven. In doing this, a batteau was procured from Louis Genero. Our Mohawk boatmen, believing they could get along without assistance from the natives, took their departure. The first day brought them to the Rapids, and, although advised not to attempt the passage, they went safely over. During the night they floated almost to the Haven. Their return was much harder work, as their boat carried thirty or forty barrels; but at last the effects were all safely landed at Ionia. To secure the goods and provisions, a rude shelter was constructed.

The only land so far taken up was by Mr. Dexter. The others must first make their selection, then go to the land office and secure the same. It was growing into fall before their houses were ready for occupancy. The lumber for finishing was brought from near the Rapids, and the shingles on the Yeomans' house were made from siding cut a suitable length. The Indians from the first were friendly, offering fish and game in exchange for bread, flour or meat. In order to replenish their provisions the settlers went to Gull prairie, carted their supplies to Middleville, thence by boat down the Thornapple and up Grand river. When any of the men were out late at night, guns and horns were brought into use to direct any stragglers who might lose their way.

In writing this sketch there may be some mistakes; no doubt there are. I received many of my impressions from the earliest comers, for I was a frequent visitor at the house of Erastus Yeomans, and on intimate terms with his son. In conclusion I will say, 'tis passing strange how things have changed since this old hat was new.

MY FIRST JOURNEY TO MICHIGAN, WITH OTHER REMINISCENCES.

BY JOHN F. HINMAN.

Mr. President and Ladies and Gentlemen of the State Pioneer Society of Michigan:

The paper that I have written gives an account of my first journey to Michigan, with a few other recollections.

I was born in Castleton, Rutland county, Vermont, on Sunday the 17th day of March, St. Patrick's day, 1816, where I resided, with the exception of three years, until I left for the State of Michigan; and the last thing to fade from my memory will be the simple, unpretending church, with its square pews, and no fireplace or stove to make the congregation comfortable, which, standing by itself, overlooked the green hamlet where I was born, casting the shadow of its spire beyond the last closed grave of my grand parents, and bearing its arrow vane as true to the course of the wind, as the needle to its pole; but this old land mark got out of fashion and was razed to the ground more than fifty years ago, to make room for a new and more modern church.

It is but about sixty years ago, I remember the time well, since the one-horse wagon was in vogue, the buggy with springs was unknown, the craze for gold had not come, and the friction match was a curiosity. We were a nation of hard workers. At almost every four corners a shoe maker and a wheelwright throve. Elections were honest and unbought; a days journey was a notable event; the sewing machine was unheard of; the inventer of the telephone was unborn; guns with flint locks were in use; the Yankee peddler was prospering, though he had not yet circumnavigated the globe; our emblem of commercial haste was the stage coach. In reading a newspaper article, it was not necessary to look at the close to ascertain if it was not a patent medicine advertisement. Preachers of the gospel knew nothing about hay-fever, but preached, generally, three times every Sunday in the year and never thought of asking for a three months vacation; but occasionally one, as now, would preach all around the sins of his hearers, without coming quite close enough to give offense and lose his pew rents.

Traveling from Castleton to Troy, N. Y., was a good days' work. There were neither mowers or self-binders in existence. Women cooked by open fires. Young men were skilled with the ax. At nightfall tallow candles made the light. The steam saw mill had not begun to make merchandise of the forest. The lord of a thousand acres dined with his men. The matron

advised with her maids and aided them in securing mates. Matrons and girls boasted of their spinning. Only the thrifty took a newspaper. The day began with dawn and ended with nine o'clock. Base ball was not a national game. The circus and clown were the event of the year. The menagerie gave the church members, including the deacons, a good chance. The clock, tin, and notion peddler visited every house. Gold watches were a curiosity. The annual training, on the first Tuesday in June, was a great day for both men and boys. The railroad was coming. The telegraph was not yet heard of. Story tellers and hearty laughs abounded. Divorces were scarcely thought of. A religious backslider was a curiosity. Prairie farms were undreamed of. A man with a mustache would have been the laughing stock of the town. Hard drinking was indulged in until old age scarcely enabled a man to see snakes. The mighty west was unknown. The territory of the United States had not been crossed. Six yards of calico, 1½ yards of cambric, two skeins of thread, and a card of hooks and eyes were all that was required for a lady's dress. Most men were born, lived and died in the same county. The saddle was the emblem of haste and speed. To bury a man, the expenses were about five dollars. Few had seen a purchased carpet. Family garments were made at home. Professional men subsisted well on an income of $300 per year. Doors were left unlocked, and the family washing hung out all night. Personal property consisted of notes, mortgages and farm stock. There was no dealing in futures. If a man owed another man and could not pay him, he was taken to the county seat, and if he couldn't give bail that he would remain on the limits, he was locked up in jail and remained there until the debt was paid or he discharged by the court. Such, ladies and gentlemen, was the state of things during my early life, in the State of Vermont.

I left Castleton about 1 o'clock on Wednesday morning, June 6, 1838, in a stage coach, for Michigan. The stage coach of that day was drawn by four horses and carried inside nine passengers on three parallel seats which were cushioned with sheepskin. A boot behind contained the trunks; the mails were also conveyed in this way, the stage stopping at every postoffice on the road. The horses were changed and fresh ones substituted five times between Castleton and Albany, the distance being about 76 miles. We arrived in Albany early in the afternoon, and took the cars for Utica. The cars at that time were stage coach bodies placed on small car wheels, and were drawn out of Albany by horses, when the engine was attached. The engineer had no protection from the weather, and the man who collected the tickets was obliged to hang to the railing on top and outside of the coaches, with a railing to walk on about six inches wide. The man who

collected the tickets on our train, Mr. Reed, was killed on this railroad, many years ago. The train was let down a hill or inclined plane, just before we reached the city of Schenectady. We arrived at Utica late in the evening, Utica at that time being the terminus of the railroad. The weather during the day was warm, with occasional showers.

June 7, I remained in Utica, having met an acquaintance there, stopping at a hotel on Genesee street, near the canal, kept by Messrs. Chatfield & Hardaway. June 8, I left Utica about 4 o'clock P. M., on the canal packet, Ohio, commanded by that celebrated fun maker, Captain Joel Cody. On arriving at the canal boat and getting my trunk aboard, it began to look a little strange to me how so many passengers could be accommodated with beds, as we were to spend four or five days on board, and I opened a field of inquiry as to the other domestic arrangements of the establishment. However, there it was, a boat with a neat little house in it, viewed from the outside, and a numerous gathering of men, women and children, on the inside; the ladies being partitioned off by a red curtain had the forward part of the cabin, the gentlemen being allowed the privilege of occupying the rear portion.

The passengers sat here looking at the row of little tables which were placed in the center of the cabin, the baggage having been placed on the forward deck of the boat, and covered up with a large canvas covering, when Captain Cody called out, "All aboard," and immediately gave the signal to the driver, a colored boy, who managed the team, consisting of three horses, one forward of the other, the boy riding the rear horse. These horses were attached to the boat by a long rope, called a tow-line, and on getting the signal from the captain the boy cracked his whip, the horses straightened out the line and away we went, leaving the city of Utica behind us.

At about six o'clock all the small tables were put together to form one long table, and all the passengers sat down to tea, coffee, bread, butter, liver, steak, potatoes, pickles, ham and sausage; but I saw no napkins, each one making use of his or her handkerchief instead. Everybody used their own knife, as no extra knife was furnished for butter, but all seemed to enjoy the supper. One thing I noticed in particular, and that was that Captain Cody had all the ladies seated before the men were allowed to take seats. After the supper was over the men nearly all went on deck. It was somewhat embarrassing at first, too, to have to duck one's head every five minutes, whenever the man at the helm called out "bridge;" and sometimes, when the cry was "low bridge," to get down nearly flat; but it took only a short time to become familiar with this.

After the remains of the supper were cleared away, a pleasant looking

colored man came on deck, ringing a little bell and saying, "All those gentlemen who hav'nt paid their fare will please to go below, and they'll find the captain there." I hastened down, and as it happened was the first one to pay my fare, and it proved fortunate for me, for when it came to sleeping, my name was the first one called to make a selection for the night. I have mentioned my having been in some uncertainty relative to the sleeping accommodations on board this boat. I remained in the same state of mind until about ten o'clock, when, on going below, I found suspended on either side of the cabin, three long tiers of hanging sacks, and on each sack a small sheet, pillow and blanket. The rows of sacks were lettered, a, b, c, etc., and when my name was called I immediately took the lower sack on the larboard side, close to the red curtain, when the colored man called out to the captain, "Mr. Hinman a lower;" and so he and the captain went through until all of the passengers were provided for. As soon as any gentleman found his berth, he took possession of it immediately.

After locating myself in my berth for the night, I was somewhat alarmed, on looking upward, to see by the shape of the sacking, which his weight had bent into an exceedingly tight bag, somewhat in the shape of a hanging birds' nest, that there was a heavy man above me, whom the small ropes seemed quite incapable of holding, and I could not help reflecting upon the grief of my father and mother and other friends, whom I had just left in Vermont, in the event of his coming down upon me in the night. But, as I could not go elsewhere without creating an alarm, I shut my eyes upon the danger, placed my head upon my pillow, and soon passed into that shadowy realm, where the anxieties and sorrows of earth are soothed and forgotten. How inexplicable is sleep!

About six o'clock in the morning we got up, and some of us went on deck to give the colored man an opportunity of taking down the berths. The toilet accommodations were not very extensive; there was a small tin pail chained to the deck, with which every gentleman who thought it necessary to wash himself fished the dirty water out of the canal and poured it into a tin basin, which was chained to the deck in like manner. There was also an endless, or, as some call them, a jack towel, hanging up on a roller. There were also hanging up before a small looking glass, in the bar (for they had a bar here), a public comb and hair-brush.

At 8 o'clock, the berths having been taken down and put away, and the tables joined together, everybody sat down to tea, coffee, bread, butter, liver, steak, potatoes, pickles, ham, and sausage, all over again. As each gentleman got through with his own bill of fare, he rose up and walked off. When the passengers had done eating the fragments were cleared away, and

one of the colored waiters, appearing anew in the character of a barber, shaved such of the company as desired to be shaved, while the others looked on or promenaded on deck. The dinner was a duplicate of the breakfast, minus tea and coffee.

It was on this boat that I got my first set-back, on my first journey to Michigan. It was as follows: After the colored man had got through shaving, a checker-board was introduced, and the young people spent their time at playing checkers. As I looked over the playing, it seemed to me that I could beat anybody that I saw playing; having been a boy checker player, I had got the idea that I understood the game perfectly. So I watched the games for some time, hoping that I would sooner or later have the satisfaction of showing the boat's crew where that game originated. After a long time the young people got tired of the game, and a tall, dark complexioned man, with black eyes, took the board, and the thought occurred to me that now was my time to show what I could do. So, without being invited, I immediately took a seat opposite this gentleman, when he very politely asked me if I played checkers. I answered, "Yes, sir, it takes a smart man to beat me." "Well, then," said he, "I guess we'll have a game." And he also said, "Well, young man, you may make the first move." I readily moved a piece from the single corner. Then he made a move, as I thought, a very poor one. I made another move, and he moved again. After I had made the third move, thinking all the time that I should surely beat him, he remarked something like this: "Young man, if you make that move, I shall beat you." I looked over the board, but could see nothing out of the way; but the next move he made he gave me two pieces and took three of mine and landed in my king row, and beat me. We played several games, but he beat me every time. And since that time, if anybody asks me if I play the game of checkers, I invariably answer, "I know nothing about the game." This gentleman left the boat at Albion, Orleans county, and I ascertained from Captain Cody that his name was Lee, cashier of the Albion bank, and that he was the greatest checker player in that county.

June 9th we passed through Rome, Syracuse and other places, the day being very pleasant.

Our boat passed through Palmyra early Saturday evening, and the band was out playing, or trying to play, but the music, if it would be proper to call it music, that they made was anything but good.

We arrived in Rochester Sunday morning, the 10th, and remained there over Sunday, as the boats did not run on that day. An elderly gentleman on board, Dr. Carpenter, and myself stopped at the Rochester House, attended

church in the morning, and after dinner the doctor proposed that we should go up to the jail, as he was quite anxious to meet and talk with a young man by the name of Barron, who was to be hung in a few days for the murder of a Mr. Lyman. We walked up to the jail, but were not allowed to enter. Judge Pratt, who came to Marshall in an early day, was prosecuting attorney in Rochester when Barron was found guilty, and informed me that he was present at the execution.

Only a few days ago I was at the M. C. R. R. depot, waiting for a train, when I was introduced to an elderly gentleman, Hon. Darius Perrin of Rochester, N. Y., and in our conversation he informed me that he had been a resident of Rochester almost since his boyhood. I went on to relate to him something about my first visit to Rochester, and among other things, our visit up to the jail, and said to Mr. P.: "Do you remember the circumstance of young Barron's being hung?" Said he, "I think I have a recollection about that matter, for I was sheriff of Monroe county at that time, and officiated at Barron's execution:" and, said he, "If I had been at the jail you would have been permitted to have seen and talked with him." Mr. Perrin is now in his 85th year; is as straight as an arrow, with an intellect as clear as a crystal.

On the morning of June 11th we reëmbarked on the packet for Buffalo, arriving there the next morning, and after bidding Capt. Cody farewell took passage for Detroit on board the steamer Buffalo, commanded by Capt. Levi Allen.

This steamer had just come out new, and had made but one or two trips from Detroit to Buffalo. It was at that time called an elegant boat; had on the outside of each wheel house a large painting, representing an Indian on horseback, in full pursuit of a buffalo. Through the politeness of the clerk, I had assigned to me a nice state room, where at night I retired to rest and sleep.

How mysterious is sleep! We sink calmly into it from the agitations of the day, and find its repose the deeper for the very weariness we have experienced. What will it be when the tumult of life is over? for a sleep still more profound and impenetrable awaits man in the grave.

I had a pleasant passage from Buffalo to Detroit, and arrived at the latter city in the afternoon of the next day, where I remained until August 13th.

In speaking of the passage from Utica to Buffalo, I may go on to remark that the table fare was not the best, but perhaps it would answer for those times. There were many savory odors arising from eatables already mentioned; then the odors of rum, brandy, gin and whiskey, from the little bar, hard by, that I mentioned. Nor was the atmosphere quite free from the

smell of the thirty or more beds, which had just been cleared away; and yet despite these, to me strange things, there was much in this mode of traveling which I heartily enjoyed at the time, and look back upon with much pleasure. The lazy motion of the boat when we lay idly on the deck, the gliding on at night, so noiselessly, no noise of steam or wheels, or any other sound except the liquid rippling of the water as the boat went on; all these were pure delight.

The Mr. Schermerhorn whom I mentioned as being a passenger, was the Hon. Abraham M. Schermerhorn of Rochester, and was a member of Congress from 1849 to 1853. He died in Rochester, N. Y., August 22, 1855.

Judge Abner Pratt, whom I have mentioned as being prosecuting attorney in Rochester when young Barron was convicted of murder, came to Marshall soon after I came to Eaton county, and I knew him well. Our acquaintance and life-long friendship came about in the following manner. In one of our early business transactions, myself and partner trusted a Mr. ——— until his account had, as we thought, run long enough, and for some reason he refused to pay it; the consequence was that we sued him before a justice of the peace and obtained a judgment; he, thinking that he would succeed in beating us, took an appeal to the circuit court. We employed Edward Bradley, a young lawyer of Marshall, to attend to our side of the case, and Mr. ——— employed Pratt.

At that time the court was held in Charlotte, and that natural gentleman, Hon. Alpheus Felch, now living in the city of Ann Arbor, was the presiding judge.

Esq. Pratt, as he was then called, got a ride from Marshall to Bellevue, the day before the session of the court, and took an early start in the morning from Bellevue to Charlotte on foot. I started for Charlotte, about nine o'clock in the morning, on horseback. On arriving near Bosworth's mill in the town of Walton, I overtook Esq. Pratt sitting on a large stone by the side of the road with his coat off. I halted and said, "Why, Esquire, are you going to Charlotte on foot?" Said he, "I started to go, and thought I could, but I'm completely used up, and don't feel as though I could take another step." I immediately dismounted and helped Pratt onto the horse, saying, "Esquire, I am younger than you, you ride and I'll walk." Pratt rode my horse about seven miles, and I walked by his side to Charlotte.

When our suit was called, in the afternoon, Bradley appeared and answered for the plaintiff, but there seemed to be no one to answer for the other side. Mr. ——— got up and said, "That he had employed Esq. Pratt, and supposed that he would attend to his side of the case." There were present in

court (which was held in "the old block tavern," where the "Phœnix" now stands), Morton S. Wilkinson, then a young lawyer of Eaton Rapids, and since a U. S. senator from Minnesota; M. S. Brackett of Bellevue, and other lawyers, but not one of them would meddle with the case. After some little delay, Pratt arose and addressed the court, according to my best recollection, as follows:

"May it please the court; Mr. ——— did come to Marshall and engage me to attend to this case, and I have appeared here expecting to attend to it, but Mr. ——— has paid me nothing, presuming, I suppose, that lawyers could travel twenty-five miles, attend to a law suit, and do this without pay. I will state further that if there is any one chapter in Holy Writ that I admire, and there are a good many, it is the 10th chapter of Luke, giving an account of certain individuals, and among the rest a certain man called a Samaritan, who found a man who had been stripped of his clothing, wounded, and left nearly dead and had been passed and not noticed by several; when this good Samaritan came along and saw him, he helped him on his own beast and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

Now, your honor, this morning, I experienced something quite similar: I was traveling on foot from Bellevue to Charlotte, and had gone as far as I could, when a man, that I look upon as only second to the good Samaritan, came along, got down from his horse, helped me on, and he walked by my side, about seven miles to this place; I will not attend to this suit against that man."

We got our judgment confirmed, and in due time it was paid.

In 1857, President Buchanan appointed Judge Pratt as minister or consul to the Sandwich Islands. The Judge returned to Marshall in 1861 or '2, and the last time I ever met him was in the city of Marshall, soon after his return; he clasped my hand in both of his, and among other things he exclaimed, "You did me, years ago, one of the greatest favors that any man ever did me, and I told the story to the king of the Sandwich Islands, and should you ever go there, when your name is announced, he will know you, and will say, 'I heard of you many years ago.'"

There was a man living in the town of Kalamo, just north of Bellevue, in Eaton Co., by the name of Bazateel Taft. Mr. Taft was formerly from Bennington, Vt., and in those early years letter postage cost considerable more than it does at the present time. A letter coming from Vermont to Michigan would cost the writer, or the one to whom it was addressed, 25 cents, and if it contained two sheets of paper the postage would be doubled. The consequence was that very few letters were written. At that early day, according to my recollection, the postoffice at Bellevue was the only post-

office in Eaton county. A letter came into the office from Bennington, Vt., directed to Mr. Taft, and the superscription was so singular that I remembered it. It was as follows:

"For Kalamo I'm bound, Uncle Sam,
To Bazateel Taft in Michigan;
When you get there you'll see his log fence,
Then ask him for the twenty-five cents."

Mr. Taft came to the postoffice, got the letter, poetry and all, and paid the 25 cents.

EXTRACTS FROM AN OLD NEWSPAPER.

Revolutionary Recollections.

[Detroit Gazette, December 27, 1822.

See, with stern eye, relenting vengeance weeps,
Her voice forbids the veins of war to bleed,
Ambition's plume in anguish'd tears she steeps,
And bids them drop, repentant o'er each deed.

Now soft eyed pity's swelling breast shall heave,
While groans of sorrow sigh upon the air;
And the stern veteran seek the Briton's grave,
And drop o'er valor's urn an alien tear.

By adverse passions see his bosom torn,
As the fought field with lingering steps he treads,
'Tis valor's task her victories thus to mourn,
And weep the path the hand of honor leads.

In Rome's decline 'twas thus her veterans fought,
Ere in his tomb proud Otho's spirit slept,
When by experience rugged lessons taught,
Contending legions drop'd their arms and wept.

To sons of power! let honor's debt be paid;
Let the brave soldier on your breast repose;
Let gratitude enshrine the hero's blade,
Who snatched his falling country from her foes.

Deaf as the adder, in the ear of woe;
And dim the sun, when sorrow spreads her wing,
Unheard the dulcet sounds of fame shall flow,
Unseen may bloom the rosy bosom'd spring.

In age, unshelter'd ! hear him asking alms,
Of those for whom his sword has rais'd a dome,
Grac'd with the trophies of his youthful arms—
Himself, from indigence can claim no home.

O, grudge him not the petty boon he craves!
Surviving fragment of that Spartan band,
Which cut the cord that held you all as slaves,
And seal'd the charter to your envi'd land.

Ne'er let him want, who help'd that fame to rear,
Whence freedom bids the sons of wealth to smile,
Wipe from his war worn cheek the rolling tear,
Let it not fall—'twill curse the ungrateful soil.

'Twill blast your annals with a waste of fame,
And tarnish all your deeds of bright renown,
'Twill fix eternal stigma on your name,
The tears of virtue, brighten but his own.

J. W.

Celebration of the 47th Anniversary of American Independence, at the Toll Bridge, on the River Rouge, five miles from Detroit, in the Territory of Michigan.

[From the Detroit Gazette, July 11, 1823.]

To add to the customary pleasures and rejoicing of the day, a party of forty gentlemen and ladies united to celebrate Independence in a manner calculated to procure the greatest enjoyment.

As a prelude to the usual gratification of an excellent dinner; the company had the pleasure of a five mile ride through a beautiful and changing scenery, which brought to mind, under the occasion, the most interesting reflections, at once calculated to enliven the spirits and prepare the appetites for the enjoyment of the banquet.

The day was hailed with the usual demonstrations of joy; and the company having assembled, sat down to an elegant dinner, at half past three

o'clock, under a bowery erected for the occasion, on a handsome green, affording a pleasant prospect of the River Rouge and the surrounding country. His Excellency, Gov. Cass, and a number of gentlemen and ladies of the first respectability were present, and added a degree of inter est to the scene, highly calculated to promote the gratification of the compa ny.

Col. John R. Williams officiated as president, and James Abbot, Esq., as first vice-president of the day, assisted by Cols. A. Edwards and H. J Hunt.

After the cloth had been removed the following toasts were drank:

1. "The day"—It opened a new era in the annals of the world—may the principles which gave birth to virtuous liberty be cherished and perpetuated, until that day when a regeneration, approximating man still nearer to the great Creator, shall arrive.

2. "The United States"—Governed under the aegis of wisdom and virtue—protected and defended, by the genius of liberty and Mars.

3. "The Union"—A fabric cemented by the blood and sufferings of a countless host of patriot soldiers and statesmen; ambitious parricides should tremble at sacrilegious thought of dismembering it.

4. "James Monroe, President of the United States"—A true diamond in the wreath of brilliants, which encircles the national fame.

5. "The Navy and Army of the United States"—Honor for their heroism, and gratitude for their important services and splendid achievements.

6. "Greece, Spain and Portugal"—The ancient monuments of literature and heroic valor—the rays of freedom have burst upon them; may their light afford a beacon to all the nations subjected to the yoke of despotism.

7. "Michigan"—The termination of her incipient state is fast developing; the grand and sublime natural features of her profile afford an unerring presage of future greatness.

8. "The Spirit of Improvement which Characterizes the Age"—Nowhere more conspicuous than in the United States of America.

9. "The Limits of the United States"—They are now permanently fixed; let not the imagination of visionary theorists aim at extending them to the gulphs and labyrinths of uncertainty and danger.

10. "Washington"—His name and fame, coeval with the blessings of civil and religious liberty throughout the world. Drank standing.

11. "The Departed Heroes, Patriots and Soldiers of our Country"—Had they lived in Greece or Rome, temples and altars would have been erected to perpetuate their deeds; but America, more generous and just, has embalmed their memories in her multiplying temples, the hearts of her countless freemen.

12. "Our Beloved Fellow Citizen, Lewis Cass"—His appointment to the government of this territory, the choicest favor bestowed on the people by the national government.

13. "The American Fair"—How highly honored and prized by freemen, since the Goddess of Liberty assumes the female form.

Volunteers.

By Judge Abbott—"May the Eagle of America never lose a feather from his wings."

By Col. H. J. Hunt—"Our convivial brethren who are now celebrating this anniversary at Pontiac, Mount Clemens, Monroe and Michillimackinac; may they unite with us in choosing a good delegate to Congress."

By Col. Taylor—"The Sacred Flame of Spanish Liberty"—May all the despots of Europe be unable to extinguish it.

By Judge Woodward—"The Emperor of Russia"—May experience convince him that the sagacious moderation and impregnable firmness of American policy are too strong for all exorbitant pretensions.

By Judge May—"To Memory of the Gallant Gen. Wayne"—Who planted the first American standard on the ramparts of Detroit.

By Judge Steele (of New York)—"The Territory of Michigan"—The garden of the west; may its population soon entitle it to take its stand among its sister states.

By Col. Lanman—"The County of Wayne."

By Josiah Wendell—"The Widow and the Fatherless"—May they never be forgotten.

By Col. A. Edwards—"John C. Calhoun"—The author of the able manifesto of British wrongs.

By Mr. Steel—"The new Organization of the Legislature of Michigan"—May its acts correspond with the true interests of the people.

By Maj. Forsyth—"Let us always be ready to die for our country."

By Mr. Davinport—"The Eagle of America"—When spreading her wings to cover the United States, may she not forget Michigan.

By Mr. Gage—"May Friendship Unite us."

At about 7 o'clock in the evening the company adjourned to meet again at Detroit at the hotel of Capt. B. Woodworth, where the celebrations of the day were terminated by an elegant ball, attended by a splendid and numerous assemblage of beauty and fashion.

FROM THE DETROIT GAZETTE, JULY 4, 1823.

Return of the strength of the United States Troops and other circumstances connected with the Military occupation of the Post of Detroit.

Posts.	No. of troops.	With respect to the means of support and relief.	With regard to the ease or difficulty of access.	Absolute degree of exposure.		Relative degree of exposure.		Importance of the Post in a military point of view.		Importance in a fiscal point of view.	Public buildings, etc.	Reasons for keeping troops at respective posts.
				British.	Indians.*	British.	Indians.	For exterior purposes.	For interior purposes.			
Detroit.		Capital of a territory containing 12 or 15,000 inhabitants; separated from every other portion of the United States by an almost impassable swamp.	No communication with the Atlantic but by Lake Erie and the whole extent of N. York, and exposed in time of war for more than 350 miles. Cut off from Ohio by the Black Swamp. No roads and no means to make them. Distant, 750 miles from tide water.	Same.	999 *Scale 1000.	Same.	Surrounded by Indians.	Commanding the whole line of communication to the immense countries bordering the upper lakes. An important depot, upon which depend the supplies for the upper countries.	To cover from a savage foe the whole western frontier. To protect the scatered population of the Michigan Territory. To overawe the Indians and cut off their communications with the British, which has been the cause of such an immense loss of blood and treasure.	The U. States own all the lands in the country, and every means tending to increase the population will be advantageous in a financial point of view. The protection of a valuable and extensive fur trade.	Good barracks, fort, arsenal, magazine, cantonment, large and valuable store-house, wharf, etc.	Every rational view connected with the present security and future prosperity of the country, and with all those considerations which render a military establishment proper to be supported by the U. States.

To the Memory of Midshipman James B. Witherell, who Died of a Malignant Fever on Board of the United States Ship Peacock, During her Passage from Havanna to Hampton Roads.

[From the Detroit Gazette, March 28, 1823, or, copied from the National Intelligencer.]

Tho' lost to friends, to country and to fame,
Ere glory's annals had enrolled his name;
And with his brave companions, doomed to sleep
In the rough bosom of the stormy deep;
Tho' Art no monumental tribute raise,
No trophied marble to record his praise;
O! say, shall the remembrance of the brave
Forever perish in oblivion's wave?
Will not the tributary muse bestow
Some mournful chaplet to adorn his brow?
In her sad strains his hapless fate rehearse,
While sacred friendship consecrates the verse.
What opening virtues graced his youthful mind?
The hero and the scholar were combined;
A glorious emulation, and so rare,
That all might envy, tho' so few can share;
Averse to foolish overweening pride,
So oft to vice and ignorance allied,
Which swells the selfish and contracted mind
Beyond the sphere for which it is designed;
A generous spirit marked his short career,
And rising greatness was implanted there.
Ardent for fame, impatient to sustain
Columbia's glory on the raging main,
The young aspirant left his native shore,
To which fate doom'd him to return no more!
Alas! untimely lost in youthful bloom,
An early victim to a wat'ry tomb.
Accept, lamented youth, this friendly lay,
'Tis the last tribute that the Muse can pay;
One who but lately knew, yet knew thee well,
And bids thee now a long, last farewell.

N. B.

An Early Poet of Michigan.

[Detroit Gazette, October 25, 1822.]

The following stanzas, to the memory of W. M. ANNIN, whose decease was noticed in our paper of the 30th August last, are from the admired and feeling pen of JAS. L. COLE, Esq. Those of our readers who bear in mind the virtues of the deceased, and the peculiarities of his fate, will immediately discover the eloquent propriety and pure sensibility of each stanza. The author left this place a few weeks ago, in consequence of ill health. He is now at Canandaigua, N. Y., among his relatives and the friends of his youth; but with deep regret we have to state that the last accounts respecting him represent his disease (consumption) as getting the mastery of all aids of his physicians.

Thou art gone in the flower of youthful promise,
In the freshness of life's fair blossom—
To thy dreamless repose they have buried thee from us
And dashed the cold clods on thy bosom!

But Faith smil'd in triumph upon thee, as life,
Like a flame, faint and tremulous, fluttered and flew;
And to Fancy, the last ray that fled in the strife,
A halo around thee of loveliness threw.

O slumberer, oft in thy brief career,
Hast thou seen thy kindred perish;
Full oft wept bereavement's most bitter tear,
With the grief that the desolate cherish!

In childhood, the roses of gladness bloomed round thee,
In youth, they all withered away;
And the bright, budding hopes that in infancy crown'd thee
Went darkly with health to decay.

And does the fond circle immovably sleep,
By death so relentlessly stricken?
And is there no mourner remaining to weep,
As the clouds of mortality thicken?

Aye—one, with a heart sad and bleeding, survives,
The last of an orphan number—
To bear the fierce bolt that her bosom rives,
Alone o'er thy motionless slumber!

Yet alone, though she droops like a fading flower,
Mid blossoms consum'd in their sweetness,
Serenely she marks the cold tempest lower,
For Mercy hath taught her its meetness.

Yes—dying, she saw thee in hope depart
With splendors immortal before thee;
And she feels the warm glow of thy faith in her heart
While bending in loneliness o'er thee!

Young pilgrim! gone down in the midst of thy days
To the chambers decreed for the living—
How much saw the world in thy life to praise,
How little that needed forgiving?

O sweet be thy rest in the lowly bed,
Where friendship hath left thee reposing,
Till the archangel's trump shall awaken the dead,
Thy pathway to glory disclosing!

Adrian.

[Detroit Gazette, Jan. 10, 1823. Taken from the New York Statesman.]

In our paper of this evening will be found a poetic effusion from our highly esteemed correspondent "Adrian" to whom, for the last six or eight months, we have been indebted for many similar favors. We regret to state that his pathetic stanzas on Genius, and the farewell to his lyre, are not fiction, but founded, as there is too much reason to fear, on fact. In a letter accompanying his communication, he informed us that the lines which we publish this evening, will be the last effusion of his muse, and that even these were written at a moment of ease, while laboring under a severe pulmonary complaint, from which he entertained little hope of recovering. May his gloomy anticipations prove unfounded, and health, prosperity, and fame soon brighten the pathway of life. He is yet young, and his genius, talents and taste would be a severe loss not only to his circle of friends, but to his country. He is a poet of no ordinary promise; and while his early efforts have raised the fondest expectations of his future fame, they will long remain the memorials of his talents and the virtues of his heart, should his present illness terminate his brief career.

GENIUS.—A DREAM.

The elements were hush'd, and it did seem
As if the conflicts of the bosom too
Had ceas'd; for lovingly all creatures met
And hail'd each other. Tears there were for woe,
Unfeign'd, unbidden tears, that freely fell,
Like genial dews to strengthen and refresh.
Yet few had need of pitying tears, and they
Who wept—wept less for sorrow than for joy.
The earth, the ocean, and yon azure void,
Look'd beautiful to man's enraptur'd eye.
Cool, bubbling springs gush'd up and flowers
Grew on their moist green margins, rife and wild.
The air, to soft serenity composed,
Dispens'd its many sweets, whilst Paradise
Appear'd as newly bursting into bloom,
Wide o'er creation's waste, and songs and shouts
Of rapture and rejoicing, to employ all hearts.
Youth frolick'd mid the scene, and silver hairs
To gladness testified, whilst beauty's breast
Beat warm with innocent hopes, and e'en
The new-born babe, with unconscious gaze,
Read love in heed material, and laugh'd back.
Oh! 'twas a scene of ecstacy that earth
Before knew not; for, save one bleeding form,
The smile of myriads betoken'd joy.
With solitary step, and aspect sternly sad,
One youthful sufferer went his weary way.
His black hair hung in rich luxuriant curls
Around his neck, and by its raven hue,
Heighten'd the death like paleness of his cheeks.
He had a harp of simplest form, that hung
In cold, unbroken silence at his side.
His piercing eyes seemed only bent, and held
By some dark reminiscences of bygone days.
Pausing, indignantly, at length he raised
And turn'd its flashing orb upon the throng
With sullen glance; they would have sooth'd his griefs,
But angrily he spurned their sympathy,

Then hurried on. Once did I see him smile—
'Twas when he plucked a lily from its stem,
And placed it on his bosom. "Thou fair flower,
Emblem most true," said he, "of purity
In heaven, and hast thou on this fading sphere
No moral likeness; no undying germ
To match thy lovely, unpolluted leaf;
In boyhood's artless days I cherished hopes,
(Alas! how soon to wither in the dust)
That guileless friendship, unsuspecting faith,
Honor and virtue had a home with man.
Thou stainless blossom, on thy snowy head
No poisonous dews distill, exhaling death,
But in the hearts of such as round me smile,
Beckoning this ruined frame to their embrace,
Deception, envy, avarice and hate,
Nay, more, o'er cold ingratitude abides.
Ah! tempt me not, ye cruel, now to strike
A surer, deadlier blow—ye need not kill,
For life is running of itself to waste.
Woo me no more unto those sunny walks,
To drink pretended bliss—your looks of love
Are but the flashes which precede the storm,
Ne'er can I bend to kiss the foot that crush'd
The flower of my fond hopes; it was a deed
That taught me to be jealous of fair words,
And when men smile, to think of murder."
Wretch forlorn! I thought, how young in years
To feel the anguish of a broken heart!
I wept—who would not weep to see such grief,
Such erring, blind despair? but, ah! how keen
My sorrow, when with faltering breath
He sung this mournful descant to his lyre!
'Twas like the death note of the swan, when heard
Mingling its music with the breeze's moan
O'er ocean's waters:

The sky lark carols on the wing,
Her path is high in air;
Yet she can safely mount and sing,
With none to harm her there.

While one who hath immortal powers,
Who breathes a nobler lay,
Must perish e'er his morning hours
Have brightened into day.

And is it crime, that Fancy's child
Should love the muse so well?
Then, why hath heav'n on genius smil'd!
Ye foes to feeling tell.

Oh! were there no untroubled rest,
When being yields to grief,
How little would the wretch be blest
To have his moments brief.

But such there is—though vengeance seek
The helpless to o'ercome—
God is the champion of the weak,
And heav'n the wanderer's home.

Oh! fondly does my heart aspire
To mingle with that train,
Who wake to ecstacy the lyre
In an eternal strain!

Adrian.

[Detroit Gazette, Feb. 28, 1823.]

Obituary.—A painful duty has devolved upon us, in recording the decease of a valued friend and townsmen, James L. Cole. Few have left the earth in the morning of life, with brighter or more alluring prospects of distinction. Mr. C. was in the 24th year of his age, and died at Canandaigua, N. Y., on the 3d inst. His death ought not to be passed over as an ordinary instance of mortality, for his brief span of sublunary existence was adorned with virtues and powers which, had his life been prolonged, might have given him a high rank among the writers of his country, and rendered him an ornament of her literature. As a poet of chaste and genuine feeling, the public have long borne testimony to his worth, by the applauses they have bestowed on his frequent effusions under the assumed title of Adrian. This signature, associated with the recollection of his character and early fate, strongly reminded us of the apostrophe of the dying Emperor:

"Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque corporis,
Quae nunc abibis, in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos."

But he was a professed and practical christian, and his gradual and reflective descent to the tomb was cheered and illuminated by the prospect of a happy immortality.

His works, which are numerous, considering the early age at which he died, will no doubt be published, and to the editor of them we consign the task of portraying a character of no ordinary interest.

[Detroit Gazette, March 14, 1823.]

The following poetical tribute to the memory of one of the best American Poets, who has recently "left the earth," but not "without a vestige," will be read with interest by the friends of the deceased. It is from the pen of another "Bard of Michigan," who was in habits of intimacy with him, and who feels with a poet's feeling the departure of a kindred spirit to realms where poetic visions are more than realized.

FOR THE DETROIT GAZETTE.

To the Memory of James L. Cole, Esq.

The hand—which late with rapture strung
As sweet a lyre as e'er was given
To youthful minstrel's touch, and flung,
All wild and free, its notes to heaven—
Is cold in earth; and ne'er again
Shall wake "the sadly-pleasing strain."

He sleeps within his silent tomb,
The shroud around, the damp clod o'er him;
Yet Genius weeps his early doom,
And long shall Friendship's sigh deplore him,
While, lingering round on Fancy's wing,
Thus his dirge the Muses sing.

THE DIRGE.

Bring, sisters, bring every flower that is fairest,
Wreathed by soft pity and gemmed with a tear;

Pluck from each garland the richest and rarest,
And strew their young sweets o'er your Favorite's bier.
Waken the wild harp and let its soft numbers
Steal o'er the heart with resistless control,
Till each eye drops a tear of regret o'er the slumber
Of youth, worth and genius—a tribute to COLE.

Michigan.

[Detroit Gazette, March 21, 1823.]

FROM THE NEW YORK STATESMAN.

On the Death of Adrian.

His harp is hush'd—its thrilling notes are still,
For he from earth has wing'd his airy flight—
How like the bird, which, during summer's reign,
Sung sweetly on a verdant bough that hung
Above my window; but, when autumn frosts
Had spread their ever blighting influence there,
It flew to climes where summer has no end—
So he in youth's gay hour so sweetly sung,
Till dire disease and sorrow came—and then
He left this earthly scene, and soar'd above
To sing in strains eternal!

How sad the lay, when he that farewell sung
To his once joyous muse—'t was like the dirge
Sung o'er the grave of some dear bosom friend!
Though fancy's fairest child is now no more,
Yet still his precious works are left behind,
A gem adorning fair Columbia's muse!
Ah! false-tongued hope bright prospects then display'd
When he was young; for other youthful bards
Ne'er tun'd their lyres to sweeter, lovelier lays—
But he is gone—and blighted are those hopes!

Peregrinus.

[Detroit Gazette, May 28, 1824.]

The following lines are from the pen of the lamented COLE, *Adrian*, to whose genius our readers have been indebted for some of the happiest poetic effusions that have ever appeared in our paper. They were never before published:

On Parting with M.

Adieu! the scenes to hope portrayed,
When every hope was joy,
Like summer tints that quickly fade,
The frosts of time destroy.

Those scenes how fondly prized, how dear,
The heart can only tell,
Which o'er its bliss hath dropp'd a tear,
And bade that bliss farewell.

Sweet days of hope, how oft your dawn
Beheld my joy increase,
How oft your evening beam has gone
And left my heart in peace.

But now yon heaven imparts no ray
To gild the angry cloud,
That o'er the dark expanse of day
Hangs like a funeral shroud.

Say not 'tis all in vain to weep
At fortune's stern decree,
The more my couch with tears I steep,
The less my pain will be.

Tho' keen the pangs, and deep the wound,
That mourning souls endure,
The broken heart alone is drown'd
In grief, without a cure.

Amid the woes that help to veil
My opening path in gloom,
If trust in virtue do not fail
I trace a happier doom.

The sadd'ning mists that round me spread,
Shall soon be swept away,
And beams of joy from friendship shed,
Shall blaze to brighter day.

Yet if on earth I still should roam
Forlorn, despised, unblest,

There is a holier, heavenlier home,
To yield the wretched rest.

Hence may we both, when time shall end,
With saints in glory soar,
To dwell with our Almighty Friend,
Eternal ages o'er.

Adieu! tho' darkness veil the sky,
Down life's tempestuous stream,
Fear not—have faith—there's mercy nigh,
To cherish and redeem.

Adrian.

ADDRESS TO THE PIONEERS OF OAKLAND COUNTY, 1883.

BY REV. R. C. CRAWFORD.

Pioneers of Oakland County, Ladies and Gentlemen:

As one of your number, I come to greet you here today and join in your festivities. I still claim to be one of your number, although I am at present a transient resident of another county, in the western part of our beautiful Michigan, and of another city, not quite as old as the one in which we meet today; yet which, like many other younger sisters, not having as many hardships to endure, and much more time for play, has got to be at least a head taller, and considers herself much more beautiful than her elder sister, and puts on airs proportionately. I refer to Grand Rapids, which is the county seat of Kent county, and has a population of over 40,000 souls, and is certainly a thriving city. But I started out to say, that, while I am a transient resident of Grand Rapids and Kent county, I am a permanent resident of Michigan, and my feet have been pressing her soil almost every day for nearly 58 years. During these 58 years I have not spent, all told, two months outside the lines of "my Michigan," and yet I have been a transient resident in more localities within her lines than any one who may hear me today. When this thought was first suggested to my mind, I was led to look back over the past, and trace my history from the time I first set foot on Michigan soil to the present. I found I had spent my time about as follows, which may not be altogether uninteresting to you:

Commencing with Troy, in this county, in March, 1825, I spent eleven years, during which time I, in company with Col. Haschall, Maj. Sprague,

and a host of other very steady, dignified military chieftains, took a vacation from hard toil and made an excursion overland to find the southern line of our little Michigan, and in doing so got as far south as Maumee Bay, and found a little burgh I think they called Toledo, which some of them thought we had come to lay in ruins, which probably we might have done but for the fact of our delay in finding enough to eat, and so many of our men getting homesick and insisting on a hasty return to the pure waters and fresh air of Michigan. On the evening of the second day two boats, "Andrew Jackson" and "General Brady," came to our aid, and at a little before day break the next morning landed us safely in Detroit, satisfied to let Toledo remain on the banks of the Maumee. In the morning we received marching orders and started for Royal Oak, where we were discharged, with orders to muster at Pontiac, on a day fixed, not far ahead, for final orders.

On the day appointed the many scarred veterans of that fearful campaign who were so fortunate as to return to the wives and girls they left behind them, met in this village, and had an all day's drill under our gallant colonel, Uncle Charley, who had not yet fully recovered from the wounds inflicted by the little Hessians when they were being deprived of their honey, and it was proved against him by his boniface appearance, for we all knew he could not have become so corpulent by drinking ale; therefore his corpulency must have been caused by the stinging of many bees, while he protested his innocence and declared it a put up job by his mischievous boys.

As I started to say, after an all day's drill, we received an honorable discharge and were mustered out of service and went marching home in good style, keeping step to the "Soldier's Return," and that ended my military career.

In the spring of 1836 we moved into Shiawassee county, settling near where the village of Byron now stands; and I spent a portion of my time alternating between that place and Troy, in this county, until the fall of 1841, at which time I commenced what has proved to be my life work. Since that time I have had transient homes in the following localities: Algonac, Richmond, Shiawassee Town, Kirkney, Almont, Port Huron, Lapeer, Washington, Birmingham, Detroit, Battle Creek, Jackson, Niles, Ionia, Kalamazoo, Albion, Coldwater, Centreville, St. Joseph, Allegan, Cedar Springs and Grand Rapids, making a total of 24 places, and reaching from the waters that wash our eastern shore, to the majestic lake that rolls in her mighty waves against the sand hills that line our western borders, and whose receding waves seem to echo back the song I used to love to sing so well: "Home of my heart, I'll sing of thee, Michigan, my Michigan. Thy lake bound shores are dear to me, Michigan, my Michigan."

I trust I shall be excused for this long introduction, and I will present Webster's definition of the title pioneer. 1. One who goes before to remove obstructions. 2. One who prepares the way for another. With this settled, I proceed to make mention of some of the pioneers of Oakland county.

Who were they? Where did they come from? How did they conduct themselves after they came here? Where are they now? I do not expect to answer all of these questions with satisfaction to you or even myself; but I am disposed to do my best towards giving a satisfactory answer.

As to who these pioneers were, of course it will not be practicable for me to name them all and tell the exact year in which they first came to Michigan, as I am dependent upon my own memory for what I may present before you today, and I do not claim for my memory infallibility. I may say, however, just at this point, that they consisted of three generations. In the first generation I class my grandparents and all persons near the same age, ranging from 40 to 50 years of age. Possibly some might have been a few years older. In the second generation I class my parents and those of corresponding ages, ranging from 25 to 40 years of age. In the third generation I class myself and those whose ages range all the way from one year up to 25. I make this classification in order that I may intelligently answer my fourth question, when I shall reach it, as I hope to ere I weary you until your patience is all exhausted, and you shall regret having invited me to your annual gathering.

I will commence with my own family and those who accompanied us in the spring of 1825. Our family consisted of my father and mother, myself, the oldest child, eight years of age, and three sisters, aged respectively 6, 4 and 2 years. Benjamin Horton and family and his father and mother, a sister and her husband by the name of Decker, and two young men by the name of Calvin Chapel and Truman Burgess. These constituted our caravan as we moved in regular order from near the mouth of Kettle Creek, in upper Canada, 150 miles east of Detroit, the place now called Port Stanley. We had waited all winter for sleighing, and there came no snow; so that in the early part of March we started with wagons, drawn by good oxen, and crossed Detroit river in an open scow, rowed by six stalwart Frenchmen, and were two whole days in getting all of our goods and chattels safely across the line. It was quite amusing to us Yankee boys to hear those French sailors sing as their oars would dip together in the crystal waters of the beautiful river as we turned our backs on the king's dominions and fixed our eyes on the shore that belonged to Uncle Sam. Their singing was in an unknown tongue to me, but their words and tune I shall never forget. I will repeat it, and if any of you can interpret the same, please give us the translation.

Yah petty, yah petty, yah, yah, dana; yah petty, yah petty, yah, yah, da. That was all there was of it, and that was sung constantly while they were pulling at their oars.

We had oxen, cows, sheep, hogs, hens, dogs, and cats enough for a beginning; while uncle Ben Horton brought his venerable gray mare, and she was the only specimen of horse flesh in the whole caravan. She was not a Maud S., nor even a Flora Temple, but for all that, we young ones had splendid times in trying her speed on the journey; while three of us would get astride her back, and the rest in goodly numbers would try our own ability in a scrub race with her.

When we had fairly escaped from Canada, where we had been under British rule for six years, we took off our hats and made our farewell bow to George the 4th and told him we had no tears to shed at parting and hoped he would not act the foolish part that Pharoah did when Israel departed from Egypt, for we had no ill feeling towards him, but liked Mr. Sam best.

Leaving the little village of Detroit, we took up our line of march for Oakland county on what was then called the Saginaw turnpike, which was completed for six miles to the northwest, and at the end of which, or near it, we found a log hotel kept by a venerable lady who was not the most beautiful woman known in the world, and yet they had furnished her with a very "handsome" name. She was curious to know my name, and when I gave it to her, her reply and the manner in which she said it, made an impression upon my mind that I can never forget.

The old lady placed her hand on my head, saying as she did so, "My boy, what's your name?" I promptly answered, "My name is Riley Crawford." "Were you named after your uncle Riley Crooks?" "Yes mam," said I. "Well, my boy, if you make as likely a man as the man you were named after, God knows you needn't be ashamed to show your face anywhere in this world." These words all seemed to come through the old lady's nose, instead of coming squarely from her mouth.

Leaving the turnpike and taking a zig zag course we wallowed through mud and water as best we could, passing another hotel built of logs, and kept by uncle Sam Smith, who for some feat performed sometime had been honored with the title of "Arab Smith," with which title he always seemed well pleased and bore the honor to the end of his long life.

A few miles further on and just upon the edge of Oakland was the residence of Jas. Flynn, and next Henry Stevens, and by this time we found ourselves fairly out of the mud and on the fertile sands of Royal Oak, where uncle Sam Axford made a discovery when the first crop of buckwheat was in blossom. He declared that the straw was so short that he saw honey

bees kneeling down to suck the honey they were trying to gather from those blossoms.

Passing to the west from Paint Creek road on what was called Ball's line was another road branching off and leading due north, called Niles road, named for Johnson Niles, who had settled about eight miles north from Royal Oak. On this road I find the names of several, such as Ben. Phelps, Smith, Jones, Gibbs, Dr. Thompson, Elder Buttoloph, Clark, Douglas, Jennings, Gregory, etc. Still on in northwest direction on Ball's line, we pass Norris, Jack Keyes, Deacon Morse, and at the junction of Crook's road with Ball's Line, we find the residence of Uncle Joseph Chase, our first postmaster for Royal Oak. As Uncle Joe was a man of some distinguishing peculiarities, I deem it just that I should do more for him than simply make mention of his name. In politics he was a thorough democrat, which I suppose accounts for his being the first postmaster of Royal Oak. As regards his religious principles, I think he did not claim to be very pious, and still I think he was a man of excellent morals, and had at least as high a standard of morality as Josh Billings would recommend. I don't think he was given to profanity, for I never heard him attempt to swear, and I think if he had tried it he would have failed, on account of his tendency to stutter. He was no fanatic. His neighbor living a little southeast of him professed great piety, but his life and conduct was such that Uncle Joe did not take much stock in his piety. Passing his residence one bright day in June, he saw him seated on a low stump in his garden, with his hoe handle leaning against his arm, when, in his stammering way, he addressed him: "Wuh, wuh, well Bu, buh, Buch, wh, wh, what ye ye do do doing there?" Beech answered, "Well, Uncle Joseph, my Bible says the Lord will not withhold any good thing from them that walk uprightly, and you know I am walking uprightly, and I can trust in the Lord to take care of me, and I don't propose to slave myself to death with hard work any more. "Wuh, wuh, well B. B. Beech, Th, Th, Th, Lord wu, wu, won't h, h, hoe yer beans for you." Here we took the Crooks road, leading directly north. On this road, two miles north of the town line, between Royal Oak and Troy, we made our halt, pitched our first tent and commenced our pioneer life in Michigan. Now I'll return to Ball's line and zig zag from that to this line of the turnpike that was to be. On the line of the turnpike I find D. Hubbard, W. Hunter, Jno. Hamilton, Willett, Dr. Swan, Dr. Parker, Dea. Fish, Wm. and George Morris, Moses and Noah Peck, Judge Bagley, Mr. Diamond, Capt. Harvey Parke, Mr. Todd and some others whose names I do not recall. Scattered along Ball's line and east of it, and on the town line between Bloomfield and Troy and still east of this

are S. Caswell, J. Valentine, Isaac Smith, Mr. Castle, Chittenden, with his whiskey factory in full blast, making medicine to kill the ague and cure massasauga bites, Rice Baldwin's, Satterlee's, Trowbridge, Millard, Davis, Beache's, Matthews, Skidmore, Reeves, Ed. Martin, Goodrich, Webster, Todd, M. I. James, and Hedges, and at Auburn several families among whom was Elder Week's, and a tailor by the name of Fox, who now lives at Lyons, on Grand River, and I think is nearing 90, and still uses his needle with a great deal of skill, and I think there were also some of the numerous Smith family there.

And now for our Pontiac, where I have come at last, and here I'll mention Oliver Williams, Capt. Paddack, Col. Mack, Drs. Thompson and Chamberlin, Mr. Hodges, Thos. J. Drake and Elder Comstock, while out in every direction were families whose names I cannot give, but since I am here I will make this headquarters, and run over to Farmington, and in these parts I find Brownell's, Ingersoll's, Meade's, Power's, Ward's, Green's, Crawford's, Nichols' and many others whose names may be familiar to you, but are gone from me. While about Franklin and east towards Piety Hill, are Blakesley, Jenks, Wilkes, Dergy, Corbitt and Torrey. There were many others who came swarming in soon after we came (among whom were James Bailey, C. Pearsall and Perkins), so that by 1830, the southern and eastern portion of the county was pretty thickly settled with a race of pioneers equal to the emergency of removing obstructions and preparing the way for others; and it might be said in the language of the old prophet, the wilderness and the solitary place had become glad for them. Among those who came were some stalwart men who were single handed, having neither wife nor children to care for, and their sole business was to clear land for those who had land to clear; expecting and receiving an equivalent for their work in solid cash. Of this class of pioneers were two brothers of whom I wish to make special mention; Freedom and Benjamin Monroe. They were great workers, and could eat quite as heartily as they could work. Freedom, the oldest of the two, was a fearful stutterer, and his stammering style of telling any yarn afforded us boys considerable merriment at times. The boys were clearing a piece of land for a man who had the reputation of being a little close fisted, and his wife even more so. At dinner they had boiled pork with a good supply of vegetables. Freedom was hungry and was laying in a good supply, which was noticed by the keen eye of the good lady. Finally she became concerned about her pork disappearing so rapidly, and she squealed out. "Well Freedom, I guess you love pork, don't ye." Said Freedom, "I ne ne never mi mi minded, but k k kept p p p p po poking it down."

My father proceeded as rapidly as possible in the work of building a log house on his forty acres, on the southeast corner of section 20. And when the building was up and the roof on, we moved into it, waiting to put in doors and windows and part of the floors afterwards. When fairly settled in our new home, along came another pioneer family direct from Richmond, Ontario county, N. Y., and they moved right in with us, my father and mother seeming wonderfully pleased for them to do so. They had two children, a son and daughter; the oldest being a boy and our oldest being a boy, and our mothers being sisters we concluded we were sort of twin brothers. Any way, a sort of brotherly feeling sprang up between us and had always existed, and I suppose this explains the reason for his interest in bringing me here for this address before you today. His father's name was Wm. Poppleton, and in the merry days when he and I were young, the girls would call him "Ginger Head," simply because his hair was so red. You can probably guess by this time who I mean.

Well, I started out to tell you who these pioneers were, but I have been switching about like a dummy engine making up a train, until I hardly know whether I am on a side track or the main line, and I doubt if any of you do. I think you will all agree with me when I say of these pioneers as a whole, they were men and women of noble blood, descendants of a noble ancestry and worthy of much praise for their self-sacrificing spirit and heroic deeds in plunging into these forests among Indians, wolves and bears, in such abundance that if a day passed without seeing one or more of this trio, we young ones thought the millennium must be dawning. I must give you an account of my first interview with Mr. Bruin. One beautiful Sabbath afternoon my father's youngest brother and myself went out to bring home our cows, who were out in the great woods pasture, which seemed to us almost as boundless as the universe. We had got in hearing of the bells and were rushing on to reach them, when raising our eyes to look for them, we discovered three huge bears coming towards us. My uncle, who was four years my senior, gave a whoop like an Indian and wheeled and ran, and I after him as fast as my legs could move. He being the largest could out run me, and that made me the more concerned for my welfare, and I put in my best until I stumbled and fell, when it did seem to me that every bear in creation was ready to pounce upon my back and eat me at once. By this time it was my turn to yell, instead of whoop, and my yelling scared the bears more than they scared me, at least I judged so by the appearance of their tracks, for we soon met Mr. Stanley going for his cows, and we turned back with him, found our bears' tracks, got our cows and drove them home, having a big bear story to tell our friends.

One more bear story while I am on this side track, and I'll switch back upon the main line and try and keep on it until I reach the end.

We had moved into our new log house, cleared away the timber sufficient for a door yard, built a fence around the cleared spot, and connected that fence with the northwest and northeast corners of the house, the door-yard lying west of the house. Near the southwest corner of the house, outside the fence, we had placed a trough for the accommodation of our family of pigs, when they needed drink or eatables. About ten or twelve feet from where this trough stood were the roots of a mammoth oak tree, that had fallen with its top to the south and had been there so long that the bark had all fallen off. My mother had sent myself and two younger sisters over to grandfather's after some green corn for tea, it being woods all the way, one-half mile, with a plain path all of the way. She had just fed the pigs, who were eating heartily, as pigs always do, and raising her eyes to see if she could see her children coming, you can judge of her surprise when instead of her children she saw a monster of a bear walking deliberately up on the trunk of that fallen tree, with his eyes riveted upon the family of pigs at the trough. She commenced screaming and clapping her hands, hoping to frighten him away, but all to no purpose; he paid no attention to her until he reached the little elevated mound at the roots of the tree, when he raised his fore paw upon the mound, casting his eyes towards her with a look of defiance, which seemed to say "madam, I intend to make my supper out of one of your pigs." There happened to be a log chain hanging across the fence, and she seized it by one hook, swinging the chain towards his bearship with all the force she could give it, almost reaching his head as it came around. This made the old fellow beat a hasty retreat to the south, in the very direction from whence she was looking for her children. Mother like, when a child is in danger, she lost all fear for her own safety, and seized an ax and followed after him, but fortunately for her and her children he did not run far to the south, but turned to the west and left our path unobstructed by his presence; but mother pressed on until she found her children and conducted us safely home.

My precious mother, three years ago this winter we laid her body to rest on the banks of Grand river, in the cemetery in the village of Lyons. She died on the 14th of January, 1880, in the 82d year of her age, and the 64th year of her married life, leaving my father to travel the balance of his journey single handed and alone, which he is doing as bravely as could be expected of one so advanced in years, and who for so many years had enjoyed uninterrupted communion with such a woman as was my dear mother. He is nearing his 89th birthday, which comes on the 17th of March, and some

people say he looks younger and handsomer than his oldest son. Be this as it may, he certainly looks to be a man of less years than the record gives him, and he is retaining his mental vigor in a marked degree for one so old as he is. But I intended saying something about the nativity of these pioneers and the stock from which they sprang.

I am inclined to the opinion that our ancestry can be traced back to John the Baptist, for my Bible says he went before, to prepare the way, to remove obstructions, etc., and because of his fidelity in reproving corruption in high places, he lost his head, but saved his soul. This may be a matter of some uncertainty, so far as proof is at command, but one thing is certain, your honored president and his honored cousin can trace their ancestry to a certainty as far back as the days of John Knox, and we find ourselves lineal descendants of that grand old Calvinest divine. This fact may account for my being a Methodist preacher; and why it is that my cousin is not one also I cannot understand unless it was fore ordained that he could not get license to preach on account of his red hair. He has been taken for a preacher several times, and I suppose these pioneers were all descendants of some of the grand old heroes of the long ago. One thing is certain, they were all descendants of the heroes of the revolution, and they were loyal to the core and ready to do, and suffer if need be, for their country's weal, whenever called upon to do so.

But where did these pioneers hail from, when they came to Michigan?

My recollection is that quite a majority of them came direct from western New York, while some were the hardy sons and daughters of the Green Mountain State. Some came from New Jersey, a few from Pennsylvania, with here and there an Englishman scattered in among these Yankees. The most of these had been pioneers or were children of pioneers before they became pioneers in Michigan. My grand parents were all pioneers in western New York, my father's parents coming from Saratoga and settling in Ontario county, and my mother's parents came from Massachusetts and settled in the same county and township about the same time. There my mother's father, David Crooks, lived but a short time, meeting with an accident causing a broken limb, and fever setting in caused his death, while he was comparatively a young man, leaving my grand mother with nine children to care for, which she did nobly and well.

At the battle of Queenstown, her oldest son, Eli, was mortally wounded and lived but a short time. In 1823 she came with her son Riley to Michigan and settled in Troy, where in April, 1830, he was suddenly killed by a falling limb, while engaged in chopping a fallow, preparatory to clearing a few acres more of his heavy timbered land. His sudden death was a severe

blow to her, but she bore her trial as she had all preceding ones, with all the bravery that was wonderful, and she lived on until she had counted her ninetieth birthday, and during her ninety-first year closed out her useful and laborious life and went over to join her many friends upon the shores of immortality, and hear from the Master the plaudit: "Well done, good and faithful servant." She was a worthy member of the Presbyterian church, having inherited pure Presbyterian blood from her noble ancestor, her great uncle, John Knox. Her maiden name was Knox and she was a lineal descendent of that distinguished divine.

My father's parents came to Michigan in 1824, and settled in Troy, having two unmarried sons, Eben and John, and four unmarried daughters. Here they remained until 1854, when grandmother was called home at the age of 82 years and three months, and in 1856 grandfather went over to join her in the land where they die no more and the inhabitants never grow old. They were Episcopalians and strongly attached to the church of their choice, as they had a right and ought to be. Thus you see I am by inheritance part Presbyterian and part Episcopalian, and do you wonder how I came to be a Methodist? Not exactly by the same process or for the same reason the German in Ohio said he "gomes to be a Mettedis."

Rev. Adam Poe was first pastor of the Methodist church at Xenia, Ohio, where this German had his home, and during his pastorate this man joined the Methodist church. A few years later Mr. Poe came to Xenia as presiding elder, and at his quarterly meeting the German had to tell them how he "gomes to be a Mettedis." He said: "Mine prodders and sisters, I danks de Lord I is a Mettedis; I spose you don't knows how I gomes to be a Mettedis. I vash a Lutheran, mine vife he vash a Lutheran too. Mine vife he gets very sick, he dinks he goin' to tie; he vants de priest to gome and bray mit him, zo I goes to ax de priest gome bray mit my vife, und I find de priest so trunk he can't gome. Ven I dells mine vife de priest is so trunk he can't gome bray mit him, mine vife cry he feels so bat. Vell, I zays, dere is Mishter Poe, he no gets trunk, he gomes and bray mit you, zo I goes to zee Mishter Poe, und I finds him readin' his pible. I dells Mishter Poe I vants him gome bray mit mine vife, for he very sick und dinks he goin' to tie. Mishter Poe he gomes mit me und dooks me py mine arm und dalks so goot mit me. O mine prodders and sisters, he dalks so goot. Den he talks so goot to mine wife, und he ax mine vife if he shall bray mit her? Mine vife he say yesh. Den Mishter Poe he gets town on his knees und he begins to bray; und O mine prodders und sisters, he brays, O he brays shoost like h—l."

I had to become a Methodist in order to harmonize between the two families, as well as the two kinds of blood that coursed through my veins, and so I just applied for admission as a probationer in the M. E. church, and my probation has continued for almost 45 years. With this choice my grand parents all seemed satisfied, and no jealousies arose among them over my case, and they all thought I did a grand thing for myself, when they found I had made choice of the daughter of a Methodist preacher for my better half. He was among the pioneers of Macomb county, and was well known through Oakland by all of the pioneers of that early day. His name was Abel Warren and his daughter's name was Mary, and I have always been glad her father brought her to Michigan when she was but seven months old; pretty young for a pioneer; but she has never been homesick on account of her memories of western New York, and has always been contented in every place where our lot has been cast, within the lines of Michigan.

I trust you will excuse my many personal allusions to myself and kindred, for I am certain if I had known you and yours as well, I should have said as much and perhaps more, of yours, and in praise of your kindred, for I am sure that all who came at that early day were men and women of similar material, or they would never have undertaken such a herculean task. What attractions had Michigan 60 years ago, 58 years ago, yea, 50 years ago, for any other class of men and women? There were no attractions here at that early day for human leeches, by which I mean those who intend to sponge their living from society and make no return as an equivalent for what they gather up. There are plenty of them here now, and they are not all in Ionia, Detroit or Jackson prisons. They don't propose to eat their bread by the sweat of their own brows; but bread they will have at the expense of somebody's hard toil. They were not here 58 years ago; if they had been, they might have had bread, but it would have been what Deacon Marvin called "six penny loaf," made of Indian meal, and not very finely ground at that. O, the merry days when we were young, when our mothers used to put the baking kettle on the coals, filling it with Indian meal suitably prepared by mixing with water, then another coating of coals upon the cover, and when the baking was done the tug of war would come. The kettle must be lifted to the top of the old cherry table, turned bottom upwards, and the monster loaf must be emptied out and put safely away in the cupboard, ready for use. And when we boys would take a lift at the huge kettle with its contents, we thought of it as John Levington thought of the horse radish after he had swallowed a teaspoonful, and got where he could breathe again.

Levington was a Methodist preacher, just over from Ireland, and not much accustomed to our style of living. Seated at the table upon which was a bowl of horse radish, he asked the good lady, taking the bowl in hand, "sister, and what do ye's call this?" "Horse radish, sir." "Indade ma'am, and is it goot to ate?" "To be sure, sir, or I should not have given it a place upon my table today." So he ventured to try a teaspoonful at one taste, and after a hard struggle he succeeded in getting it down, and as soon as able to breathe he exclaimed, "ough, and sure ma'am, it is moighty."

We thought the six penny loaf was moighty, when it had to be lifted, kettle and all, to the top of the old cherry table. But these chaps were not the ones to come so early in the day; they were waiting and watching for the good time coming, when bread would be plenty, and they could get it by stealing or some sharp practice, just as mean and more contemptible.

The men and women who first came were attracted by these broad acres of beautiful farming land, from which they expected, in due time, by hard work and strict economy, to reap golden harvests; provide themselves and their children comfortable homes in which to spend the evening of their days, and leave a goodly heritage for their children when they should pass on. And so they came, some on foot, some in wagons, some in sail vessels, some on steamers, such as "Walk-in-the-Water" and "Superior;" some from the east, but none from the west, for there was no west beyond Lake Michigan then.

Putting pleasantry aside, I wish to deal fairly and speak truthfully of these early pioneers, and I am prepared to say that, as a rule, they were industrious, and went to work with a will, as though they expected to eat their bread by the sweat of their own brows; and it is marvelous what an amount of hard labor they endured, contending, as they had to, with Indians, wild beasts, musquitoes, and fever and ague, with calomel, jalap and sore mouths, added. There was work in doors, for the women, as well as work out doors, for the men, and the women were equal to the emergency, and they did their part grandly and well. Cooking, washing, spinning, weaving, cutting and making all of our wearing apparel for men, boys and girls, knitting and then darning our socks, putting patches upon the knees and seats of our breeches when holes would appear, which was quite often.

My precious mother; when I remember how she used to sit and mend our garments by the light of the tallow candle, of her own manufacture, after her children were all in bed and soundly sleeping, and after she had spun her two run of flax or wool, preparing for our new garments, I don't wonder she should have said to my father, as she laid her hands in his, just before she crossed the river: "These hands will do no more hard work, and it is

time they were resting, and I am ready; but you will be lonely here without me, father, but it won't be long before you will come."

My mother was a member of the Episcopal church, here, and is now connected with the church triumphant before the throne of God, "which is without spot." She has left us a legacy of greater value, by far, than the fortunes of Vanderbilts and Jay Gould, combined, with the wealth of the Rothschilds added; the legacy of a pure, industrious and christian life.

As the result of these industrious habits, look over the fields now under cultivation in Oakland county, look on the magnificent farm houses and out-buildings scattered all over the county, reminding you of a rural village, of huge dimensions, and plenty of elbow room. Look on your beautiful villages, with their magnificent school buildings and fine churches, their splendid stores, mills and shops; and turn your eyes toward this city, which as a stroke of policy, I suppose when Indians were more numerous than white men, and, as they used to say of white men, "He mighty uncertain," so we found in those days of some Indians, "He mighty uncertain," therefore it was thought best, as a means of protection against Indian raids, to call this place after their illustrious chief, Pontiac.

And now here we are in Pontiac, with this magnificent court house, these beautiful churches, this main street, lined upon either side with commodious, as well as splendid stores; your mills; your manufactories; your gravel roads and graded streets; while last, but not least, in size, beauty and importance, a little west of you stands your magnificent home for the poor unfortunates whose minds have become shattered, rendering them incapable of caring for themselves, and unsafe to roam at large.

All I have mentioned, and all we can see in the way of these improvements, comes as the result of the industrious and laborious habits of those who went before to prepare the way.

But they were as a rule honest and trustworthy, and but few exceptions to this rule existed, and they taught their children to be honest, and impressed upon their minds the idea that it was not necessary for them to tell of their own honesty of purpose, but to let their works speak in their praise.

I was spending the winter of '37 and '8 with my uncle, Wm. Poppleton, who had a fine span of greys that the hotel keeper at Piety Hill had a great hankering for, and he spent one whole day in trying to trade a brown mare for the greys. Uncle set his price for the boot money and did not waver, and he went home near night with his mare, and after he had gone, Uncle asked me if I noticed how the man from the hill assured him repeatedly that he was strictly honest. I said I did. "Well" said he, "Riley, I want you

to be honest, but don't take pains to tell people how honest you are, and if a man tells you he is honest look out for him."

They were brave, and my mind recalls many acts of bravery, quite equal in many respects to the bravery of revolutionary times. Those of you who were on the ground can well remember that while the Indian professed a great deal of friendship for his pale faced brother, down in his heart still lurked a secret hatred that would sometimes crop out in a degree, leading us to be cautious in our intercourse with them, especially when there was any whiskey around. And the bears and wolves gave us repeated demonstrations that they loved our pigs and sheep a great deal more than they could love us; while we carried those things around that made such a tremendous noise every time one of their number came in sight of one of us. But even our women were not afraid of bears, wolves, nor Indians, as was demonstrated many times, under circumstances well calculated to test their courage, and teach the world of what kind of metal they were made. Well, they were patient, persevering and enduring, waiting for the good time to come when they could have more privileges and less hardships, more prosperity and less poverty, more rest and less hard labor, and they did not stop to take the rest until the good time was at their door. Some of them did not live to see it here, but I trust found it waiting them on the other side.

Two years ago this coming summer I met by invitation the Branch County Pioneer Society, at Coldwater, and addressed them. It was a semi centennial celebration of the first settlement of Branch county. I received from my friend, Allen Tibbits, this item, of which I endeavored to make good use.

He said in his letter to me: "Fifty years ago the 20th of July, just past, there was but one small house in Coldwater, and that was a log cabin of small dimensions. Then we pounded our corn in a hominy block, and when I went to mill the round trip made 150 miles, and when I wanted a barrel of salt I had to go to Detroit, making the round trip 240 miles. I forbear," said he, "mentioning hundreds of similar instances of what now seem hardships, and my own experience is only one like hundreds of others." But Allen Tibbits has lived to see the good time come, and today he can get his corn and wheat made into meal and flour without going beyond the line of the city where he has a beautiful home and is spending his afternoon of life's brief day in comfortable rest, and watching the rapid going down of life's sun, and listening for the dip of the boatman's oar as he comes to ferry him over to the other side, where his loved ones are waiting to greet him at his coming. Noble man. In my allusion to his 240 miles round trip for a barrel of salt, I said I was quite sure he would choose to make that trip that

day if the choice depended on getting the salt honestly; although he might get up at midnight and in ten minutes bring a barrel home from one of the piles lying around the doors of most groceries in the beautiful city. I have great confidence in the honesty of the few surviving pioneers of the old stock; of the younger I will not speak.

And now I have reached my fourthly and lastly, and I'll repeat the question. "Where are the pioneers of 58 and 60 years ago?"

Of the old stock nearly all are across on the other side, and a large majority of the younger class are also across the river. Of those whose names I mentioned on my journey from Detroit on the several lines I traveled until I came into Pontiac, and those whose names I have mentioned as having settled here as early as 1825; of the first generation not one remains, all have crossed over to the other side. Of the second generation, in which I class my parents, you can find here and there one, like some choice tree, left standing unprotected in the open field, and showing signs of decay from roots upward, and with no elasticity remaining, enabling it to bend before the fierce tempest of the west, as it strikes its branches with so much fury, and every storm that comes we look to see its roots give way and wonder when the storm is over that it did not fall, and we utter the prediction, "I fear the old favorite will not survive another stroke." So these veterans of 1823–4 and 5, who are here today and have withstood the strain of so many tempests, are giving sure and unmistakable signs of gradual decay; their elasticity is gone, and every breeze that strikes them seems to shake the soil around the roots and betokens the coming of the storm that will surely fell them.

Of the third generation, to which I belong, there are a few more left; but our ranks are thinning and the scattered few reminds me of the old Mich. 5th after the battle of Gettysburgh, for of the many noble boys who went into that conflict, resolved on victory or death, just a few, when the smoke of battle had cleared away, could be heard here and there singing in sorrow, and yet in hope, for our country's weal.

At Gettysburg a hundred graves
Will mark the spot where sleep thy braves,
And though by us the day is won
Yet thou shalt mourn for many a son
Whose work has been so bravely done.

I wish to mention one fact right here which has impressed me very much as touching the stability of character of these early pioneers who plunged into these wilds in search of a home. Notwithstanding their embarrassments and the difficulties they had to meet, the trials they had to endure,

they persevered and triumphed. Very few of them ever became homesick or discontented, and it was seldom that one went back again to the land they left behind, and seldom did one of them take Horace Greeley's advice and go west after they found there was a west to which they could go, and the result is you can find the most of their names cut in marble or granite, indicating their place of rest, in some one of the beautiful cities of our dead within the lines of Michigan, my Michigan. And as I think of them, and their place of rest, today, I feel a sort of inspiration to sing, in the language of another, simply changing the figures, and placing 60 instead of 20:

The most are in the church yard laid,
Few sleep beneath the sea,
But few of all our friends are left,
Excepting you and me.
And when our time shall come, Tom,
And we are called to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we played
Near sixty years ago.

In conclusion I wish to refer to an incident in my own personal experience.

In the month of May, 1841, a quarterly meeting was held here in the old court house by Revs. Geo. Smith, presiding elder, James Shaw and F. J. Bangs, circuit preachers. I do not recall all of the names of those who composed the quarterly conference, but I know that Dr. Ezra S. Parke, Calvin Perrin and Donaldson were among the number; W. C. Comfort and myself, also, were then holding the relation of exhorters. By that quarterly conference we were both licensed to preach, and recommended to the Michigan Annual Conference for admission into its ranks as itinerant preachers, and at its next session at White Pigeon, we were admitted and appointed to our first circuits; he to Romeo, with Josiah Brakeman as preacher in charge, and I to Palmer, afterwards St. Clair, with Lowell F. Harris as preacher in charge. My father gave me a fine saddle horse, my uncle, Eben Crawford, loaned me a saddle, Dr. Parke loaned me a large pair of portmanteaus, in which to carry my outfit, and Uncle Poppleton loaned me some money without an endorser; and thus equipped I started out upon the life work to which I have devoted my energies for almost 42 years without any vacation. And I am now filling an appointment which requires three sermons every Sabbath, as I have an appointment in the country, to which I go every Sabbath afternoon, making me eight miles travel for the round trip, allowing me but little time for rest on the Sabbath day.

And now I have told you how I came to be a Methodist preacher, and the

reason I continue to be one is because my convictions of duty press me to it, and I find plenty of work to do and still have strength to do it; and in closing up I have simply to say that some marked changes have been observed by those of us who were on this soil as early as 1825, or even 1830. I wish I had the time and you the patience, I would like to mention some of these changes. We remember the one mud hole that used to extend from Detroit to Royal Oak, simply broken by one little sandy ridge at the old stand known as Young's stand. We remember the old red coach and four that used to run between Detroit and Pontiac, making the entire distance in one whole day, including portions of the night, frequently. We remember when the old strap rail first stretched across the mud hole from Detroit to Royal Oak, and the magnificent coach, upon which we used to embark, and called it smooth riding after getting so accustomed to the jolting of the corduroy of which we had so plenty, and we remember some of Salt Williams' jokes perpetrated on some of those who had occasion to ride over that magnificent track. We remember how glad we used to be to get our mail once during the week, and pay 25 cents for a letter from some dear friend off east, while that letter had been four weeks in transit. We remember when the Bull plow with its oak mold board gave place to the first cast iron plow of Wood's patent, and how cautiously our farmers ventured to make the change; when the Bull tine pitchfork gave place to the diamond tined steel fork; when the cradle took the place of the sickle, the bent scythe snath the place of the natural crook, etc; when the reaper and mower took the place of both of these, with all of their improvements, when the steel spring took the place of the old wooden spring, and the no spring at all in all our carriages.

But dear me, what is the use in trying to recount these changes, traveling at the rate of 30 miles to the hour now, when we used to think we did grandly if we could get away with six and eight miles. Mail every day, from two to three times, and from one to three cents per letter at that; and then this telegraph and telephone, by which we can be social with our friends a hundred miles away; and our schoolhouses, with their improved seats, writing desks, and heating apparatus, as compared with our first school privileges in Michigan. Compare the house built of logs, floor of hewed plank, split from basswood trees, seats and writing desks of same material, stick chimney with Dutch fire-place, with capacity for one-fourth cord of green beech and maple wood, seated with faces towards the great fire, roasting our fronts, with backs freezing. Oh! the merry days, the merry days, when we were young, and our homes, or the houses we lived in. How marked the change between then and now! "Out of the old house into the new," has been

sung again and again, until in Oakland county scarcely a fragment of an old house remains to remind us of the kind of homes we had 50 and 60 years ago; but they are indelibly engraved upon memory's tablet, and time has failed to erase them or lessen our fondness to look at them, as they seemed like palaces to us in the days of long ago. "O! that dear old home, with the dear old folks at home." How dear to my heart these fond memories are! I could not forget them if I would; I would not if I could.

But I must relieve you, and I'll drop this train of thought, as interesting as it is, and let you follow it up as you may find leisure at some future time.

Before closing, I desire to express the gratitude I feel for the privilege you have afforded me of meeting you here today, by extending to me the invitation, through your president, to be with you and address you as pioneers. It has been a long time since I have spent a day in Pontiac, and may be many months and even years ere I meet you again, if ever, in this world. I hope I shall meet you all again, if not here, "in the sweet bye and bye." I know I shall have a place in your memory; may I ask for a place in your hearts, and may I hope for myself and my wife that you will remember us in your prayers.

SKETCH OF "PIETY HILL," OAKLAND COUNTY.

[Written by Miss Fannie E. Fish, for the Oakland County Pioneer Society, 1888.]

No spot on the face of the earth has for me more pleasant associations than Oakland county. I sometimes wonder if we fully realize how fair a dot on this earthly ball it is. There may be, and doubtless are, thousands of places of more romantic scenery, of more historic interest, but I have seen hundreds, if not thousands of places without a tithe of its attractions. Its almost innumerable little lakes, crystal clear, have come to be appreciated by all lovers of the beautiful. And there is many a wooded knoll, and many a country road, fragrant in early summer with briar rose and clover, and later, gay with golden-rod and aster, bitter sweet, and sumach, that would delight a poet's heart. But it is not so much to what it is, as to what it was, that I wish to invite your attention. We gather here year after year to recall with loving memory the incidents of the early settlement of this county. Let us spare a moment to glance at some of the beautiful features of that early day, that belong as irrevocably to the past as do the sturdy settlers, who, we will believe, at the bottom of their stout hearts, appreciated the beauty it was their mission, in part, at least, to destroy.

The little opening in the forest north of Birmingham must have suggested the cleared farms that were to be in the future. Though not great in extent, it was dignified with the name of "the plains," and was a pleasant break in the monotony of endless trees. The willow fringed brook on the west sang contented on its way, but told no tales of the past, and of the future only remarking that it was fully able to furnish power for sawing lumber or grinding grain, and was quite at the new comers' service. A few oaks had stepped from their dense neighborhood and secured elbowroom in this open space. Painted cup and lupine were glad of a little more sunshine and flourished here accordingly.

And the old road, too, the Indian trail that led from I know not where, possibly Saginaw, to Detroit. Detached fragments of it remained intact for many years. Doubtless it grew in loveliness after it was disused as a highway, for nature has a fashion of taking the discarded things of man, whether it be a deserted house and garden, or a forsaken highway, and clothing them with a peculiar beauty; so here the turf grew thick and soft, clumps of hazel brush sprang up, now at one side, now in the middle of the green road. Birds found here plenty of safe nesting places; robin and bluebird, thrush and catbird were all at home. With one such remnant of the old road I was especially familiar, that between Dr. Parke's house and the saw mill road, so near the turnpike that the rumbling of the wagons and crack of driver's whip could be heard, and it yet had an air of perfect seclusion.

Here there was once a famous picnic; how heartily Dr. and Mrs. Parke entered into the spirit of the occasion. Rowland Trowbridge, fresh from college, or possibly home at vacation, was there. The Berkshire pig which formed part of the repast was much mixed up with quotations from Shakespeare, and it seemed to be a question with the elders that day which they really liked best, the poet or the pig. For the younger portion of the company, besides the delight of eating out of doors and being in the way generally, was the added excitement of finding a nest of young rabbits.

Few are left now of that pleasant gathering. Rowland Trowbridge, our teacher, Miss Elizabeth Clark, Dr. and Mrs. Parke, Cornelia, Frank and Ira Parke, are all gone. Of those that were the children then, more than half have found homes on the Pacific coast, and two have found their last resting place there.

Another section of the Indian trail was on the old Blackington place, and was just such another path of beauty. I think it is all gone now, and many a road that went winding through the woods in delightful fashion, turning out now for a stump and now for a mud hole, has been straightened out and compelled to abandon the curve of beauty for the law of right angles.

No doubt every old resident can remember some such road fraught with beauty and full of pleasant associations. If in any mind I have called up such memories, my object is attained.

The children of this generation will remember Oakland county as one of the thriving ones, with interesting railway, and telegraph and telephone wires on every hand; of comfortable and even elegant farm homes, of orchards, grain fields, pastures and meadow lands. Here have come not only people from our own eastern states, but those across the wide Atlantic, many of whom brought with them little save sturdy frames and willing hands, and have found here as a reward of their labors, an old age surrounded by every comfort, and have left to their children a goodly heritage of broad acres; but I am not sorry that my memory carries me so far back that I can form some idea of its look to the first settlers.

I have been asked to say something of the life of my father, the late Elijah S. Fish; especially that part of it relating to his settlement in Michigan. I can only give such incidents as I remember to have heard mentioned. What memoranda there are in the family are out of my reach at present; but as those early days were not an unfrequent topic of conversation, while my parents lived, I am quite familiar with the story of the settlement of Bloomfield, as far as one family is concerned.

The incidents are commonplace enough, and owe whatever interest we may attach to them to the fact that they are part and parcel of the past of Oakland county.

Elijah S. Fish was born at Athol, Mass., February 22, 1791. Before his remembrance, his parents moved to western New York, and his father built the first home where the city of Rochester now stands. Left motherless when seven years old, he was taken to Vermont and brought up in the family of Gen. Samuel Fletcher, whose wife was his aunt. When of age, or soon after, he returned to the west again, and in 1815 married Fanny Spencer. Their first home was at Black Rock. Here they saw lake Erie's first steamboat built and launched.

The thought of going to Michigan may have been suggested by the weekly trips of the "Walk-in-the-Water" to Detroit; at any rate, the project of going somewhere into a new country began to be discussed in the family as a possibility lying in the future, and ere long my mother said if we go at all, let us go soon. So October of 1819, just four years after their marriage, found them ready for the enterprise. They had expected to take the steamer but were delayed at the last hour by the arrival of a near friend; not liking to wait a week, they embarked the next day on a schooner. They might as

well have waited, for they were two weeks on Lake Erie, and reached Detroit only an hour or so before the steamer arrived on her second trip.

As soon as practicable my father, leaving his family in Detroit, set out on foot for a prospecting tour. The oak openings, of which he had heard, was his objective point. Reaching Royal Oak, he wondered if that could be the place and felt quite inclined to go back and try his fortunes in Ohio, but still he kept on, and near sundown came upon the rise of ground where Birmingham now stands, and knew at once he had found the object of his search, and felt amply repaid for his lonely tramp of eighteen miles. The whole country had been kept free from underbrush by the fires of the Indians, and the level rays of the setting sun lit up the scene, making a picture of wondrous beauty, which never faded from his memory. A day or two of looking about confirmed his first impressions. During this time he probably made the acquaintance of the three families then living at Birmingham, Messrs. Hunter, Hamilton and Willett, and of Dr. Swan, who lived on the plains already mentioned.

Returning to Detroit, he soon moved his family into a house standing near where Mr. James McBride now lives and still known as the Dide Hubbard farm. They did not get a very early start when they left Detroit, and were obliged to camp out one night; some Indians came to the camp and begged for whiskey. The man who brought them out had a keg of the stuff, but he prudently used it as a seat, and would neither give or sell them any.

This home into which they moved seemed to have afforded a temporary home for a good many of the settlers. While, there Judge Bagley and family, and William Morris stayed over night with them, on their way to their new home.

The next thing to do was to decide where to locate a home. Section 23, town 2 north, range 10 east, soon took his fancy, and wishing his wife to see it, he borrowed an old horse, at least I presume it was old, it certainly should have been trustworthy, for he mounted his entire family on its back. To tell the story in his own words, "I put your mother in the saddle, and one child behind her and the other in front, then I took hold of the bridle and we started," at this point my mother invariably interrupted him with, "Why no, pa, you didn't lead the horse. I knew enough to hold the reins." But whichever was right, the small cavalcade of three horsemen and one horse made the short journey safely, and after looking around as long as they cared to, sat down by a spring of clear, pure water, which was one of the attractions of the place, and as they ate their lunch in the hazy sunshine of that Indian summer day, and looked out on the peaceful landscape, they said to one another, "this is good enough, here we will make our home."

As soon as possible the land was entered at the land office, and early in January, 1820, a small house was ready for its inmates. It was not a pretentious affair; my father used to say he measured the few articles of furniture they possessed, and built his house to fit them. I do not know its dimensions, but will venture to say it afforded them a comfortable shelter. What if the walls were composed of unhewn logs, and the floor of the same, split and hewn as smoothly as might be, the roof of stakes, and the window sash whittled out with a jack knife. A few shelves were fashioned with a hand saw, axe, adze, and were in existence since my remembrance, not very bad shelves either. The great stone fireplace may not have been beautiful in itself, but then it left half its ugliness outside, and when filled with a cheerful blaze that shone out upon a spotless floor, and lit up the farthest corners of the little room, it must have been a pleasant sight. I can imagine an economy that at times made its light suffice for a quiet converse or plain knitting.

A muslin curtain, dainty white, I imagine, shaded the one little window. The bed, even but partially hidden by valence and curtain, was made a thing of beauty. Early every morning the straw was thoroughly stirred and made to assume a uniform height, and the feather bed and pillows were thumped and stirred and shaken, till each individual feather made an effort to stand up as light and airy as might be, then coaxed, and smoothed and patted with many a backward step to view the effect. At last the shapely feather bank was ready for sheets and blankets, and comforter, and over all was carefully spread the pretty blue and white counterpane, with a border of knitted fringe, and it was not an ill thing to get a glimpse of between the parted curtains. But one thing I must not forget to mention. The door of this house was a red board, brought from Detroit. True, it was hung with wooden hinges, and opened with a wooden latch which was raised by means of a buckskin string, but the door itself was not wholly of home manufacture.

Soon after the family moved in, it was found the shake roof was not steep enough to shed rain well, and must be changed; as this could not be done in one day, my mother went to Judge Bagley's where Mrs. Rowland Trowbridge now lives, to spend the night. She returned to her home at the expiration of three weeks, bearing in her arms Bloomfield's first white daughter. This year of 1820 my mother always spoke of as the very happiest of many happy years. So many times have I heard that time described that I can see it all now, almost as if I had been there.

In the spring the sweet briar seed which she brought with her came up and its delicate green, giving promise of fragrance and beauty in the future, was watched with loving interest, for it was a bit of the old home trans-

planted here. Every stroke of the ax, every crashing, falling tree, was cheering prophecy of corn and wheat crops. The two little boys played about the door, the fair babe smiled and crooned in its cradle, and the mother, with heart full to overflowing with hope and happiness, went about her household cares. There were hard places no doubt, days of discouragement, and nights of weariness. What life anywhere is free from them? Felling trees all day and tending log heaps far into the night could not have been easy work. One day's work of man and team must be paid for with four days of hand labor, and yet these days were always referred to by both of my parents as very happy ones, and the impression left on my mind by the story so often told, was not of a time of great hardship, but of keen enjoyment, and I believe, when at the close of day they bowed at their humble hearth stone, and my father returned unfeigned thanks for the goodness and mercy that had followed them thus far, they both truly felt that their lives had fallen unto them in pleasant places, yea, that theirs was a goodly heritage.

My father, with characteristic forethought, brought with him a year's supply of provisions, so there was no fear of actual hunger, though probably their fare was of the plainest, relieved a little perhaps by maple sugar and syrup in the spring, and wild berries in the summer. The canister of tea costing $1.75 or $2 per pound was never taken down except in cases of company or sickness, save Sunday mornings, though I doubt if it was ever empty.

That little happy family are all gone. The dear daughter staid with them eight bright summers, and when she went every heart in that little community seemed to throb with sympathy with them. My mother never forgot this expression, and used to say "we never know how good people are till we are in trouble?"

In course of time an addition was built to the first home, fields were cleared, orchards set, and somewhere between 1830–55, the maple grove planted, and in 1836 the brick house built, the ruins of which are still inhabited. And during all these years they found time for social intercourse, for christian labor in church and Sunday school. Feeling keenly his own lack of education, my father was deeply interested that his children should not labor under the same disadvantage, though I think no one can really be called uneducated who reads as understandingly, and thinks as clearly as he did. It is scarcely necessary to speak of his record as a temperance or anti-slavery worker. He never cast but one vote for a successful presidential candidate; that was Abraham Lincoln, and he died Feb. 22, 1861, just a few days before the inauguration.

Of those personal traits which endeared him to those who knew him best, perhaps I am not the one to speak; I suppose he had his faults, though they are hidden from my sight by a mountain of love. I will mention just one thing. Mrs. Capt. Duncan, a Scotch lady, once said to me, "Your father is the most perfect gentleman I have met in America." It was not outward polish to which she referred, but to that innate unselfishness, combined with common sense, which makes any man, as my father truly was, a gentleman.

As I have been preparing this paper, many little incidents of the past have been brought to mind. Of Mrs. Trowbridge, surrounded by her little flock, and, as her busy needle flew in and out, repeating poems learned in happy girlhood, and affording pleasure in her still happier wife and motherhood.

Of Mrs. Goodsell, Lydia Smith then, and not more than ten or twelve years old, riding through the storm. She had come with her parents to visit some relatives near Pontiac, who were sick, and finding the case more serious than they expected, they concluded to stay all night, but at home the sheep were out exposed to wolves, besides, a storm was coming up, so Lydia mounted on a horse. Now, said her aunt, as soon as you get into the woods, put your foot over like a boy, and ride as fast as you can. I think it was a brave thing for a girl to do, and no danger but every sheep in that flock was safely housed before she rested,

The Methodist hymns, too, borne on the midnight air, at the sound of which people turned in their comfortable beds, and said to themselves, "oh, that is Dr. Parke, I wonder who is sick," for the good doctor went at all times of day or night, as cheerfully where he knew he should get no pay, as to his richest patients.

Ah, it was true, good stuff of which these early settlers were made, none better any where.

Of the immediate neighbors, some, as the families at Birmingham, Dr. Swan and his son-in-law, Esq. Dole, Mr. Baldwin, and probably some others, were here before my father came; others came a few years later. Those nearest were Dr. Parke, Mr. Blackington, Mr. Rice, Judge Bagley, a man of keen, shrewd sense, who humorously accounted for his title by the fact that "Judge timber" was scarce in those times. Mrs. Bagley is still held in loving remembrance by numerous descendants. Mr. William Morris, full of energy, did a thriving business in his gristmill, store, ashery and distillery. George Morris lived at Bloomfield Center, Mr. John Diamond, his father-in-law, a little west of there, as did also the Vaughn family. Moses Peck must have been here before 1825, I think. He found a wife in Judge Bagley's family, as also did Silas Harris.

Several of the neighboring families, after sojourning here some years, went west and made themselves pleasant homes in Shiawassee county and other places.

Mrs. Rice died in California, within the past year or two, and Mrs. Comfort, at the age of ninety, has also recently died.

FIFTY YEARS AGO AND NOW.

BY S. B. MCCRACKEN.

[Written for the Oakland County Pioneer Society, 1887.]

Those of us who have passed middle age seem to stand on the divide between two worlds. On the one hand we can view, in memory, what has been; we can live anew in recollection the scenes of fifty years ago; on the other hand, we can realize as a present certainty the things that are. We can appreciate something of the contrasts between the life of fifty years ago and now. I select fifty years ago as the point of comparison for manifest reasons.

First, it is convenient as a round number. Second, it is a period within the clear recollection of those who still linger among us as pioneers. Third, while it does not comprehend the earliest period of pioneer life in Michigan, it is its representative epoch. Fourth, fifty years ago marks, comparatively, the beginning of that era of marvelous development and discovery in mechanism and in science that has planted this generation so greatly in advance of any in the world's history.

To have pictured to the youth of fifty years ago the methods of life that attain today, would have seemed like a fairy tale. To relate to the youth of today the methods of life of fifty years ago would seem like exaggeration, and, but for the confidence that youth happily reposes in the lessons of age, would scarcely obtain credence.

Let us glance briefly at some of the contrasts of life afforded by the two periods, because they will be not only to our edification but to the instruction of the rising generation and those that will come after. Fifty years ago the children of the pioneers studied their few books either by the fire light from the open fire-place, or by an open lamp made by placing some grease and a cloth wick in a broken saucer, or at best, by the light of a tallow candle. Now, we have the kerosene lamp, the gas jet, and the electric light. Then, friction matches were unknown; fire was produced by the flint and steel, and when the fire went out on the hearth, those who were without this device

had to send to the neighbors for a coal or a brand. The present generation know nothing of the pleasure of watching the burning logs in the fire-place and noting the shifting panorama of warriors, winged chariots, camels, and rampant lions. Nickle plated stoves, or the furnace in the basement, supply the warmth without the pictures. The modern youth who treads on carpets or on marble tiles hardly realizes that his grandfather's floor was very likely made of basswood logs split through the center. Our cooking utensils then consisted of a frying pan, bake kettle, dish kettle and dinner pot, and the teakettle, that no longer sings the song that it used to sing. Those who were the better able, sometimes had a brick fire-place, and a crane on which their cooking utensils were hung over the fire. Generally, however, the "lug-pole," with some hooks attached, served the purpose. The bread was baked in a round iron kettle (shaped very much like a large cheese) with a cover, the kettle being placed on coals drawn out on the hearth, with live coals on top, and good bread they made, too. Our spare-ribs and turkeys were suspended by a tow string before the fire for roasting, and there are those who will say that no such roasts ever came from an oven. And then, the act of making a tow string; every well regulated family kept a hutch of tow, which was indispensable not only to good housekeeping, but to good husbandry. I don't believe there is a young man of twenty today, with all the learning of our modern schools, who knows how to make a tow string. We had neither silver nor cut glass goblets in those days, and not always tin cups or dippers, the "noggen" or gourd supplying their place. Our carriages were ox sleds. Fifty years ago there was probably not a threshing machine in Oakland county, all grain being threshed with the flail, or tread out by horses on the barn floor, where they had horses and barns. Of course there were no reapers, mowers, wheat drills, or cultivators. There were few fanning mills. Grain was separated from the chaff by holding up a shovel full in a stiff breeze and sifting it off by shaking the shovel.

Wheat was wholly cut with the cradle, which was a great advance upon the sickle that preceded it, and the hand scythe was the only means of reducing the grass. All grain was sown broadcast, and those who were boys fifty years ago, and retain a vivid recollection of the horrors of riding a horse to plow corn, will appreciate the advantages of the cultivator. Most farmers raised more or less flax and hemp. The flax culture was simply a relic of that domestic industry, which, in former years, expressed itself through the distaff and the manufacture of linen for family use, but which, like many similar arts, has become obsolete through the operation of machinery. The music of the spinning wheel is now unknown, and the doubting maiden of today is not permitted to know whether she will have a

handsome husband or not as the well deserved reward of her efforts to build the yarn systematically upon the spindle; nor is the boy now required to break his arms and his back by making a reel of himself for granny to wind her yarn from.

In the lesser affairs of life we find striking contrasts. The boy of fifty years ago was happy to possess a pair of indifferent skates that he could strap to his stoga shoes and skim over the crystal surface of some of our lakes or over the mill pond, which looked a great deal larger then than it does now, and many of the older boys will remember the vexation of trying to make the heel corks stay in place. Now they have patent fastenings and they go on of themselves, and they skate in rinks, and go on wheels as well as runners, and where we used to slide down hill on a board, we now have the toboggan. In the matter of music, too, pianos are almost as plenty now as jewsharps used to be, while gingerbread as the classic feed on training days is wholly unknown, as are training days, too, for that matter.

India rubber was first coming into use 50 years ago. It was then made into a coarse overshoe and wrought into webbing for suspenders, and also relieved from embarrassment the modest young lady who blushed to speak of her garters, which thereafter became "elastics."

And then the average boy was happy if he could get a bit of rubber as a foundation to build his ball upon. Now it would require many folios to indicate the infinite variety of uses to which it is put. Next to rubber, perhaps, if not before it, in the variety of its modern uses, is paper. Fifty years ago it was used only for writing and printing, and in a very coarse form for wrapping. Now it is found in all grades of service, from the collar of the dude to the coffin of the sage.

There are other contrasts between the long ago and now. Then, if we wished to communicate with a friend at a distance it could be done only by letter with a mail once a week and postage two shillings. The letter must be folded and sealed by its own fold, as no envelopes were in use. If the letter comprised more than one piece of paper, even if not over weight, the postage was two shillings on each piece. As quarters were distressingly scarce in those days, it may well be conceived that friendly letters were comparatively few. Visits of a few miles were made on foot. Persons frequently passed a period of sickness and were dead and buried before friends at a short distance even were apprised of their condition. Now we are in instant communication with friends far away, by telegraph or telephone, while the railway places us by their side in a few hours even though hundreds of miles distant. I have sometimes queried whether affection is as strong now as in the olden days, and whether the sentiments of love

were not more deep and abiding when the distance was greater between us and the objects of our regard. Human emotions are drawn out by trials, and it seems as though the yearning for communion with friends that can be gratified only at rare intervals, if at all, serves to tone and intensify the affections and attachments. The lady who is the possessor of a pair of singing birds knows that the music can be got out of them only by their separation. We are mixed up with so many more people in modern life, that the divine love within us seems spread out so thin that it is sometimes difficult to find it at all. The old song so remarkable for its doleful pathos, "When shall we three meet again," could hardly have been written in an age of railways, as the three would scarcely care whether they met again or not, as they would meet some other three the next day or the next hour. Nor do I think that the highly drawn character of Jennie Deans, in her lonely pilgrimage on foot from Edinburgh to London in behalf of her sister who was in extremity, as portrayed in Sir Walter Scott's charming romance "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," could have been given us in an age like this. Think of the devoted Jennie taking her seat in a railway car with her bundle in her lap, surrounded by the rush and clatter of moving humanity at the present day, and being whirled over the distance in three or four hours' time. All the poetry and adventure would be lost, and poor Jennie's heart could hardly have been attuned to the pitch necessary to the successful prosecution of her mission.

We might pursue indefinitely the array of contrasts between the things of long ago and the now, with reflections upon the changed state of affairs, but in addressing a local society of pioneers there seems a propriety in discoursing of things more local in their character.

There needs no apology on my part for a reference to my own family. Personal history forms the very essence of our pioneer annals, and this personal history can only be supplied (in most cases at least) by the relatives of the subjects themselves.

There are many still living in the county who will remember my grandmother, who was familiarly known as Granny McCracken. Although she died when I was less than six years old, I remember her very well, and many incidents associated with her. I have always had her in mind as a little old Scotch woman, short, but of sturdy frame. Her lineage, however, so far as I am able to trace it, gives but a small per cent of direct Scottish blood. Her family name was Hutchinson, and she was a direct descendant of Col. John Hutchinson, one of the regicide judges who condemned King Charles to the block. The family were, at that time, of quality and some antiquity in England. Although Col. Hutchinson was included in the act of amnesty

after the restoration, he afterwards fell under suspicion, was arrested and died in prison. Some of his descendants, either from political or other causes, went to Ireland, and it is from thence that this branch of the family is immediately derived, through Thomas Hutchinson, my great grandfather, who came to this country prior to 1740, and settled and married in Philadelphia, where my grandmother was born.

The old residents who remember Granny McCracken will be impressed the more especially by her bright, quick mind, and her strong physical powers. To go back a little as illustrative of these traits, it may be remarked that during the war of the Revolution, being a resident of Pennsylvania, she was an active patriot, being on confidential terms with Gen. Washington and other leading officers of the army, and not infrequently acting as a bearer of important intelligence. She came to Michigan with my father's family in 1824 or '25. She built a little log house for herself a few rods from my father's cabin, cutting the logs for it herself, and at the "raising" she carried up her corner, in pioneer phrase, equal to the next man, and she was equal to the average man for a day's work in the field.

Though somewhat blunt in her ways the old lady was peculiarly tender in her disposition, and with her naturally strong mind, of marked intelligence considering the limited opportunities which the country then afforded for education and instruction. A few books that had been her companions found their way into our pioneer abode. Among them I remember Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," a work entitled "The Holy War," and a polemical work, "An antidote to Deism." Passing over all questions of ethics or of tenets as represented by these works, their titles show the difference in the class of reading that was deemed the most valuable at that day as compared with the present. I remember also a romance, "Charlotte Temple," and a copy of Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," as forming a part of our limited library. The latter work I had at my tongue's end, and could repeat the most of it from memory before I had ever seen the inside of a schoolhouse. Elsewhere I may advert to the manner in which myself and brothers acquired what little of early education we enjoyed.

You will pardon a further brief reference to the dear old lady whom I remember with tender affection. It was a favorite way with her to reply to inquiries and salutations in rhyme, and to carry on a conversation and relate incidents in the same way. My excellent friend, the Hon. B. O. Williams, of Owosso, relates this of her: An occupation in which she was expert was making straw bee hives. Being thus employed on one occasion, working in the barn at the residence of Mr. Williams' father, one of his brothers, in her absence, tried his hand at the business. Not succeeding very well, in

deep disgust he threw his piece of botch work over the bay in the barn. When Granny returned to her work she discovered it, and gathering the boys about her as an audience, told the story in rhyme, ridiculing the lad's efforts to steal Granny's trade, and closing with the couplet,

"And if you're inclined to have some fun,
Just look in the bay and see what he's done."

Grandmother died March 5, 1830. A notice of her death, probably written by Elder Ruggles, was published soon after in the Detroit Gazette. The notice is preserved in a valuable collection of clippings by Capt. J. W. Hall, of Detroit, to whom I am indebted for a copy. I reproduce it as bearing out the estimate which I have myself placed upon my beloved ancestor. The reference to her descent confirms my early impressions, and varies somewhat from the pedigree before outlined, but it is hardly worth while to try to reconcile the variance at this time. The notice is as follows:

In Pontiac, March 5, Mrs. Mary McCracken, aged 82. Mrs. McCracken was born in the United States, of Scotch parents. She was endowed by nature with a healthy constitution, and uncommon powers of intellect. She educated herself, and through life discovered a great fondness for reading. At the age of 30, she united herself with a church in Pennsylvania, and about four and a half years since connected herself with the church in Pontiac. Her life was a life of prayer, and evinced that she had much at heart the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

Of my father's ancestry I know but little. The family were, I believe, from the north of Ireland, and were probably emigrants from Scotland under the severe policy of the British government after the establishment of the Orange dynasty. The name is unmistakably Gaelic, and has the same root as Craig, Craik, Gregg, Cragen, etc., meaning literally, son of the crags, or son of the rocks. My father's parentage on both sides was of the rigid Scotch or Irish Presbyterian stock, that became a distinguishing element in the emigration to portions of Pennsylvania, Virginia and the Carolinas during the first half of the eighteenth century. My father's father died from camp fever contracted in the patriot army in the war of the Revolution.

My father represented in a marked degree the mental and physical characteristics of his mother. Like her, he was self educated. Probably to his relation to his mother in her widowhood, is due to the fact that he married late in life, about the age of 43, I think. He came to Michigan in 1824 or '25, and located on a piece of land on section 23, in the now town of Waterford. During the first few years he chopped and cleared, as I now survey the area by the mind's eye, some 20 or 30 acres. He planted an orchard, and I remember very well that he had a small nursery of young apple trees.

An increasing family and an invalid wife made the struggle to subdue the forests and at the same time make it yield a subsistence, a hard one. He found more immediate returns in working for others, and this gradually became his preference, to which possibly a naturally convivial temperament contributed, especially when his work lay in the village. A second marriage, on the death of my mother, in 1835, proving anything but satisfactory, he sold his place and removed to Pontiac in the fall of 1837, relying upon the income of a laborer for his support. But with a man past his sixtieth year, and with a constitution, however strong, impaired by hardship, the situation was one in which the best of men would find themselves in the descending rather than in the ascending scale. It is in this situation that a recollection of my father dwells more in the memory of those now living than as a pioneer seeking to hew a home out of the forest after having started upon the down grade of life's journey. It was from this situation in his life that the compilers of the Oakland county history derived the information that led them to speak of him (page 307) as "a queer genius, whose time was spent more or less in writing rhymes," etc. His rhyming was come honestly by, was incidental, merely, and was a pastime and amusement. Two editions of the rhymes in small pamphlet, were published by him. His dedication, in one or both of these editions, should be a sufficient apology, if apology were needed, for the matter of his poetical effort:

"And as you read, don't judge too hard
Of your unlearned and simple bard,"

covers the whole ground. Some person or persons, for purely mercenary purposes, some years ago made a republication which was wholly without the knowledge or consent of those who had at least a moral right to be consulted in the matter.

I remember my mother as a meek, suffering woman, who withered and died at a comparatively early age under the labors and cares incident to a large family, and to the hardships and privations of pioneer life. She was of more than average education for the time and the condition of the country, and of exceptional refinement and delicacy. Her family name was Bromley. She was, I believe, a native of Connecticut, but removed from there to western New York. She died in the fall of 1835.

I promised to say something about the educational methods of fifty years ago, and especially how my brothers and myself came to our first knowledge of the rudiments of book learning. There was a little schoolhouse on the corner where the road leading south from the old Carman place strikes the Elizabeth Lake road. It was a modest little frame building, that I remember to have passed many times, though I was never inside of it. It was a mile

(more or less) from our dwelling, and as the school was usually open only during the winter season, we could not attend. I have often thought, however, that the instruction received at the hands of my father and mother was of greater value than that which we would have been likely to receive at the school. The four older boys formed a little class, and in some cases the older taught the younger. A boy belonging to a neighboring family also formed a part of our little school for a time. Our text-books were Webster's Elementary spelling book, the old English reader, and the New Testament. A work called the American Selection, printed on dingy brown paper, was also among the household treasures. Confined at home, and largely to the house, during winter, with these few books only for companions, their contents became as household words, much of which I could repeat from memory. And here we may fairly raise a question as to whether the multiplicity of books and printed matter at the present day affords as good a mental discipline as the more thorough study of a few carefully selected books would do. It is fairly a question whether so much literature, and of such a varied character, does not affect the mind in a way analogous to that in which food in too great quantity and in great variety affects the stomach, and whether we do not suffer from a mental dyspepsia. It is also a question whether, under the modern development of our schools, education, as it is called, has not become too cheap a commodity to be adequately valued.

There is one episode in the local history of the county that I am not aware has ever been placed on record. I refer to the Mormon visitation about the year 1832, the successful proselyting, and the exodus from the county of people who cast their lot with the Mormon church. My father became possessed of a copy of the Book of Mormon, and was deeply interested in it. Two Mormon missionaries came into the neighborhood to expound the doctrines. The spread of the new faith seemed to be a contagion; neighborhood meetings were held every day, and new converts announced. Some of the converts claimed to have received a new inspiration and to speak in unknown tongues. My father became an early convert and was received into the church. My mother, either from a feeling of sympathy with my father's action, or yielding to the importunity of the preachers who visited us, was also baptised. I remember the occasion very well. As my mother sat in the chimney corner arranging a change of habit that she could use after her immersion, by the light that shone down the chimney, the Mormon elder was the chief spokesman, as if eager to add another to the sacrifice, and impatient at the necessary delay, repeated the question several times, "Are you going to join this gospel?" The preparations being at length completed, the procession, including my father and mother and the two Mormon

elders, started for Watkins lake, about a mile distant. It was a cold day in winter. About a quarter of the distance on the route to the lake was a small pond or cathole. Upon reaching this, the shepherds of souls concluded that it was as good a place to make a new saint as the lake would be, and accordingly a hole was cut in the ice and the sacrifice made there. I was of course too young to realize the shocking inhumanity of the act, or to feel the just sense of indignation that I have since felt in reflecting upon it. It may be asked why my father permitted or stood sponsor at such an outrage. The answer can only be found when we discover the mystery that underlies and inspires fanaticism, those phenomenal epochs in the moral world when the best of men do unwise things. Neither my father or mother maintained a connection with this movement for any considerable time, but quietly withdrew from it by leaving it out of their thoughts and actions.

It may be wondered why new ideas and new theories sometimes seem to take root and flourish in isolated neighborhoods, affording a moral analogy to the phenomena of wild shrubs that occupy given areas. Probably at the time of which I am speaking, people thought more deeply and intensely on religious subjects than now. The people of the county were directly descended from localities and times in which religious thought was paramount. Isolated in their cabins in the forests, their religious feeling was rather elemental and one of sentiment, than systematic. It was not crystalized in church connections, but was ready to be moulded into form, and to center around the light that first appeared, even though the light might be a false one. Living substantially in the woods, each family by itself, seldom seeing any other persons except their immediate neighbors, every new voice was to them a charm, and every new face a revelation. These Mormon emissaries coming among and mingling with these people, pretending to bring a religion not opposed to, but in fulfilment of what they already believed; coming in this guise and under these circumstances, it is not strange that they found ready credence and willing proselytes. And it should be noted also that the Mormon agitation was then but just begun, and had given no intimation of embodying the one feature which has within the past 30 years placed it under the bane of both social and legal outlawry.

I believe, however, that one of the earliest developed fancies or purposes of the Mormons was the massing together of the faithful and the building of a new Zion; that idea of unity and oneness of purpose that has been the touchstone of the wonderful growth and power of the Mormon church. As showing the firm hold that the new gospel, as it was called, acquired upon its devotees, a good many families, numbering more than 50 persons in all, in and around Pontiac, abandoned their homes and committed their for-

tunes to the guidance of the fatal star that hovered first over Nauvoo and subsequently over Salt Lake City. Thaddeus Alvord, an uncle of mine by marriage, his first wife having been a sister of my mother, with his family, were among the converts. I remember hearing Mrs. Alvord (his second wife) repeat what seemed to be a prophecy among them, namely, that they were to acquire their new Canaan either by purchase or by blood, and if by purchase, that they were to be persecuted from synagogue to synagogue and from city to city. This prophecy has not been wholly unfulfilled. The Mormons were certainly not left in peaceful occupancy of their first location at Nauvoo, and they will claim that they are now being persecuted in Utah and the western territories. Whether the other portion of the prophecy, that an acquisition by blood shall ensure them immunity from persecution thereafter, implies a struggle of arms on their part in the future, we will have to refer to those who receive inspiration and direct the counsels of the church.

Among those who cast their lot with the Mormons at that time within my own knowledge, were Thaddeus Alvord and his family, including two or three sons-in-law and families. Mrs. M. A. Hodges, in a recent letter, kindly supplies me with the names of a number of others, as follows: Ezekiel Kellogg, Seville Harris, Jeremiah Curtis, Nahum Curtis. Joseph Bent, all with their families, and the Stevenson family, one of the latter, Edward Stevenson, being now an elder in the church of Latter Day Saints; also the widow and one or two daughters of Col. Stephen Mack, one of the members of the original Pontiac company, the founders of Pontiac. The Bents, Mrs. Hodges informs me, subsequently left the Mormons and settled in St. Louis. Of those going away, she says, all were members of churches, some Baptists, some Presbyterians and others Methodists, and all except the Bents continuing in the faith. We dismiss this topic, trusting that the attention given it will not be deemed an unprofitable expenditure of time viewed in the light of local history.

In glancing at the excellent history of Oakland county published some years ago, I was struck with the account there given of the village of Auburn in the earlier days of the county, of its commercial enterprise and its business men, and I reflected somewhat wonderingly upon the number and character of the young men who in the early days cast their lot in the little hamlets that sprung up in the woods. They were men of keen business faculties, quick, intelligent, and as it seemed to me more generous, of broader views and higher principles than the average of the young men of the present day. I say it so seemed to me, although without disparaging the young men of the present, we can find a solution of the seeming dis-

crepancy in the thought that the young mind is more susceptible to favorable impressions, and is less critical than the more mature mind. But with what buoyant hopes and ambitions must the young men of the former time have left their eastern homes for the untried west. The young men of the two periods certainly differ in so far as this, that the young men of the present, accustomed to the attraction of city life, and to follow the modern channels of commerce, would hardly delve into the forests with the same courage and pluck as did those of the former generation. Alas! how many blasted hopes have left their trace upon the pages of our western local history, either written or unwritten. How many wrecks strew the pathway of time in its march of fifty years. It is after all but the repetition of the processes of all human progress. Life is but an experiment. Its failures count as a thousand to one of its fruitions. The young men who laid the foundations of our civilization did not in all cases judge adequately of the work that they were undertaking. The land of promise did not in all things develop equal to their sanguine hopes and anticipations. The places where in imagination they had builded cities shriveled and withered under the necessary reaction upon an abnormal growth and the exacting laws of commerce. Many of the actors succumbed to the diseases incident to a new country. Others yielded to financial disaster. Others sought new fields. Some rusted out, while others weathered the storm, and have left their visible impress upon the things with which they had to do. In the great aggregate of life, in the final balancing of accounts, let us not say that one shall have more honor than another. The comforts and the blessings that we enjoy today are the consensus of their lives and their sacrifices. So let us hold in pleasant and in grateful memory the young men of fifty years ago. The history of Auburn is that of many a western village. In the early days the rival of Pontiac, we need not rehearse the causes that have made it simply a quiet little hamlet, the abode of a number of worthy citizens.

As connected with those causes, however, we may refer in closing to the social and industrial revolution that has especially marked the half century. The application of steam has rendered of much less value the water power that is so abundant in the county. The adaptation of machinery brings the best economic results by its aggregation in large manufactories. The construction of railroads, affording unlimited facility for distribution, makes large concentrations of capital and machinery, and the consequent immense production practicable. The local factory and the local mechanic no longer exist. The effect of this change upon the distribution of population is shown by the census returns. In 1790 the per cent of the whole population

of the country residing in cities was 3.3. In 1830 it was 6.7, and in 1880 it was 22.5.

These facts suggest problems in political economy that appeal both to the present and the future. They connect themselves with the past only by comparison and contrast. These problems are the most vital, we had almost said, of any now engaging the public attention. They are vital, nevertheless, for on their wise solution may depend our very civilization itself. But it does not become me to prophecy of evil at this time. Let us hope only for the good now and always, and that the benign influences that have advanced us so immeasurably within the past fifty years will continually beckon and invoke us to come up higher.

OLD TIMES IN CLINTON COUNTY.

BY MRS. M. J. NILES.

[Written for the pioneer picnic held in Eagle, August 20, 1885.]

In the long ago when Clinton and its surrounding counties were described as a desert of swamps and sand knolls, and grassy lakes, and low, dark forests, fit only to be inhabited, as it was, by Indians and wild beasts and snakes, in that time and with this reputation of the country some of our brave pioneer forefathers pushed on to the drear howling wilderness, which, some said, lay to the far end of the west, and whither, if they went, they never, never should be seen or heard of more.

When this wilderness region was first penetrated by white explorers they found it traversed by bands of Indians from the Saginaw tribe, and bands of the Ojibway or Chippewa nation mixed with a few Ottawas and still fewer Pottawottamies, which latter two had perhaps become allied by marriage with the dominant Chippewas. Some of these people occupied the country along the Looking-glass and Grand rivers. They were generally friendly to the settlers, and some bought from them venison and maple sugar to eke out their own scanty supplies.

But Clinton, so far interior, was not the first county to be settled, and, indeed it was not "Clinton county" until March 2, 1831, but previously had been included with other counties under different names. The first settler the county received was George Campau, who established a trading post at Maple Rapids in 1826, for the purpose of trading with the Indians. Campau became a prominent settler and entered government land in the

township of Essex as early as 1832. About that time Hiram Benedict settled in the same township. In the fall of 1833, David Scott located on the Looking-glass river in the present township of DeWitt, and I am sure some stories more interesting than fiction could be written of David Scott. The first township meeting in the county, and the whole county was then embraced in one township under the name of DeWitt, was held at his house.

In the month of February, 1834, the families of Anthony Niles and Steven B. Groger started on their weary wilderness journey to find their new homes somewhere in the forest. After untold hardships they found a desirable location and built their cabins in what was afterwards the township of Eagle.

In the fall of 1834, John Benson and Herman Thomas settled near them, four families now, and a mile or so to the east two young men, Daniel Clark and his brother Henry were chopping and clearing for another home. The next year the fifth family came, Jonas Clark, the father of Daniel, Henry and David Clark. The next family was that of John Shear, brother-in-law of the young Clarks, and the seventh family was that of Henry Rowland.

Now my purpose is to tell you something of what they did, and how they lived, and believing that it could be better told by one who passed through it all, I went to Henry Rowland, who is now seventy-five years old, and asked him to tell me about pioneer times; he said, "Just fifty years ago my father, Oliver Rowland, and I came here, in June, '35, and after looking well about we located on the south bank of the Looking-glass; went on to Bronson, afterwards called Kalamazoo; entered my land and paid for it, and went back to York State for my wife and goods. During my trip to New York, Daniel and Henry Clark had come to the little settlement, and had put up a log shanty, and when we arrived they opened their doors and made us welcome. Oh we were all brothers here fifty years ago. I then went to work to build me a house; cut the logs, hewed the ends a little, and piled them up house shape; made the roof of bark; split some logs in two and laid the flat sides up for a floor; took the boards from one of our goods boxes and patched up a door; built the indispensible fireplace of stones, with flatish ones laid for the hearth; built sides and back up the jams; put in the tramel with its hooks, and went on building the chimney-back of stones, then farther up we built of sticks and clay to the top. We had one little window of six panes of 7x9 glass; put that in, then the house was done, and we went to making furniture. First a bedstead—I built it of poles and crossed it with basswood bark instead of the customary bed cord—poles driven into the sides of the house; one post was all it had. When that was finished,

my next work was chairs; I split a short log in two, bored four holes in the round side with a two inch augur and put in four stout sticks for legs and set it up, and I had a chair for two people, and then I made another and had enough. For a table we used a chest, and made a broom out of a pole—a splint broom—a half a yard from the large end of the pole we sawed into the wood for an inch or so all around; took the bark off and shaved down long slender shavings or splints till near the end; lapped them over and tied them down, and we had a broom. After a while I took some box boards and made me a good old-fashioned cross-legged table, such as you have seen. Now it seemed quite like home with my wife and father with me. We brought a year's provisions with us and a yoke of oxen and two cows.

I was anxious to get to chopping. It was no light task to clear the land of the heavy, dense growth of timber upon it. We chopped about ten acres that first winter. In the spring our axes were pretty dull for there was not a grindstone in the settlement, but we knew that an Englishman had one ten miles down the river. I can't remember his name, but he said he came directly from England here. He was a bachelor and lived absolutely alone; his house was half a mile or so this side of Philo Bogue's. Bogue was the first settler at Portland, you know. I think this Englishman must have had quite a property for he had many more comforts than the rest of us. Well, our axes were dull, and early one morning in the spring of '36, Henry Clark and I went down before breakfast, following an Indian trail along the river. We took some johnny cake in our pockets. The best kind of johnny cake we used to bake then. It was made by wetting corn meal with cold water and adding a little salt, then we spread it on a board and roasted it before the fire. Some of this we ate for lunch as we walked rapidly down the trail. We ground our axes well and got back about noon, and were ready for breakfast and dinner too, I guess—twenty miles to grind our axes. The Englishman did not stay there long. He got homesick and sold out and went back to his native land. Nearly all who came here to make new homes stayed here, for they were too poor to move back east even if they had wanted to, and most were satisfied that good farms and homes here would result from patient toil. William Deits and Valentine Cryderman and Andrew Shadduck came in the spring of '36. Deits and Cryderman settled on the north bank of the river and Shadduck south of me. You can't tell how warmly we welcomed their coming That summer we raised little patches of potatoes and corn, and when the corn was ripe we picked the ears and dried them and ground the corn in a little hand mill which was owned by a company of four. It was such a mill as the slaves used to grind their corn for hoe cake and hominy. A man, if he worked hard, could grind a half bushel in an

evening. There were two handles and usually two turned at a time. Old Captain Scott, near DeWitt, used to keep a supply of flour and pork, which he hauled up from Pontiac, I have known Stephen Groger to walk from his farm to Scott's, 12 miles or more, and do a day's work; would stay sometimes and work several days and take his pay in provisions, carrying them home on his back at night, after he had worked hard all day. One night I remember he brought 100 pounds of flour, a quarter of vension and several other articles. He nearly always stopped for a few minutes' rest at my shanty. Very few men could even stand under the burden that Groger could carry. Anthony Niles was his equal in strength. No one was ever found who could beat him at chopping, and he would walk farther, with a load on his back, than even Groger. But few could compare at all with either of them in physical power.

The first minister who visited our little settlement, held his services at the home of Anthony Niles in the fall of 1835. There was a Methodist class formed of six members. The first wedding was celebrated in the same house. Anthony Niles' daughter, Elvira, was married to William Cryderman, in 1837. The first school meeting was also held at Mr. Niles' house, in the spring of '37. We voted to have a school, and soon after built a rude log school house, and started the first school in the county, with about a dozen scholars. I harvested my first wheat in '37, cut it with a sickle, built a threshing floor of cut logs—many threshed on the ground; flailed out the wheat—you have seen a flail. I might tell you it was like a heavy pole ten feet long, broken in two in the middle and fastened together again with a leather string hinge. Well, we pounded the wheat with that and threshed it, then winnowed it with a hand fan; those you have not all seen. They were the shape of half this round table, with a box like side eight inches high, running around the rounding edge. The fan was of tightly woven splints, for lightness, and it had two handles on the rim. I put on about a peck of wheat at a time, took hold of the handles, put the rounding side against me, then tossed it up and down with a sort of flapping motion, and the wheat falling quicker than the chaff would lie on the fan and the chaff float off on the floor. The first mill was built at Portland by the Newman's in '37, so I took my wheat down in a canoe and had it ground. New clothing? Well, we patched our old coats and cobbled our shoes and made us some buckskin pantaloons, and now and then sent to Pontiac for a yard or two of calico, at two shillings a yard, just to please the women. One spring my niece, Mary Ann Calder, 13 years old, came to stay awhile with my wife, and across the river and a quarter of a mile up stream Cryderman's folks had a house full of girls. and one day Mary Ann was very lonesome and

wanted to go over to Cryderman's. Wife told her no, the river was too high, she would drown if she tried to cross; but in half an hour she missed her, and passed the day in much anxiety. At night Mary Ann came back drenched to her neck. She had waded or swam the deep river twice for the sake of girl company; a great wonder she had not been swept down stream. We took lots of comfort visiting then; used to go with oxen and sled many miles for an evening visit. Often the only light in the house would be the bright blaze on the old fire place. The men would talk and women would knit. Yes, knit and talk too; and the children played games in the dim corners behind us. At ten o'clock or so we would have supper. The fire gave light enough to get supper by. Bake some shortcake in the bake kettle set among the hot ashes, with its iron cover loaded with hot coals; hang the teakettle on the tramel over the flame, and if a bee tree were found in the neighborhood, we would have some honey. Oh, yes, we had good visits then. I believe I'd almost be young again to enjoy them over."

Then he sat musing until I said, "You've told me nothing about the wolves. Did you have any adventures with them?"

"Well, not much. One morning I went out to work on the road; Joseph Eddy was pathmaster; had my ax with me; a few rods from me I heard the yelping of wolves and the squealing of a hog. I dropped my ax and crowded through the thick brush until I could see the combat. A large hog belonging to Mr. Clark was backed up against the roots of a fallen tree—a wolf on each side of him—one would bite him on the side and the hog would spring at him with open mouth most savagely, and as he turned the other wolf would spring and bite. I jumped on a log and yelled and screamed my best. The wolves looked at me and slunk away. I thought I could drive the hog home, as it was not more than three quarters of a mile from Mr. Clark's, but the hog was badly wounded and mad with pain and fear, and he dove at me as he had at the wolves. I sprang back, barely escaping the clash of his jaws. I turned and ran over to Mr. Clark's and got the boys and gun and we hurried back, but the hog was gone, and we failed to find any trace of it. Perhaps, hearing the wolves coming back, it had run out and been chased into some covert which he failed to find."

The Indians, Mr. Rowland! Did you know the Chippewa chief, Okemos?

"I have seen him. Well I remember that he came one bitter cold night to my father's house stiffened with cold and very hungry. He lifted the latch and walked in and went to the great fireplace without saying a word. My father placed an easy chair for him and cared for his wants as if he were a distinguished guest. He was an old man then. Okemos died at his camp on the Looking-glass, above DeWitt, in the year '58. They placed in his

coffin his hatchet, knife, pipe and tobacco, and some provisions, and thus equipped for the happy hunting grounds, he was carried to the old Indian village of Shimnecow and buried there near the bank of the Grand river. His son, John Okemos, is now a farmer in Montcalm county."

I wish someone would tell me about the exile of the Pottawattomies in 1840. I know they were hunted among the swamps and captured in little squads, and imprisoned and guarded at Owosso, waiting for the rest to be hunted down and brought in. They captured the chief, Muck-a-Moot, and two hundred or more of his miserable people, and then this wonderful remnant of the Pottawattomies, closely guarded by troops, moved on to the land beyond the Mississippi.

"I can tell you no more about that than you already know. The white man's fire-water wrought great harm to the Indians. Those I knew were peaceable except when drunk; we often traded with them. That brings to my mind a scene of my early childhood. Three half drunken Indians entered our little cabin when only mother and three young children were there. They demanded food. Mother went to the cupboard and one brawny fellow followed her, swinging his arms and talking what we could not understand. We little ones were much frightened and huddled in the farthest corner. Mother offered them a variety of food, but nothing would satisfy them.

"I seem to see her now, with one hand on the cupboard to support herself; she was feeble; it was just before her long sickness of fourteen years, in which she never walked a step. The Indians became noisy and more violent, taking down dishes and bottles. They at length seized the tea canister and a few other articles and turned toward the door. Mother told them they could not have them. Oh, how scared I was. Just then father opened the back door and walked in with his gun on his shoulder. He brought his rifle down with a sharp bang on the floor, and with flashing eyes and angry voice, commanded the Indians to 'Go! or——.' They did not wait for the rest, dropping the things they had in their hands. I have an idea they were looking for whisky." We don't see many Indians now, do we?

"No," said Mr. Rowland, "those times were so long ago, so far from now that sometimes they hardly seem to belong to my life—so long ago."

After a slight pause I remarked: "You lost your wife a few years after you came here, didn't you?"

And he replied slowly, "My wife died by my side in the wilderness; the boy died first. She was a good woman, an excellent woman. She had but one fault, she was weakly; but young folks don't think of that when they

marry. She tried hard to help, but she died of consumption." Here Mr. Rowland relapsed into silent meditation, and I quietly bade the ladies good night and turned toward home.

Now, who shall tell the untold tale of the pioneers? Frail women and timid children in the desert of woods and swamps. The men were brave and good, but they could not give what they could not get. This woman, sick and needing the comforts of her York State home, pining for the heart friends of her youth, hungering for accustomed foods and fruits, getting faint and weak, though she fought against it, day by day getting more feeble, though she told herself over how she must go on with her work and so help her husband, bracing up to labor through the days and lying down to restless nights, the wearing cough, the longing for the dear one sister, the darkness made more lonely by the sense of impassable distance from her very own folks. We will not try to tell it, only "she died in the wilderness and the boy died first." Timid chiidren, as night came on, sent off in the woods to find the cows. I know one little girl who always trembled with fear when she started, and whose terror increased the farther she went in the woods. How the ears were strained to catch the far off sound of the bell, and darkness was coming. She must find them—fear is awful pain—what swamp was this she was entering—but I have talked too long. And this was fifty years ago; so long from now.

Now, instead of a dense and trackless tangle of forest and swamp, we look over our great green meadows, our broad acres of waving golden wheat, rolling in the breeze like the surface of our own magnificent lake, then we turn our eyes to the great fields of emerald corn, tall and stately, topped with yellow plumes (what can compare in beauty with the growing corn), riches of wheat and smiling meadows and flowing brooks, and lazy willows on the water's edge, and clumps of shadowy trees, and herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep, and roomy barns, and wonderful machinery, and comfortable dwellings, some of them palaces in very truth, compared with the pioneer shanty. A land that abounds in wells and streams, and minerals, and woods, and grains, and fruits, and homes, and schools, and churches, a land to be proud of and a land to be happy in, given us by the stern bravery of our pioneer fathers. Given us by the courageous toil and steadfast endurance and strong purpose of our noble pioneers, a few of whom are here today, thank God, but look about you and count how many are gone. They have been forced to embark in the silent ships and sail away, and all of us are going on together toward the same great sea.

A POEM

BY REV. SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

Read Before the Kansas Historical Society in 1872.

[Presented by Major Wyllys C. Ranson, Nov. 8, 1889.]

Come forth,
Thou Wizard of the North!
And, from thy mystic runes,
Gather forgotten tunes
And sagas of the past,
Told in the trumpet's blast.

Come forth,
Thou Watcher of the North!
Who, on the rocky heights,
Hast lit the signal lights;
Who, over prairie land,
Didst sweep the flaming brand.

Come forth,
Thou Minstrel of the North!
Strike hand on harp, and wake
The sound of seas that break
On wintry coasts, with sigh
Of pine trees, moaning nigh.

Come forth,
Thou Spirit of the North!
Pure as the snow which lies
On peaks amid the skies;
Strong as the winds which tear
The mountains' shaggy hair.

Come forth,
Thou Goddess of the North!
Renew to us once more
The glory gone before,
The lightning of thine eye;
Thy ringing battle-cry.

Come forth,
True hearts of all the North!
Lift up yourselves and see
The march of History,
As Freedom's star sublime
Climbs the long heights of Time.

Come forth,
Thou Story of the North!
Written in words which flame
With half extinguished shame;
Written in blood and pain,
Not to be marred again!

How the deep ivy clusters round the place!
Writhed like a serpent, which, beneath the leaves
Winds sinuously, and, with many hooks
And strange projections of an abject life,
Goes onward. Yea, so plentiful and dark
It hangs, that through it one may thrust an arm
Up to the shoulder.

Underneath, a wall
Of alternating brick, now glazed, now red,
Totters and crumbles in the changing air.
A river crawls below, sluggish and dim
With washings from the banks of muddy lands;
A slow, unwholesome river, overlaid
With fevers, and in whose soft, oozy bed
Are bones of men, with iron on the wrist,
And iron clinging to the fleshless neck;
There do they sleep until the judgment day!
This island bears no other home, and all
Which tells of man is this poor trembling tower,
Whose ruined buttress may have stayed a church;
But where, through years, the bat has entered in
To matins, and at vesper time the owl
Came forth white-robed, whose congregation crawled,
Or flew, or twittered, or, with slimy feet
Defiled the holy places, as perchance

More noble creatures in a time gone by
Had set the fashion for their worshiping.

See! Far across the river there are fields,
Yet harvest cometh not. The ridges run
Like wrinkles in an old man's face, where tears
Have worn deep furrows in and out, and where
Sad records of a younger day remain.
Then through the altar-places of the corn
Twines the convolvulus; the passion flower
Blooms in its mocking purple, unto which
The thorny blackberry has wrought a crown—
For, in the persons of his brethren, here
Christ has been crucified.
Look! even yet,
How they have burned the land from hopefulness
By sacrificing to another god!
It stretches, in its scarred abandonment,
Like some old slave, whose stiffened finger joints
Are useless, and whose bruised and aching limbs
Render no service. Why should you regard
His life or death? His master lets him die.
O friends, this is the earth after the flood
Has shrunk into old channels, leaving it
With vestiges of chaos once concealed,
But now stripped bare and heaped in hideous piles
For universal gaze. There grovels one
Familiar with ancestral heritage,
Whose bad blood boiling in her blackened heart
Sent fumes of passion upward to her brain
Until the drunkenness of lust came on,
And then precipitate, like Lucifer,
She cast herself headlong off from the verge.
That crippled negro, who was once her slave
Drives her, with kicks and curses, to the den
She shares with him, a harlot hag obscene.
I fear the foulness here; it breeds a stench
Of such pollution that the good who fled
Into the ark are still on Ararat,
And dare not to return. For here the toad

Crouches beside the hearthstone; here the hog
Uproots the struggling grain; the copper-head
Slides through the copse and strikes the traveler's heel;
And here, by night, the ghosts of men unblest
Emerge from hell to riot and destroy.
Arise thou, therefore, stand with me and then
Over these desolations thou shalt view
The seed of sorrow in the sower's hand.
Thou shalt behold him, even, draw the line
And bound the field and turn the virgin soil;
And thou shalt watch until the Dragon's teeth
Have sprung up, shouting, into armed men.

They move, in fancy's magical glass,
Out of the gloom and slowly pass
From wave to wave afar from land,
A gaudy, boastful, turbulent band.
The sun comes up behind their track;
The sun slopes westward heavily,
Only again to venture back
And tell to those who read aright
The story of morn, and noon, and night.

Here in this cradle, ocean-nursed,
Was born and tended, from the first
Seeking new realm and wider place,
That intimate devil of our race,
That oligarchic fiend accursed,
Who, up and down, and far and wide,
Has walked and wandered unespied.
For Satan believes in transmigration
From one into another nation;
And the haughty soul of the Babel lord
Smote with the Roman's cruel sword.
And who shall say it did not dwell
In the valorous heart of Charles Martel?
Who shall sunder the ancient knight,
Claiming lordship, and craving fight,
From such a one as Pizarro, known
Wherever he struck by the Aztec's groan?

For ages the poison runs along
Thrusting fresh roots and growing strong
By evil elements, devil-sent,
Against a loftier intent;
At length the coarse and brutal race,
Repulsive in form and bad in face,
Hide their roughness by velvet cloaks,
Smother their lewdness in gilded jokes,
Step more lightly, and wear the plume
Of proud Hidalgos in the room
Of brazen helmet and clanking mail.
Why? Because the same true tale
Of devilish subtlety substitutes
For rattling armor, the sound of lutes;
For Taillefer singing before the foe
His chant of combat, voices low
To murmur love in a lady's ear,
Decking the thought, whose naked shame
Warns us against its open name,
With delicate phrase of a cavalier.
Aye, the poison spreads wondrous well
When the roots of the plant are warm with hell!
When, nourished by artificial aid,
Its branches with flowers are overlaid.
What do we care for the acrid sap
Which drips with the clusters into the lap?
What is it to us if God ordain
That Satan's pleasure shall end in pain?
What is it to us, if all is fair,
If the wind toss freely this Circe's hair,
And deeply hid in this beautiful lair
The rarest birds and the brightest bloom,
The richest of fruit and the best perfume,
Tempt us to take them, knowing not
The treacherous terrors of the spot?
For he who tarries and tastes, no more
Is free as he has been free before.
Naught do I see in the Cavalier
With his jaunty cloak and his slim rapier

But a better translation and transmigration
Of the selfsame fiend to a higher station;
One of those demons who lives to view
Himself in the ranks of the favored few,
Careless what rights a purer law
May give to the low-born herd who draw
With stronger crying and sharper tears
The Juggernaut of the passing years.
Ere yet his foot had touched the stream
Of old Virginia's unknown land
His active spirit had even planned
Dukedoms and earlships all to hand.
To build a city, he brought no skill;
To found a State, he brought selfwill;
To make a nation, he brought no wife;
To rule the savage, he brought but strife;
To rear his dwelling, he brought no tools;
To bless the people, he brought no schools.
Where has the world, so mad a world
As it is, with truth into falsehood hurled,
Ever beheld such a flag unfurled!

They built their city, and starved therein.
They founded a State with a central sin,
An aristocratic lawless State
Based on the plan of endless hate
To God's poor toiler whatever his skin.
What wonder then that the sluggish stream
Has swiftly buried this misty dream,
Leaving of Jamestown beds of box,
And clustering ivy and broken blocks
And a ruin which reels to the winter's shocks.
Yea, by the side of the Cavalier,
The Roman sword is a thin rapier!

Far otherwise the Mayflower's cabin showed
A group of travelers by another road.
These came to find that heaven-born liberty
Which flew before them to a land most free.

A dove sent forth, she hovered, in her beak
The peaceful olive which they longed to seek.
Shut up for stormy months they viewed the sign,
As token of a guardianship divine.
With prayer they went aboard, with prayer they fled,
Guided by Him who gave them daily bread;
And while His name exceeds all human names
Shall Plymouth Rock exceed the muddy James.
These built a government, devised throughout,
From rules of living, which no christians doubt.
These framed a State which, like a stalwart wall,
Their sons have fashioned at a moment's call;
These were less fair, less graceful, less polite,
But always true to God and to the right;
These were pure heroes, like the shapes upon
The battered friezes of the Parthenon;
Of warriors, whose stern, sad souls were filled
With God's deep glory, and whose lives were thrilled
By that one thought of duty unto Him.
What if they seem to us more harsh and grim
Than any whom we know and love today?
That was another time, their way a ruder way.

God's people take their tinting from the ground,
To which their spirits have been crushed and bound;
God's people take their color from the crag,
On which has flared the beacon's warning flag;
God's people have been made of rugged stuff,
Since other fabrics have proved false enough;
God's people, in the night-time of the earth,
Found in dim caves a spiritual birth,
Burrowed in catacombs beneath the tread
Which bore a Cæsar to the Kingdom's head,
Drank the clear water from the Alpine height,
And fell as pilgrims, catching just a sight
From cliffs this side of death across the hot
And perilous desert of an earthly lot.
Such souls beget such souls whose heir-loom trust
Is gathered gently from ancestral dust.
Why blame the earnest man who has no space
In his full life to learn the courtier's grace?

Why chide plain Cromwell that he never shed
Obsequious praise on Charles the Tyrant's head;
But made no speech and chopped it off instead!
Find me a Puritan who would not have died
Delighted at the stake for regicide;
Find me gnarled oak and granite harsh in grain
Which you, for ash or sandstone, would be fain
To render back from ancient homes again;
Then will I bow with you and cry aloud,
"Hail to the demi-god who leads the crowd!
Hail to the brass, adorned to look like gold!
Hail to new principle in place of old!"

Theirs was a wintry sky whose falling snow
Obscured the path wherever they might go.
They too built houses, but they hewed so well
That years went by before the building fell;
And in that unrocked cradle grew the child
Who saw the serpents creeping in and smiled.
He stretched one hand and foreign Kings no more
Held colonies upon New England's shore;
He stretched the other and the slaver's trade
Was gone forevermore and Freedom made
A shrine among us on whose base is set
The Quaker name of Anthony Benezet,
And therefrom broke a fountain, like the one
By Bethlehem, from which such waters run
That he who drinks grows mighty in the land,
Bursts, as did Sampson, with unaided hand
The gates of cities barred against the truth,
Or sweeps the cohorts of Philistia's youth
Into oblivion—yea, such virtues lurk
Within it, that it never fails to work
Infinite zeal through every steady eye
And heart throb of its sons to do or die.

Make me the bones, for these will make the man;
Let him be straight as pines in Michigan;
And then the swelling muscles shall stand clear
Through the red shirt-sleeve of this pioneer.
The manly fathers shall have manly boys,
The noble mothers, too, shall lend a voice

Of prayer and prompting when the moment comes
And all the land breaks out with roll of drums.
Then when the cry stirs faintly through the air
From them in bonds, whose groaning everywhere
Has long disturbed their master's quiet sleep;
When the great crisis draws us to the steep
Which we must climb or leave our work undone—
The lesson of our nation's life will be at last begun.

You know that pleasant State, perhaps,
Along whose margin the water laps,
Where the grain grows heavy and logs come down
From the distant woods to the hungry town;
Where the graft of an honest birth and breeding
Transmits good counsel like careful seeding;
Where, under the Jackson oaks, were born
Those resolutions whose words adorn
The brightest point of a sudden morn.
They were, in fact, we all have guessed,
A Constitutional Palimpsest;
The starry letters which burst anew
Out on the face of the vacant blue.
And you and I, when these had glowed
Against the darkness above our road,
Felt springing through them a shaft of light,
And heard a voice, and saw a sight,
A vision of one arrayed in white,
Who bade us not to desert the right.

But what is easier, after all,
Than to forget the work of Saul?
Where is that most unselfish heart
Which leaves the horse in the farmer's stable,
And leaves the brief on the lawyer's table,
And leaves the picture to waiting art,
And drops the ledger and does its part?
In a common time our life moves slow
With its common joy and its common woe;
With the children crawling and prattling around,
And the parents going to sleep in the ground;
With the birds that come in the spring, and all

The transient roses which fade in fall.
One day is the same as another day;
The meadow is shorn of the olden hay,
And the business runs in the usual way;
Old faces pass, new faces stay;
The children grow too old for play,
But then their children will come and say
The same odd things—and the church-yard clay
Covers us all, do what we may.
We wind the clock so many times,
And jingle over such empty rhymes,
And rise and sleep, and laugh and weep,
And buy and sell, and scatter and keep
So much, so often, that life has need
Only of balsam for wounds that bleed;
Only of help, of a little trust,
Till we peacefully moulder into dust.

The friends whom we love are at our side,
And husband and wife no graves divide,
For beyond they are bridegroom still—and bride.
We broke that clearing, did we not?
And built that house—see now, the spot
Is a noble city, yet all the while
We knew there was something dark and vile
Breaking away beneath our feet.
We heard that creature's swift retreat
At the clap of the hand or a drum's quick beat;
But night after night, in his secret nest,
That Slavery Rat had gnawed his best.
The wainscot was hollow, the floor unsound;
Cellar and pantry, and storehouse, showed
The open doors to his dark abode.
We added a room, because the boys
Were growing up; and there the noise
Was worse than ever it was before,
For he forced his way through the brittle floor,
And the vermin swarmed in porch and hall,
Gnawing the piers for the house to fall.

Was it not then at last that we,
Children of Liberty,
Built us a wider house?
And did we not hear the vows
That Kansas should be free?
But the very soil we tread
Echoes the names of the dead
And they lied, that treacherous crew—
They lied to me and you,
When they promised to hold it true
That after the vote was cast,
And after the bill was passed,
And after the State was free,
They would certainly let it be.
Who was deceived thereby?
Surely, not you nor I.
Did Reeder stand in vain;
Or is Brown fruitlessly slain?
When foully murdered he lies
And a beast *spits in his eyes!*

They gashed those facts too far
And fiercely under the skin,
Where the coats of our hearts were thin,
For us not to bear the scar.

And the soul of the world is sad
And tears fall heavy as rain,
When over the yellow grain,
For which the farmer is glad.
The thunderous storm-clouds rest
And hope goes out in his breast,
And his eye takes little ease
Because of the dearth he sees,
When the trampled harvest fails
Under those sudden flails
Which heavily thresh and beat
The heads of the ripening wheat,
As the horrible gloom prevails.
So swiftly over the land

The story of tears went forth—
Touching the soul of the North,
  Nerving the farmer's hand,
Filling his brain with heat
And causing his heart to beat
  With quick irregular stroke;
As up from their frosty sleep
The geysers suddenly leap,
  And the giant, Utgard's Lok,
Labors away at his forge
In the depth of the mountain gorge,
  Shaping, before the light
Of Thor comes over the hills,
That wonderful sword which kills
  Wherever it falls in fight.

These are the crisis moments when the men of fate are born,
When Liberty in travail no longer lies forlorn,
When the dragon-teeth are cleaving through the covert of the clay
With the rumble of a host and the clashing of a fray.
Then God comes down to battle, marching on above the land
With his mighty arm exalted and the sword within his hand,
And the flashing and the flaring from the broken peaks of Law
Bear on such splendid terror as no mortal ever saw.
Then speaks the voice of glory from the depth of darkened sky;
Then the traitor heart, within itself, bears witness "It is I."
Yea, it is thou O Judas who enrichest with the fee
For which they take thine only Lord and bear him off from thee.
O harlot-kiss of Slavery upon the Union's brow!
Beware, beware of Suicide to follow what is now.
Beware of him within whose veins the Pilgrim's courage runs,
Whose face has never faltered in the glancing of the guns,
Whose heart is branded deeper than the eye of man can see
By the bitterness of bondage meted out to you and me;
For like the vengeful angel, who with flaming pen enrolls
The burning shame of sinners on the vast eternal scrolls,
He has written out the story, as it grew and gathered strength,
Of the Southron's fatal madness, for the end would come at length.

On the column of their triumph, climbing up towards the skies
Was that paltering with treason, the Missouri Compromise;
And above it ran the record—a tale for Judgment books!—
Of Sumner at the altar-stairs, struck by the villain Brooks;
And yet again the legend in brazen lines ran on
With boastfulness of place and power in captured Washington;
With secret exultation for men inured to arms
Who were nourished by the northern brain and stole the northern charms;
With long processions winding up and bearing in his pride,
The over-fed King Cotton, with Tobacco by his side.
One man upon a northern hill had heard and seen it all.
Beneath this other monument the slaves obeyed the call,
And up its sides they struggled and panted into place,
With block on block of added weight for crushing out their race;
But the stirring in the tree tops of the spirit of the north
Had caused new thoughts and purposes to rise and venture forth.
Had not a Michigan rifle in the hands of Burlingame
Sent Bully Brooks in terror to the place from which he came,
To hide, in kindred company, the blazon of his shame?
Had not Tyrtaeus Whittier caught up the voiceless horn,
Whose *Ranz de Vaches* aroused the might in which we once were born?
And had not others from the hills sent flying all abroad
Such summons to be ready in the name of Freedom's God;
How Seward cut and Giddings thrust, and yet within the van,
Unseen, there stalked the presence of a grimmer, deadlier man.
None knew him then, but when he trod on Kansas' bloody ground
The moment came, the man appeared, the hero had been found.
Free labor drove its plough across beside broad-bosomed lakes
And hewed the wood and built the home, and lined the railroad stakes.
Among the glades and prairies in peacefulness there throve
The flocks and herds, and with the soil the sturdy farmer strove.
Bradford and Carver and the rest who formed the Mayflower's crew
Had sent an impulse pressing on to conquer earth anew.
But from the south, like robber-bands, those same proud cavaliers
Had driven gangs of slaves along to blacken freedom's years,
And plant the field with bayonets and water it with tears.
John Smith, the noisy soldier, waked in his ruined town,
But far beyond, in Kansas, stood God's warrior, old John Brown!
And the solid tread of the marching host came tramping sternly down!

He stood by a little sapling in the Ossawatomie fight,
And its bark was torn by the bullets as the old man took his sight.
But the gun grew into a cannon and the sapling rose to a tree,
And the mouth of the cannon shouted, calling to you and me,
And today we are resting gladly, shadowed by liberty.

A hush comes over the story, a swaying back and forth
Before the clinch for the combat between the south and the north.
But under the lull and luridness of a daylight nearly done
John Brown has strapped his knapsack and taken his Kansas gun.

It was early in the morning ere the stars began to wane,
Or the light of any morrow flushed the eastern sky again,
When the hills of Harper's Ferry echoed back a sudden gun
And the clock of human freedom in the darkness sounded, One!

There were some who waked and questioned when they heard that wild alarm;
There were some who rose with gladness and began in haste to arm;
There were some who prayed and waited for the coming of the sun,
As the clock of human freedom in the darkness sounded, One!

And thus in doubt and waiting we plunged onward in the night,
Girding up each steady muscle for the long and coming fight,
For the work of all the ages must be well and surely done,
And the clock of human freedom in the darkness had sounded, One!

Again the peal has sounded through the morning full and clear,
With its sweetest chime of triumph sweeping in a happy year,
And the guns of loyal armies have answered back the gun,
Which alone, within the darkness, rang out the stroke of, One!

I care not what you call him nor how you say he died;
I care not for the clamor at his name on either side,
For he alone stood forth for God and the host of sin defied.
They hung him, but the eagles from their eyrie overhead
Came wheeling round with battle cries and screaming o'er the dead;
They hung him, but his gallant soul was marching through the night,
Where, steady and strong and silent, the boys went into the fight.
Nor yet is the martyr-roll complete or the glorious story through
Till Lincoln was touched with the holy oil for the work he had to do.
Rugged and rough, a king of men, by his very meekness grand—
He held the hearts of the people in his broad, northwestern hand.

Into the log he hewed his hope and along the river bank
He thrust the boat, and every draught was freedom that he drank.
Wiser and calmer minded, purer and apt to wait
For the touch of God's anointing in the conflict against hate—
How from his true integrity we learned what a man should be
And walked with him, wherever he led, for the sake of liberty.
Friends, when those years of battle chiseled the lines on his face,
Was he better or worse? did we love him the less for his lack of grace?
He was old Cromwell brought from the grave, John Brown in a wiser form,
A Puritan, loving children, a pilot that weathered the storm.
All day, all night, as the months went by and the boys passed to the front
He was the foremost figure, his breast took the heaviest brunt.
Tall, like fabulous Atlas, beneath his load he bent,
When pressing down on his single soul came the weight of the firmament.
What wonder the women loved him—the mothers and wives who knew
In the bond of a common trouble the fight he was fighting through;
What wonder the men adored him—the sons of the east and west,
Whom he bore like a tender giant high on his mighty breast.
What wonder another nation, in bondage all these years,
Saw the tall figure striding on through eyes obscured by tears;
What wonder the pen of the Puritan broke the swords of the cavaliers!
And then at last the torrent of the nation's gallant heart
Leaped in the true deep channels from whence it was thrust apart,
And the river of joy was full and wide, and every sabre stroke
Was struck at the neck of the tyrant and against his iron yoke;
And we caught the conquering President and lifted him on our shields
To higher place than ever, and to rule our peaceful fields.
But hell was strong and the daylight dim, and suddenly a blow
Was dealt at which the nations reeled and quivered in their woe;
As the soul of Abraham Lincoln rose up in haste to find
That place where care and trouble and pain are left behind;
And we remained in darkness, groping as do the the blind.

Yet the brighter morning dawned and the tears were staunched away,
And the souls that shrieked in their terror had gathered grace to pray;
And hand to hand through the sad-faced north we pledged each other then,

That henceforth we would keep our freedom, bought by the blood of men!
Henceforth no slave in the prairie swells or along the broad lagoon
Should have an earthly master in the sight of the sun and moon;
Henceforth the dome of our highest place should bear no lying form,
But with the marble goddess should Liberty's heart be warm;
Henceforth the glory of God should shine from sea to sea,
And the names of the dead for a battle-shout should ring over all the free,
And the irrepressible conflict end in eternal victory!

And then the eyes of Michigan turned to the absent band
Who had gone across the river to people this Kansas land.
But the corn, like an army with banners, stood up in the evening red,
And the starry flag of the twilight hung peacefully overhead;
And about the homes of them who stayed and of them who went away
The same brave-hearted symbols held watch of the night and day.
And we thought of the tireless sower who out of his liberal hand
Was strewing the Michigan farmers like seed on the prairie land,
And we trusted that when the reaping of war should come to pass
They would follow a Jacob Howard instead of a Lewis Cass!
And we knew that the silent army which stood so green and tall,
Might be withered and torn and wounded and soon or late would fall,
Yet it held the golden glory to which it had pledged its all.

Was it not so, O friends to whom such moments of trial came.
Who were beaten by thundering horse-hoofs and winnowed by blast of flame.
And did it fail in the early day and did it fail in the late,
That you forgot how the balance was poised on this youngest State.
And how with the fate of Kansas was linked the nation's fate?
Your answer comes with the billowing plumes and pennons of wheat and corn—
Your answer comes with the towns which rise from ashes of hate and scorn—
Your answer comes from the scars of pain and the scalding tears of grief—
For these were the thorns which your hands have found in binding up the sheaf.

HOW THE LAST FRENCH CLAIM TO A MICHIGAN FARM WAS EXTINGUISHED.

BY HON. D. L. CROSSMAN.

When, as the result of battles and treaties, the territory of Michigan changed its allegiance from France to England in 1763, there were many French settlers upon our soil who were seriously concerned to know how their property rights might be affected. They might possibly live under the British flag, they might nominally be British subjects, now that the fortunes of war had compelled it; but the question of all others most important to the greater number of these settlers was, how will Britain look upon the private claims of native Frenchmen? Must they surrender to their conquerors their homes, their farms?

Fortunately civilized nations had progressed in their respect for private rights, even the rights of the conquered, until in 1762 it was not thought necessary to deprive the citizen of his property, but on the contrary England by treaty and proclamation did her utmost to retain all the settlers of whatever nationality, and exerted all her powers to convert this miscellaneous population into loyal British subjects.

The preliminary treaty of the 3d of November, 1762, at the surrender of Canada, provided in its second article, in behalf of his Britannic majesty, "that the French inhabitants, or others who would have been subjects of the most christian king, in Canada, may retire in all safety and freedom wherever they please, and may sell their estates, provided it may be to his Britanic majesty's subjects, and transport their effects, as well as their persons, without being restrained in their emigration, under any pretence whatsoever, except debts and criminal prosecutions," the time limited for this emigration being the space of eighteen months, to be computed from the day of the ratification of the definitive treaty. The definitive treaty was closed February 10, 1763, and contained a positive recognition of the foregoing conditions.

These conditions were very simple, and gave every settler a year and a half to dispose of his property and get out of the country, if he preferred to do so rather than become a British subject, and so far as we know very few complications arose under them; but one famous exception *did* occur, which, for thirty-five years, commencing in 1825, regularly put in its appearance at the recurring sessions of Congress, asking recognition, and it is the story of this claim which I have undertaken to relate. Naturally, then, this article

can contain very little original matter, and I only ask the credit of a compiler.

Although white men visited the Sault Ste. Marie as early as 1641, yet it remained mainly an Indian village, with an occasional Jesuit Mission attachment, for many years. St. Ignace and Mackinac both seemed to be more favorite places for the French trader and the accompanying Catholic Mission, probably because the climate and soil were rather more hospitable and they were both on the water-way to more southern localities. But in 1750 two officers of the French army, of some distinction, conceived the idea of establishing a military post at Sault Ste. Marie, and with an eye to building up their private fortune, sought to obtain a grant of land, of great size, as a reward for their efforts to strengthen the French holding against the English traders, who were then getting numerous and troublesome. The result of their application was an instrument executed October 18, 1750, by the Marquis de la Jonquiere, Governor of Canada, and Monsieur Bigot, Intendant of the same, from which the following is extracted:

"That Chevalier de Repentigny and Captain De Bonne, officers of the French army, entertaining the purpose of establishing a seigniory, had cast their eyes upon a place called Sault Ste. Marie, that settlement in that place would be most useful, as travelers from the neighboring ports, and those from the western sea, would there find a safe retreat, and by care and precaution, which the petitioners propose to take, would destroy in those parts the trade of Indians with the English: We make to the said Capt. De Bonne and the said Chevalier de Repentigny a concession at the Sault of a tract of land with six leagues front upon the portage by six leagues in depth, bordering the river which separates the two lakes, to be enjoyed by them, their heirs and assigns, in perpetuity, by title of fief and seigniory, with the right of fishing and hunting within the whole of said concession, upon condition of doing faith and homage at the castle of St. Louis, at Quebec, and that they may hold said lands upon the customary rights and services, to hold and possess the same by themselves or their tenants, and to cause all others to desert and to give it up. In default whereof, the same shall be reunited to his Majesty's domain."

On June 24, 1751, Louis XV. of France ratified and confirmed the foregoing instrument; thus was established the title to one of the largest, if not the largest farm ever started in Michigan; its modest proportions covering 335 square miles, or 214,000 acres of land. The famous Dalrymple farm of Dakota was only about one-fourth this size, and that had fields so large that boarding houses were needed to give the men and teams their noonday feed. Louis XV. was very liberal with his possessions across the water, as French

farms were not very large; I am not able to say what the average size of French farms was in 1750, but in 1878, at the time of the Paris exposition, the American Commissioner of Agriculture appointed to inspect that exhibit, selected the largest exhibitor and visited his farm for the purpose of comparing the same with like American establishments. Judge then his surprise when he found that this model representative of the French granger owned and worked several small detached pieces of land, in all equal to seventeen and a half acres, and that was really a large farm as compared with his neighbors; the average French farm being less than six acres in dimensions. There is an American book entitled "Ten Acres too Much," but the American idea of the proper size for a farm is probably about one hundred and sixty acres, as that is the size of homesteads established for settlers by the government, although down to the time of William Henry Harrison the government refused to sell in less than 640 acre lots. So liberal in size was this French farm at the Sault that it would make 1,337 farms at 160 acres each, and have a village lot of eight acres left.

It may be claimed that this grant of such immense size, so far north, was not intended for a farm, but had some other purpose to serve. We are not left in doubt on that subject, as will be seen by the following extract from a letter of the minister of foreign affairs at Paris to the Marquis Duquesne, governor general of Canada, dated June 16, 1752: "By one of my dispatches written last year to Mr. de la Jonquiere, I intimated to him that I had approved of the construction of a fort at the Sault Ste. Marie, and the project of cultivating the land there, and raising cattle there; we cannot but approve the dispositions which have been made for the execution of that establishment, but it must be considered that the cultivation of the lands and the multiplication of cattle must be the principal object of it, and that trade must be only the accessory of it; as it can hardly be expected that any other grain than corn will grow there, it is necessary, at least for a while, to stick to it. and not to persevere stubbornly in trying to raise wheat. The care of cattle at that port ought to precede that of the cultivation of the land, because in proportion as Detroit and the other posts of the south shall be established, they will furnish abundance of grain to those of the north, which will be able to furnish cattle to them."

Thus it is plainly seen that agriculture was the main consideration, in fact it was one of the points made in the trial on the part of the government, in favor of forfeiture, that the grant was made on condition that the land was to be used for agricultural purposes, and never having been improved, to any considerable extent, it should revert to the crown.

In the manner shown, the Sieur de Repentigny and Capt. de Bonne as

partners with equal interests, became vested of a title to 214,000 acres of land, and Repentigny, by arrangement with his partner, went immediately to the place to undertake the fulfillment of the conditions of the grant. He fixed himself upon the spot where Fort Brady has since stood. (Ought it not to be called Fort Bonne?)

He arrived too late in the summer of 1751 to fortify himself well; the Indians received him kindly, however, and he succeeded before winter in securing himself somewhat in a sort of a fort large enough to receive to his house warming the traders of Mackinac as guests. He says of the weather: "It was dreadful; Oct. 10, snow fell a foot deep." He employed his hired men during the whole winter in cutting 1,100 pickets, fifteen feet long, for his fort, and the timber necessary for the construction of three more houses, about thirty by twenty feet each, which he erected in the spring. His fortification, enclosing the four houses in a palisade one hundred and ten feet square, was also put in shape during the season.

Of his farming, he says, in a letter to La Jonquiere: "I brought a bull, two bullocks, three cows, two heifers, one horse and a mare from Mackinac. I could not make much progress clearing of land for the work on the fort had occupied my men. Last spring I cleared off all the small trees and bushes within range of the fort. I have engaged a Frenchman, who married at the Sault an Indian woman, to take a farm. They have cleaned it up and planted it, and, without a frost, they will gather thirty to thirty-five sacks of corn."

All these facts are interesting, as they enable us to understand the surroundings of our pioneers of the most favorable circumstances; to know something of the outfit they had to combat forbidding nature and its elements, and reduce the wilderness to subserviency to their wants.

De Repentigny, representing the firm of De Repentigny & De Bonne, stayed at this post for four years, or until 1755, perfecting their fortification, making slight improvements on their farm, raising such crops as the soil and the seasons would permit, trading some with the Indians, keeping a watchful eye over their forest wards, lest the English traders break into the French preserves and get some of their valuable furs, and giving hospitable shelter to all persons in the French interest, Indians or traders passing that way.

Governor Duquesne, in a letter dated October 13, 1754, says of him: "The Chevalier de Repentigny, who commands at the Sault Ste. Marie, is busily engaged in the settlement of his post, which is essential for stopping all the Indians who come down from Lake Superior to go to Oswego; but I do not hear it said that this post yields a great revenue."

The last sentence quoted, the lack of revenue from the post and the coming on of the war between England and France, probably accounts for the fact that Repentigny gave up the personal supervision of his farm and trading post. He left the property to the care of tenants, with one Jean Baptiste Cadotte, a Frenchman who had gone out with him, and had since married an Indian woman, in charge of the property, and the claim on the part of De Repentigny & De Bonne, at the trial, was that constructively, by tenants, they were continuously in possession until later than 1810; in fact, a Mrs. Gornon, a grand-daughter of J. B. Cadotte, and her husband, both testified at the trial to such possession continuously maintained by Jean Baptiste Cadotte and his son; only this Cadotte family had been in possession so long they had begun to think they owned the property themselves, and tried to make their testimony give color to such a claim, the man Gornon saying that he had heard his father-in-law, J. B. Cadotte the younger, say that his father, old Jean Baptiste Cadotte, came to the Sault about the same time that a French officer by the name of De Repentigny came there, that they were in some way connected about the fort, which the officer had built, and that after the officer went away old Cadotte took possession of it, and ever since had held it until he turned it over to his son, J. B. Cadotte, Jr., the father-in-law of the witness, who held it during his life time and left his widow in possession of it at his death.

All these points were well established, and the plaintiffs claimed with great force that the Cadottes being their tenants in the first instance could not represent any adverse claim, but on the contrary their possession was the possession of De Repentigny & De Bonne.

De Repentigny left the farm, as stated, in 1755 and went to Quebec, where he found everything looking toward immediate war with England. He was too much of a Frenchman, too thorough a soldier, to think of going back to his quiet asylum in such a crisis. He entered actively into the military service, giving his wife, in 1759, who was then at Montreal, power of attorney to carry on, govern and transact all his affairs, making particular mention of his property at the Sault, and the furs expected therefrom, while he continued with the army, an active, zealous officer in the French cause. The war continued for years; the French were unsuccessful. By the battles of Quebec and Sillery, in 1759 and '60, the war was closed and Canada was lost to them. The patriotic De Repentigny found himself, by the terms of the treaty already given, with three alternatives: He could abandon, sell to a British subject (if he could find such a buyer), or remain and become a Briton himself. That this last alternative was fully presented to him is

proven by a letter of record from the British Governor General Murray to him, from which I extract the following:

"QUEBEC, March 6th, 1764.

"SIEUR DE REPENTIGNY:

"The knowledge which I have of your military talents, and the esteem I have for yourself, induce me, by every sort of reason, to try to attach you to this country, the country of your birth. Although it has passed under another dominion, it ought to be always dear to you. You are attached to it by too many bonds to be able easily to detach yourself from it."

But De Repentigny was not to be enticed from his allegiance to the French sovereign, his loyalty was too deep-rooted to be transplanted, and neither he nor his wife found any British subject to purchase this large farm of theirs, so that in 1773, when he was asking advancement in the military service of the authorities at Paris, he urged among other things the following reason why he should be preferred:

"The cession of Canada, my native country, has overturned a fortune more than moderate, which I could preserve only by an oath of fidelity to the new master, which was too hard for my heart."

This, it was claimed on the trial, was a voluntary surrender of his title, or an acknowledgement that he had surrendered it out of fidelity to France. In the same letter, as a proof of the family loyalty, he says: "My grandfather was the eldest of twenty-three brothers, all in the service of France."

The Sieur de Repentigny died as he had lived, in the French military service, October 9, 1786, leaving only one child, a son, Gaspard, to inherit his name and estate. It appears in evidence that in 1790 an English gentleman made overtures to Gaspard de Repentigny to buy his interest in the Sault property; that being probably the first information he had that he was possessed of such a claim, or at best that it was of any value; but, for some reason, he would not sell. Again in 1796 he had an opportunity to realize something for this interest, as a Mr. Cadwell, who had bought the interest of De Bonne, the other half, offered him $8,100.00 for his claim, but still he refused to sell. In 1804 Cadwell again tried to buy, but without success. Gaspard de Repentigny inherited the warlike tastes of the family; he lived a military life, as his ancestors had done before him, and died in the service at Gaudaloupe, in 1808.

Gaspard also left a son, Carrille, who survived his father but twelve years; but who in turn left children, who, with grandchildren, the issue of a deceased child, were the parties in whose favor a decree was asked in this case.

The line of descent for the other half of this partnership interest is very short in history but numerous in names. Capt. De Bonne, as already stated,

never lived on the property; he remained in the army, serving his king loyally, and thereby proving his worthiness to receive and hold the grant in question. He was killed at the battle of Sillery, in 1760, during the attempt of the French to recapture Quebec after its taking by Wolfe. He left one child only, a son two years old at the date of the father's death, Pierre De Bonne. This son grew up and remained in Canada; thus choosing a British domicile, he became a British subject, and as he became a man he was advanced to prominence, holding several offices under the English crown. In 1781 he presented himself at the castle of St. Louis, at Quebec, to render faith and homage to his most gracious majesty, King George III., as half owner of the lands at the Sault Ste. Marie, ceded in 1750 to his father and Monsieur de Repentigny, jointly. In 1796 he sold for 1,570 pounds sterling, his interest in this seigniory to James Cadwell of Albany, N. Y., who, two years later, gave a quit claim deed of the same interest to Arthur Noble, a citizen of Ireland, then temporarily residing in New York City. Later Noble returned to Ireland, and by his will, made in 1814, he devised this interest to his nephew, John Slacke of Dublin; John Slacke, by his will, made in 1819, conveyed it to his wife, and she, in 1839, conveyed the same to her son, John Gray Slacke; he, in 1841, devised it to Henry Battersby of Dublin, and he in 1861 conveyed it to Colonel Rotton, an officer in the British service, and the party in this case joining in the bill with Repentigny heirs, asking a decree for the lands. Surely, the line of title to both these partnership interests seemed quite perfect; we should have thought, as they did, that the claim was worthy of recognition, and sufficient to hold the property. As has been stated, these parties expended more or less time and money, each session of Congress, for many years to get some act passed whereby they could obtain standing in the federal courts with their case. Similar claims in Florida, Missouri and Louisiana had received recognition in that way by the assistance of Congress, and these parties, with such precedents before them, persevered until in April, 1860, they succeeded in procuring the passage of an act authorizing the district court of Michigan to take cognizance of the case and adjudicate the question of the validity of the title as against the United States.

The court was to be governed by the laws of nations and of the country from which the title was derived in 1750, and also by principles which had governed adjudication of similar cases before authorized. Armed with this authority of Congress, the parties hastened into the federal court, sitting at Detroit, filing a bill on the 9th of January, 1861, to establish their title, the result of which bill was a lengthy trial bringing to light all the facts I have here given, and many more equally as interesting which I have omitted to

bring myself within the limit of twenty minutes time allotted this subject. The court, after hearing all the facts and arguments, decided that these heirs and assigns of De Repentigny and De Bonne were entitled to, and the owners of the 214,000 acres of land in question.

Alas, the uncertainty of a lawsuit. This title originating in a French king 112 years before was declared good by an American court, and wealth and happiness seemed within the grasp of the parties; but not long. The case was appealed by the council for the government, and in December, 1866, a decision from the highest tribunal of the land, from which there could be no appeal, was made, exactly the opposite of that given by the district court, and the bill dismissed.

The points settled by the decision were: 1st—Non-fulfillment of conditions of grant. 2d—Lapse of time. 3d—Abandonment. 4th—Reunion to the crown. 5th—Want of certainty in description. The conclusion of the court was: That there was no claim worthy the respect of this government.

Thus ended the last French claim to a Michigan farm.

EARLY FRENCH OCCUPATION OF MICHIGAN.

BY HON. D. L. CROSSMAN.

Every reader of the narratives of the early settlements in America, is first struck with the fact of Spanish supremacy—Spanish enterprise. Spain fitted out Columbus for all his voyages and discoveries, Cortez for his conquest of Mexico, Pizarro for Central America and Peru, Alverado for Gautemala, and Cabral for Brazil. But Spain reached her maximum of greatness in about the years of Ferdinand and Isabella, declining steadily thereafter, and for the last sixty years of the sixteenth century discoveries and settlements in the western hemisphere were nearly at a standstill, voyages to America being mainly confined to the fishing banks off Newfoundland, where cargoes of haddock and cod were annually awaiting the takers.

It was not until the opening of the seventeenth century that England or France cut any considerable figure in American history, or that the temperate climate of North America was explored to any noticeable extent. Then came on the struggle between England and France—between Iroquois and Algonquin—between Protestant and Catholic—between puritan and ritualist, which, after more than one hundred and fifty years of strife, culminated in a division of the territory on lines wrought out partly by natural water boundaries and partly by the logic of events.

Referring to the great lakes which form part of these water boundaries, I recall the theory of Ignatius Donnelly, in his "Age of Fire," that their enormous basins were scooped out of the earth by collision with a comet, whose central impact was in Huron, grinding up the rock to a depth of seven hundred feet, and whose fragmentary recoil formed the other great lakes, when old Father Time was a small boy in petticoats. The only pleasant part of this theory to contemplate is that this misguided comet left us his substance, consisting of rock, iron, copper, etc., and will not, therefore, be able to come and see us again in the same all embracing way.

In the way of speculations as to early events, there are none more interesting to me than those of late development tending to deprive Columbus of much of the inspiration with which some writers have striven to invest him as he entered upon and completed his great voyage of 1492. That he was a skillful map-maker and a bold navigator there is no doubt, and it seems now about as certain that, in his voyages of former years, he had visited Iceland, some think more than once even, and that on his visits there and in his intercourse with Icelandic sailors in messroom and on quarter deck, he had heard all the old tales and legends which we now know must have been extant in that country of one Leif Erickson, a bold adventurer who, near four hundred years before, had found, in a southwesterly direction, a wonderful "vineland." These stories, even as old sailors' yarns, may have helped to round out the belief of the Genoese map-maker in another continent, or a further India, which might be reached by sailing west, and the recollections of these narrations may have helped to sustain him against the combined importunities of his men, while on his western course.

But the actual discoverer of America will never again be satisfactorily established; whether Northmen or Southmen, Dane, Italian, Spaniard or Portuguese is entitled to the more credit, will never be known.

We no sooner settle down to the study of our Scandinavian discoverers, than we are confronted with a new claimant. A late writer in the American Antiquarian presents Ireland as entitled to the credit of furnishing the first pilgrim and missionary to the New World, and names a date which seems to defy all competition this side of Donnelly's submerged continent of Atlantis. For verification, this writer cites the reader to the Bibliotheque at Paris and to the Cottonian collection of Inos, where he claims is to be found good authority for the statement that in the sixth century, one St. Brendan, an Irish bishop who founded a monastery at Clonfert Kerry, and was at the head of three thousands monks, was of sea-going proclivities, so much so that he was generally known as the "Navigator." Finally, after visiting surrounding countries, he provisioned a bark for a long voyage, and taking trusty companions and competent sailors, he sailed from Tralee bay in a southwesterly direction for discovery. The voyage lasted many weeks, and in the land where he arrived he found a numerous race of people, among whom he spent seven years instructing them in Christianity. Reluctantly leaving them at the end of that period he promised to return again at some future time. His homeward trip was prosperous, and he arrived safely in Ireland. A few years later, being mindful of his promise to his trans-Atlantic converts, he embarked for a second voyage to this western land. In this purpose he was defeated by contrary winds and currents, so, after beating about some time, he returned to Ireland, where, in the year 575, he died at the ripe age of ninety-four, revered by all who knew him.

But, asks the skeptic, the conservative, where did this Bishop land? With what people did he live his seven years? And what became of his established Christian teachings?

The answers to these questions form the strongest part of the case, confirmation hard to explain away. The student of early American history, the investigator of Lord Kingsborough's collection of Mexican antiquities, with its hundreds of pages of picture writing, the admirer of Prescott's exhaustive works on Mexico and Peru, all have found in the Aztec and Inca races positive evidences of a well established priesthood with ritualistic methods of worship corresponding closely in many respects with Romish forms. Cortez, behind Columbus only twenty-seven years, and Pizarro, twenty years later, both accompanied by legal notaries, skilled priests, and learned writers, find themselves astonished, confronted with mild mannered, kindly disposed, well meaning races of people, whose civilization was in many respects in advance of those same vainglorious Spaniards, who came to teach them, ostensibly, but truly to subjugate them. History does not tell a story of more gigantic wrong and injury ever inflicted upon a people than was suffered by those native races at the hands of those who came with the grandest protestations of good-will.

Montezuma, as king of a numerous, happy, prosperous people, lived in state in the city of Mexico, with a private character as a man and public reputation as a ruler which even the biographers of Cortez' expedition could not traduce. Cortez and his handful of followers found themselves received with open arms almost everywhere, until their cruelty and disregard for others' rights revealed their true character. They found everywhere among the native races a distinct tradition that in the dim past a wonderful visitor had come to that country, a visitor in long robes, with a white face and shining beard, who had come from the country of the rising sun, who by his very

presence had given them a season of peace, taught them of their origin and destiny, and who had returned to his home, Hapallan, or Holy Island, promising to return some time in the future, or send another in his stead.

These simple hearted people viewed with admiration their white visitors, who were to them the representatives of the gods, and the fact that they had horses which they rode, added to this feeling of veneration, as neither the Aztecs or Toltecs had ever seen any beasts of burden before, and a soldier on horseback was a veritable centaur to them; then, if anything more was needed to complete their faith, it was supplied by the fact of gunpowder and fire arms.

This strange white man who had visited them ages before, was not a myth to them. They called him Quetzacoatl, and they had raised in his memory a great pyramid consisting of alternate layers of earth and sun-burnt brick, nearly forty-four acres in extent at its base and 177 feet high. Nothing on the continent compares with it. The great pyramid of Egypt only covers twelve acres; yet without beasts of burden, without anything but human hands they had erected by the work of thousands of men continued for many years, this pyramid of Cholula, in honor of one who brought them peace and blessings, who directed their attention to the study of the heavens, who taught them how to measure the passage of time, taking correctly into account the fraction of a day each year, which we regulate by leap year. This man, whose deeds and words had descended from father to son for ages—whose teachings were discernable in certain ritualistic rites of their priests—whose memory was preserved in the picture writing of their artists, and by the largest pyramid on earth,—this Quetzacoatl—who shall say that he was any other than the Irish Bishop, St. Brendan.

All this may seem a long way from Michigan; but as a part of the early history of America, it belongs to us.

I think the first recorded effort of France to gain a foothold in the New World was in 1534, when one Jacques Cartier, by government authority, made a voyage to Newfoundland, entered the gulf and river which he named St. Lawrence, prospecting about the islands, making little more than a reconnoisance; yet making his trip memorable by one piece of treachery. He induced two young Indians on board his vessel and carried them to France as specimens of the native population. The next year, 1535, he returned with three vessels to search out the country, believing still, as had navigators of all nationalities before him, that the thing to do was to find a water way to India. It is in the journal of this voyage that the word Canada first appears, as the Indian name of a country bordering on the river. He brought back the two young Indians of his former trip, and they were very useful to him as pilots in the navigation of the river, and as interpreters in all intercourse with the natives. He found a very populous, fortified village of Hurons at a point which he named, in honor of a ridge or elevation in the rear, Mount Royal (since corrupted into Montreal).

After a parley and exchange of presents with these Indians, he returned to the site of Quebec, where he had left his two largest vessels, and where autumnal storms warned him of the approach of winter. He built a fort and established the first French occupation of New France. It was a winter of great hardship to the voyagers; many died, all suffered greatly from scurvy, and when it was over all the living made haste to liberate their vessels from the ice, load up the remnant of their effects and return to the comforts of a more civilized life, taking with them again several Indian chiefs, so as to have something to exhibit in France in confirmation of the tales they should tell; but these chiefs did not long answer even that poor purpose, for all died shortly after

their arrival in France. The companionship of the white man never did agree with the Indian.

In 1541 Cartier made his third voyage to the New World, arriving in due time at Quebec, where he spent another miserable winter, deserting for home as soon as the spring would permit. Sieur de Roberval, with three hundred colonists, met Cartier in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and tried to detain him; but he escaped under cover of night and sailed for home. It had been the intention of the home government to establish a permanent settlement at this time, with Roberval as commandant; but Cartier escaped, in disgust that he should have been made subordinate in a country which he had discovered and explored. But the viceroy, Roberval, was not without his troubles; he was in charge of a mixed people, embracing all grades from the nobleman to the convict, several of which latter were released to complete his cargo, but the passenger which most exasperated him on the voyage was his niece, Margurette. He appears, as is shown by his acts later on, to have been lacking in both patience and judgment; and no doubt the young lady was herself wayward and obstinate. She had been indulging in a liaison on the voyage with a young man not at all to the uncle's liking, his orders had been disobeyed and his wrath kindled to such a pitch that on his arrival in the gulf he landed her, together with an old Norman nurse, on an island said to be haunted, known in fact as the Isle of Demons. The gallant in the case was not to be circumvented in this way. If the girl was to be deserted to die because of him, he determined like man to die with her, and in this frame of mind he threw himself overboard and swam to the island. Thus, perhaps the first couple to start life in the New World, single handed and alone, entered upon their domestic career. Their wedding service must have been patterned after that adopted by Adam and Eve. Their wedding music, the roar of the surf; the presents not numerous but valuable, costly—each had given every hope of life for the other. The balance of their story is soon told; they endured privations, sufferings, tortures, for months, for years; a child was born to them; but one by one the father, child and nurse succumbed and died. The mother with an endurance unparalleled lived two years and five months on the island, when she was discovered and rescued by some fishermen, who had been driven out of their course, and by them returned to her home and friends in France. Roberval, meantime, had sailed on to his destination—the site of Cartier's fort at Quebec, where his mixed cargo of soldiers, civilians, convicts, priests and women was unloaded to colonize a country. The story of their winter is one of cruelty, misery and sorrow. Roberval in his efforts to govern, did not temper his judgments with mercy, but executed by shooting and hanging ten or twelve of his subjects; about half of the balance perished from privation and disease, and the few who remained in the spring are without a biographer. Nothing is known but that a few broken palisades remained to mark the spot of their sufferings, Roberval himself returning to France.

Then history is nearly silent; more than fifty years elapsed during which there is no recorded effort at colonization in New France; but the fishing banks off Newfoundland are not silent, these Canadian waters developed then, into what they have since maintained—the grandest fisheries of the world. As early as 1578 three hundred and fifty vessels a year, of all nationalities, visited these banks for food fish, with satisfaction and profit to the owners.

In 1598 Marquis de la Roche made an effort at settlement in Canada. The failure of former efforts made it impossible to find persons willing to go as colonists, so the little vessel was loaded with forty convicts taken out of French prisons—released on

conditions only that they should go to Canada, but their liberty was dearly bought, as the historian narrates that on arrival at the Gulf, La Roche landed his criminals on Sable Island, while he sailed to explore the coast of Nova Scotia, with the purpose of ascertaining a favorable point for establishing trade with the Indians; but bad weather coming on, his frail vessel was so strained and driven that he dared not wait for a chance to return to the island, but sailed at once for France, leaving his forty convicts awaiting rescue; and it was a weary wait, for it continued for five years, during which time twenty-eight died, and the remaining twelve, emaciated with famine, sparsely covered with the skins of animals tied about them were found alive by a rescuing party, which La Roche's conscience forced him to send out for their deliverance. It was a very slow working conscience.

Surely, it was not an easy thing to establish settlements in a new country, even in a country as good as ours has turned out to be. For more than one hundred years every effort resulted only in disaster, the records of which fill hundreds of volumes. I shall not undertake to mention all these failures, even of efforts made by the French alone, but will glean along from the more interesting records that have come to my notice.

Champlain is a name very prominent in those early records; his first trip to America was in the year 1600 and was to the West Indies and Central America. In his journal of this trip is the first historic mention of the desirability of a canal across the American isthmus, and thus the original suggestion comes from the same source as the money to construct it comes three hundred years later—France. In 1603 Champlain made his second voyage, this time exploring the coast from Nova Scotia to Rhode Island. It is in the journal of this trip that the word Acadia is first found, being from an Indian word signifying the kind of fish we call haddock. Longfellow in his poem of Evangeline has so immortalized it that it stands for paradise now. Champlain kept on voyaging to and prospecting in the New World, discovering the lake on the north-eastern boundary of New York that bears his name, where he enforced his will with the Indians by the use of fire-arms, probably the first exhibition of the use of fire-arms ever witnessed by any northern Indians of this continent. Exploring the Ottawa river and finding thereby a water route to the Georgian Bay and Lake Huron, until, in 1611, he was probably the first European to camp on the soil of Michigan, passing up Saginaw river and visiting Indians on its banks. It is therefore very fitting that he should be recorded as our first governor,—a position to which he was appointed in 1622, and in which he served till his death in 1635.

As early as 1610 couriers had visited the vicinity of Detroit river, yet it was nearly one hundred years later, 1701, before the first effort was made at settlement there; and this without explanation seems strange, especially when we read that in 1641 a settlement was undertaken at the Soo, and in 1668 a permanent settlement was made at St. Ignace, both points so much inferior in natural advantages to Detroit; but I think the reason was twofold. First, the region of Mackinaw was a place of greater safety. The Iroquois Indians, who occupied the territory of New York, were a race entirely distinct from the Algonquins. Most of the tribes of Canada, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Illinois belonged to tle Algonquin family, who, unless aroused by some real or fancied wrong, led peaceable and quiet lives, while the Iroquois were warlike, savage, and cruel, maintaining for many years a reign of terror, not only over the white settlers, but over the Algonquin tribes as well. Thus it was their annual picnic excursion to send out a party of braves in the spring to watch the east end of Lakes Erie

and Ontario for parties of hunters with their furs and peltries on their way to Montreal or Quebec, and cruelty and barbarism beyond conception now, as well as robbery, was the general result. It was on account of the dangers of this route that the trader and peaceable Indians more frequently made this long western journey to or from Quebec by way of the Ottawa River, a tributary of the St. Lawrence, explored by Champlain, as just narrated. It has its headwaters in Lake Nipissing, and thus connects with the waters of the Georgian Bay, so that they could get to the great lakes by this route and give the Iroquois Indians a wide berth. The second reason why the first settlement in Michigan was in this northern locality was that here all the tribes of the great northwest could get together and establish a common market for their furs and skins, which was the only crop they had to sell, and for these they got in exchange hatchets, kettles, fire-arms, etc.

It is a singular fact that the Jesuit history of a breadth of country in Canada just back of the Georgian Bay, for the years 1610 to 1650, inhabited by what were known as the Tobacco Indians, occupies volumes, while the history of the French occupation of the interior of our State is almost nothing, and I can only account for this on the same ground as before mentioned, namely that it was a place of greater safety, being further from the dreaded Iroquois; yet even there these Tobacco Indians were finally exterminated, massacred, burned, and the last remnant of them driven onto an island in the Georgian Bay, by these same merciless Iroquois butchers.

In 1641, two Jesuit priests, Raynbault and Jogeus, visited the Soo, probably the first white men ever there, finding at that point a Chippewa village of 2000 souls. There is no account of any farther white visitors until 1660, when René Mesnard, also a Jesuit priest, visited the same village, passing on to Lake Superior, where he spent the winter of 1661 near Keweenaw Point, and in the following spring started to complete the tour of the south shore of Lake Superior, with an Indian guide; their way led through Portage Lake, which they crossed, and while the Indian was carrying the canoe across to Lake Superior, over a narrow strip of land, where the canal is now located, Mesnard wandered away, was lost and never heard of again. He was followed in 1666 by Allouez, who made the tour of Lake Superior, and with Marquette, in 1668, made a very complete map of all the great lakes, which has been preserved to our time, and records with wonderful exactness the outlines of shores and islands, involving an amount of care and travel which rendered it very valuable for many years as the guide to all that region.

In 1670, two priests, Galinee and Dollier, visited the site of Detroit, stopped at the Indian village there, and true to their priestly office, inquired into the religious belief of the inhabitants. They found that their only object of worship was a stone image which the Indians held in great reverence, believing it to have power to influence the elements, so much so that before they started upon a journey or voyage they offered sacrifices of skins and food to this idol. The priests regarded it as their duty to destroy this stone image, so, says Galinee in his journal, "we broke it to pieces and threw it into the river, for which pious deed God rewarded us, for during the same day we killed a deer and a bear." They were on their way to St. Ignace, where two years before Marquette had established a settlement, and where he now sadly needed more help to accomplish the visionary hope of his life, which was no less than the evangelization of all the Indians of the Northwest; and what was most peculiar in his life was the fact that he was honest, true and zealous in his undertakings, unaffected by the jealousies as to trade or preferment, which seemed to taint nearly all his asso-

ciates and co-laborers. He lived a short life of great privation and hardship as most would consider, yet he died happy, a martyr to his energy on the field of his labors, in 1675, while on his return from the Mississippi country, and his name is preserved by a river, a city and a railroad of our State. Some time in the future, no doubt, a handsome monument will mark the spot of his third burial, where all that remained of him after two hundred years of sepulcher was deposited, at St. Ignace, some twelve years ago.

La Salle: his life as an item of early Michigan history is worthy of our whole evening, worthy of the careful examination of every Michigan citizen; but it has been left to Illinois to perpetuate his name. The citizens of that State have conferred it upon a town and a street of Chicago. On August 10, 1679, La Salle in his vessel, the Griffin, visited the site of Detroit. It was an event worth remembering, as the Griffin was the first vessel ever above the falls of the Niagara. Her name came from her figure head, Griffin, a ghost which sat upon her prow and gazed with stolid indifference alike upon storm or calm. She was noteworthy as being the first in a mighty train of sailing craft that have glided over the waters of our lakes by sail and wheel, until their tonnage is nearly twice that of the Pacific ocean which passes through the Suez canal. The date of the Griffin, like that of the date of the first steamer visiting our shores, should be days well established in our memories as a matter of State pride. Walk-in-the-Water was the name of our first steamer, and her first visit at Detroit was August 27, 1818. Her career was ended in a wreck near Buffalo, November 1, 1822, she having successfully navigated the lakes four years; but her story belongs to English or American history, while I am dealing with French Michigan only.

La Salle, with Father Louis Hennepin, M. Tonty and about twenty-five others left Detroit on the Griffin August 10, 1676, and proceeded to Green Bay, where the frigate took on her cargo and started on her return trip to Niagara, September 18. Charlevoix says that Indians stole the cargo and destoyed her, but other more reliable authorities claim that she was never heard of after leaving the harbor of Green Bay. It is known that a long, severe storm came on, and undoubtedly there were many defects in her construction, which would tend to the acceptance of the opinion that she went down with all on board, as marine disasters are too plenty now, with all the important improvements in ship building to make such a theory at all difficult; at any rate the Griffin and her cargo were never authentically heard of again. La Salle did not sail upon her, but with his party of artisans took canoes, crossed over to the Michigan shore and coasted down to the mouth of the St. Joseph river, where he established a fort, at which he left but few in charge, while the main body of his company pushed on into the Illinois country in their effort to find a waterway to the Mississippi. It had been La Salle's arrangement that the Griffin, after discharging her cargo at Niagara, should return for him to this fort at St. Joseph; but, after long waiting, until the truth was forced upon him that the Griffin was lost, he started upon his wonderful journey across the State overland for Detroit, and thus to Niagara and Quebec, enduring the rigors of February and March, camping out without a tent even, wading swamps, and depending on wild game for food, with a courage and endurance hardly human, and finally crossing the Detroit river on a raft in April, 1680, thus concluding what was undoubtedly the first overland journey ever made across the State by a white man.

The first recorded effort at anything like judicial proceedings in the territory of Michigan proper occurred in 1683, with Frontenac as Governor. It was at Mackinaw, then called Michillimackinac. Two French traders, Jacques le Maire and Collin

Berthot, had been brutally murdered for their goods—shot down, and their bodies concealed in a hole dug in a marsh and covered with brush. M' du L'Hut was commandant at Mackinaw, and on the disappearance of the traders he sent out detectives to search out their bodies, find their goods, and, if possible, discover the murderers. This, considering that he was in a strange country with about forty Frenchmen, and surrounded by thousands of Indians, was a very plucky measure, particularly so as his detectives found the bodies, got track of the goods, and secured evidence that the murderers were two prominent Indians with many friends. But the commandant was not dismayed; he created a posse of twelve officers, who arrested and guarded the prisoners night and day until their execution, which occurred after a trial lasting several days; the effort of the commandant being to have the Indian chiefs pronounce the sentence, they continually parleyed for delay, until M' du L'Hut determined to face the consequences and try the murderers with a council of Frenchmen, whom he appointed, which he then did. They were convicted and shot, says the historian, in the presence of all the French settlers and not less than five hundred Indians. Thus Michigan commenced with capital punishment for capital crimes.

In 1684 Nicolas Perrot, with about 100 French and 500 Indians, left Mackinaw in a fleet of canoes to punish the English and Iroquois of New York for various raids of their traders upon the French territory. They coasted along down Lake Huron without particular order, yet keeping as near together as convenient, landing for night encampments, and sometimes stopping days to supply themselves with food by hunting. The Indians were only half-hearted in the enterprise, as the English would pay twice as much for beaver skins as the French, and true to their fickle nature, they were discouraged by two accidents that occurred on the journey; in one, a Frenchman accidently shot himself; in the other, in hunting deer, an Indian shot his brother. They looked upon these casualties as bad omens, so that it was with the greatest difficulty that Perrot kept his disorderly allies on their course, until they met, at the mouth of the Niagara river, a messenger, who informed them that the war was over and peace established with the English. The conditions of war and peace alternated each other with great frequency in those years. This little army of Hurons and French was, probably, the first army ever quartered on Michigan soil, or known to Michigan history.

As descriptive of Canadian people, says De Bongainville, a French navigator who served with Gen. Montcalm as aid-de-camp, "They are loud, boastful, mendacious, obliging, civil and honest; indefatigable in hunting, traveling and bush-ranging, but lazy in tilling the soil." It is perhaps from this statement that we can gather the reason why that feeble colony, as early as 1688, sent their Attorney General to Paris to induce the King, Louis the XIV., to send them a cargo of African slaves. It was quite the fashion with other nations in those years, so it was easy to obtain the king's consent; apparently his only hesitancy was fear that the climate might prove too severe for the health of the Congo native. In reading up the subject of American slavery there is one satisfaction to be obtained. The white races did not first originate the evil, in this country, That was *one* sin which the native races had before they were taught civilization. For ought we know the victims of conquest were enslaved in this country as early as they were in Rome, Greece or in Egypt; certain it is that there were scattered through the various tribes, prisoners of war, held as slaves from the earliest record down through the English occupation till 1796 or later, although the ordinance of 1787, which was the first effort of the United States to control the Northwest Ter-

ritory, contained a provision excluding slavery forever from its boundaries. The enslaving of Indians or Africans did not prove to be very profitable on our soil, as the highest quotation I can find in the early Detroit market is about $300.00 for a man and $250.00 for a woman, which was the price in 1770 to 1780.

The freeing of the slaves was not a realized fact until the organization of Michigan territory in 1805, when the ordinance of 1887, which became the territorial constitution, came in force, and then slaves ran away from Canada to Michigan to obtain their freedom. This order was soon reversed; but so numerous were these people in Detroit, that in 1806 a company of colored militia was formed to assist in the general defense of the country, which company was largely made up of run-away Canadian slaves.

There was one very peculiar hitch as to the nationality of Michigan, which belongs to the English regime, which I cannot refrain from referring to here. After the close of the revolutionary war there was nothing in the concluding treaty of peace in 1783, sufficiently definite to locate Michigan with certainty. The United States claimed it, but when Washington sent Baron Steuben to Quebec to make arrangements for the transfer of the Northwestern forts, he was informed by the English Governor, Sir Frederick Haldimand, that the territory belonged to England, that no surrender could take place, and was refused passports to Niagara and Detroit. It was not till 1796 that it was settled to be United States territory beyond question.

In obedience to the order of Count Frontenac, in 1686, M. du L'Hut, commandant at Mackinac, established a combined fort and trading post on the St. Clair river, which he called Fort St. Joseph. It stood on the present site of Fort Gratiot. His orders, as to its establishment, were in these words: "I wish you to establish a fort on the Detroit river near Lake Erie, with a garrison of fifty men; I desire you to choose an advantageous place to secure the passage, which may protect our savages who go to the chase, and serve them as an asylum against their enemies and ours." From this it would seem that Frontenac intended to have had this post established near where Detroit now stands; but M. du L'Hut, coming from Mackinac, stopped short of his instructions at Fort Gratiot. This fort was maintained for two years only; it was voluntarily abandoned in 1688.

In the Indian trade, much had been said against furnishing the Indians liquor; many investments had been spoiled and lives lost through troubles brought on from intoxication. Representations of these facts got across the ocean, to the ear of Louis XIV., and the result was what people nowadays call prohibition. True, our prohibitionists think they are very modern, but the fact is they are 200 years behind the French, as Michigan had positive prohibition in 1695 by edict of the French king; and I will quote from a letter of La Motte Cadillac to show you his opinion of it; he writes from Mackinac of which place he was then commandant: "It is a great mistake if people have an idea that this place is deserted; if it be possible that any are in this belief, I think it my duty to correct the erroneous impression. It is very important that you should know, in case you are not already informed, that this village is one of the largest in all Canada; there is a fine fort of pickets, and sixty houses, that form a street in a straight line; there is a garrison of well disciplined and chosen soldiers, consisting of about two hundred men, the best formed and most athletic to be found in this new world; besides many other persons who are residents here during two or three months in the year." You see it was a fashionable summer resort before Detroit was founded. "This being an indubitable fact, it seems to me that the place should not be deprived of the privilege which His Majesty has accorded to Montreal or Quebec—the privilege

of furnishing themselves with the necessary drinks for their use. This place is exposed to all kinds of fatigue and the situation of the place and the food require it. The houses are arranged along the shore, and fish and smoked meat constitute the principal food of the inhabitants, so that a drink of brandy, after the repast, seems necessary to cook the bilious meats and the crudities which they leave in the stomach; the air is penetrating and corrosive, and without the brandy that we have used in the morning, sickness will be much more frequent." Thus you see, also, that even the arguments in favor of the use of liquor sound quite modern.

But few American cities can be called old. Detroit is one of these, and is peculiar for an American city in that regard, as it was founded, as Silas Farmer remarks, before Peter the Great had built St. Petersburg. About Detroit many of the old French family names can be found, and not all the old surveys of concessions—long narrow strips of land each fronting on the river—have lost their peculiar boundary lines yet, and the name of the city itself, the Strait, is a legacy worthy of mention ; it is not in honor of any saint or saintess as was quite their habit in names, but it is in honor of one of the grandest rivers of the continent, a water-way as fixed in its foundations as the earth, with an unvarying capacity, sufficient to float the commerce of the world. No wonder they recognized this spot as *the* Strait, *the* water-way, Detroit, yet there was an early effort continuing for many years to call the fort built there Ponchartrain, in honor of that same minister of marine of the reign of Louis XIV., for whom Lake Ponchartrain of Louisiana was afterwards named.

The French grasp took in and claimed all that breadth of country between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi to the Gulf, and it is probably because they had so much country—so many places to name—that we escaped so long and homely a cognomen for our metropolitan city, as Ponchartrain. Fancy the champions of that city in the House, now, being recognized as they arise in their places to plead for the boulevard, as the gentlemen from Ponchartrain.

The average Michigan citizen hardly takes into his historical knowledge the fact that the territory of our state was for so many years tributary to, and a part of New France. The fact is, ancestors and governors are easily forgotten when their tracks are obliterated. Our French pioneers left so few foot-prints on our soil, that it is no wonder they are forgotten. From 1622, our territory, particularly our coast line and the waters surrounding us, were recognized as under the control of the king of France, with the seat of local government at Quebec ; and on down to the treaty of peace between France and England in 1763, our civilization was directed by and our Indian population and white traders were held in allegiance to the French monarchy.

Laws for Canada or New France came from the French king and from a local council at Quebec. A few samples may not come amiss to us, since law making is our present avocation. Louis the XIV. did not like his American subjects to swear, so he issued an edict that should have put a stop to that vice, and left the country more free from it than it is at this date. The following is the law: "It is our will and pleasure that all persons convicted of profane swearing or blaspheming the Name of God, The Most Holy Being, His Mother or the Saints, be condemned for the first offence to a pecuniary fine according to their possessions and the enormity of the oath ; then if those thus punished repeat the said oaths, then for the second, third and fourth time they shall be condemned to a double, triple and quadruple fine, and for the fifth time they shall be set in the pillory on Sunday or other festival days, there to remain from eight in the morning till one in the afternoon, exposed to all sorts of opprobrium

and abuse, and be condemned besides to a heavy fine, and for the sixth time they shall be led to the pillory and then have the upper lip cut with a hot iron, and for the seventh time they shall be led to the pillory and have the lower lip cut, and if by reason of obstinacy and inveterate bad habit they continue after all these punishments to utter oaths and blasphemies, it is our will and command that they have the tongue completely cut out so that hereafter they cannot utter them again." Now to make sure of the enforcement of the law, it was made the duty of all who should hear any one swear to report the fact to the nearest judge within twenty-four hours on pain of fine. Thus we see that Connecticut did not have all the blue laws, and Puritans were not the only people in the world made moral by law.

Then these Frenchmen required loyalty. The Council of Quebec was so loyal itself that it would not permit the royalty, even of England, to be disrespected. In 1671 one Paul Dufray, talking of the English and Cromwell, had been heard to say that they did a good thing when they cut off the head of Charles I.; this was reported to the council and he was condemned to be dragged by the public executioner from the prison door, and led in his shirt, with a rope about his neck and a torch in his hand, to the gate of the fort and then to beg pardon of the commandant, thence to the pillory to be branded with a fleur-de-lis on the cheek and set in the stocks for half an hour, then back to prison and put in irons. Surely treason has never since been made quite so odious in this country, and this man's treason was only against the general doctrine that "A king can do no wrong." But all the ordinances, recorded by Parkman, of this council are not so cruel. One reads, "That besides white bread and light brown bread, all bakers shall make dark brown bread whenever the same shall be required." Probably this was a sanitary measure. Another of these old laws is as follows "Whereas, The people of this province raise too many horses, which prevents them from raising cattle and sheep, being ignorant of their true interests. Now, therefore, we command that each inhabitant of this government shall hereafter own no more than two horses or mares and one foal, the same to take effect after the sowing season of the ensuing year 1710, giving them time to rid themselves of their horses in excess of said number, after which they will be required to kill any of such excess that may remain in their possession." I presume some fellow with cattle or sheep to sell lobbied that bill through, to raise the price. It was some like our bill for inspection of beef on the hoof. I find one act which proves conclusively the tendency of the population to drift into the villages—their desire to be villagers rather than farmers. I am not sure but it would be a wholesome law now. It was a law "To promote agriculture and protect morals," and read as follows: "We prohibit and forbid all farmers or persons living in the country from removing to this town, Quebec, under any pretext whatever, without our permission in writing, on pain of being expelled and sent back to their farms, furniture and goods being confiscated and a fine of fifty francs for the benefit of hospitals. And furthermore we forbid all inhabitants of this town, Quebec, letting houses or rooms to persons coming in from the country on pain of a fine of one hundred francs, also for hospitals." No bonus for increased population in villages in those days.

In fact, they legislated as do law makers to-day upon all subjects: To regulate inns, markets, and the liquor traffic, for the preservation of game, as to church pews and tithes, stray hogs, mad dogs, matrimony, fast driving, wards and guardians, weights and measures, nuisances, coinage, trespass, and even at that early day on preservation of timber.

The first will probated under our government, of which I can find a record, was that of Saffray de Mezy,—Governor from 1663 to 1665 of New France, and terminating his office by his death. His will is curious to us in that it shows what a man who held such honors had to leave, and if we may judge from the items enumerated, he got for salary about the same we have been paying. Of course now that we have raised the salary, our future Governors will have something left after each has founded an orphan asylum. This will give an idea of the will: "I, Saffray de Mezy, seeing the end of my life approaching, mindful that it well becomes a citizen and the official to set his affairs in order at such a time, do pray my patron, Saint Augustine, with Saint John and Saint Peter to intercede for the pardon of my sins. I direct that my body shall be buried in the cemetery of the poor, at the hospital, as being unworthy of more honored sepulture. I bequeath to my friend Mayor Angoville two hundred francs, my coat of English cloth, my camlet mantle, a pair of new shoes, eight shirts with sleeve buttons, my sword and belt and a new blanket for his servant. I bequeath to Felix Aubert fifty francs, my gray jacket and small coat of gray serge which have been worn for awhile, also, one pair of long white stockings, and my best black coat, that he may wear mourning for me." Perhaps this accounts for the fact that one of our modern ex-Governors has been giving away clothes ever since he went out of office, to whole regiments of newsboys.

In all the early settlements of New France there was one idea predominating the whole, which was, that the territory must be divided among a host of rapacious political favorites, and no one allowed to enter upon commercial pursuits except as licensed by the favorite in charge, upon condition that tribute to both government and the favorite should be paid. Thus when Detroit was founded, Cadillac received authority from the king to build the town, together with the grant of land necessary for its site; he had been for some time at Mackinac, was naturally restless, and as he could not make any money there, he desired something better. To avoid long and tedious delays, he went himself to France, calling upon the minister of marine, Ponchartrain, at Versailles in person, when they settled the details of the plan for founding Detroit. La Motte Cadillac represented that the site of Detroit was the best place for a fort to keep the Iroquois and English in check, and that a greater variety of peltries were to be had in that locality than any other, giving the prices of skins as follows: Deer 16 francs, elk 20, black bear 10, etc. Said Ponchartrain: "If the king approve, I will give you two hundred men of different trades with six companies of soldiers." The King approved and Cadillac was soon on his return. The exclusive traffic in furs and goods was ceded to a company on consideration of the sum of six thousand francs annually to the government, and thus no man outside this company dare buy a beaver skin of an Indian or sell a settler an ax without permission of the authorities. This vicious system checked enterprise, stopped all healthy competition, and cramped all growth and development to the grasp of one man or company in each community; and this condition of things accounts for the fact that Detroit, after fifty years of struggle, was only a sparsely settled village of four hundred people. In fact, it had lost largely in numbers by white occupation, as for an unknown number of years it had been the site of a very populous Indian village called by the Hurons "Karontaen;" yet the government of France was so anxious to strengthen their holding at this point that they offered to every settler with a family, what they thought a living outfit, as follows: A hoe, ax, plowshare, sickle, scythe, two augurs (large and small), a sow, six hens and a cock, six pounds of powder and twelve pounds of lead; yet this magnificent offer induced only twelve families to settle there in the year 1751.

The accounts of the travels of these early French traders and couriers impress one with their courage and endurance, as they went on journeys of a thousand miles or more with only a bark canoe and a camping outfit of the most primitive sort; they assimilated with the Indians on a basis of freedom never attempted by the English, and for the hope of a bundle of furs braved the seasons and the elements. Ladies, whose husbands had gone before, endured journeys of this sort, suffering hardships and privations beyond our power to understand. Take the instance of La Motte Cadillac's wife; in September, 1701, she made the journey from Quebec to Detroit to join her husband, with one lady companion, Mrs. Tonty; these two in an open boat made the journey of one thousand miles with Indians and rough canoe-men (worse than Indians in some respects) for companions; surely we must admire their courage, endurance and devotion. Mrs. Cadillac lived to rear a large family of children, of whom record of six or seven may be found in the birth columns of the register of St. Anne's church, of Detroit now. Only two churches in Michigan furnish a continuous record for so great a number of years as does this same church of St. Anne's, of Detroit. It was founded with the city in 1701, and its records are continuous from 1704; the first log church with its records having been burned by the Indians in 1703.

Settlements were so slow at Detroit and business chances for making a fortune so poor, that Cadillac got discontented, and in 1712 we find him with all his family, founding the town of Mobile on the Gulf of Mexico. We think we travel about easily now, but these Frenchmen knew no distances, realized no hardships, they needed no railroads or palace cars.

Charlevoix was a French priest of our early history, whose name we have saved to posterity by conferring it upon a Michigan county; no traveler was any more versatile or chronicler more voluminous than he. The reader may spend days in searching his six large volumes of relations, following him through America with various diversions of returns to France, through Canada to Hudson Bay, back to Quebec, on a tour of the lakes to Michigan soil, where he spent some time in 1721, on to the great west and southwest by way of the Mississippi and return, and when he has done, he will only remember a confused account of bickering and quarreling between commanders and traders, between couriers and settlers, between Iroquois and Algonquins, between English and French, interspersed with Indian conversions and baptisms under duress, massacres, and scalping, and an occasional gleam of some wonderful mysterious sign or portent that he discovered in the heavens, as he was ever watching for some omen upon which he could place superstitious significance. True, the other early writers are not much behind him in superstitions, and the reader sometimes finds it hard to determine whether the Indians or the whites are the more ridiculous in their theology. Referring to some of the inhuman war practices and methods recorded by Charlevoix, I am reminded of an instance in my own legislative experience, where an Indian massacre was recalled. At the opening of a session some years back, I asked a member as to the pronunciation of his name, it being one unfamiliar to me. He said: "I do not know myself. I have no pride in the name." Seeing my astonishment at his reply he continued: "True it is all the name I have got, but it don't belong to me all the same." As he seemed entirely candid, I asked him to explain his words, and he did so about as follows: "You have no doubt read of the kind of warfare the Indians inflicted upon the pioneers all over this country—the stealthy march, the gathering of painted braves around some remote frontier neighborhood, and the Indian yell of ferocity as they pounced on unsuspecting settlers who were struggling with nature for

existence, murdering indiscriminately, men, women and children. Well, my grandparents were the victims of such a savage massacre. All the family were cruelly murdered, except one child, a mere babe, a boy, who was saved and adopted by an Indian woman and reared as one of the tribe. When he grew to manhood, perhaps twenty-five years old, he came under the notice of a Quebec trader who learned from the Indians his origin, took a fancy to, and traded a pony for him. This man lived with the trader some years, took the trader's name as he had none of his own, but finally married and came to Michigan. This man was my father, and the name you asked about is the name of the Quebec trader which he assumed." This son who was a member of the House, is prominent in Michigan politics now, and has been with us several times this winter. I never see him but I think what a splendid foundation for one of Cooper's novels the story of his ancestry would make. Charlevoix said the Indians did not know how to make maple sugar until learned by the French, when they at once made large quantities every year; he found one Detroit merchant who had on hand 40,000 pounds. But is it not more probable that there were other reasons for the quick development of that industry; how could they boil the sap, in any quantity, until French traders came with kettles, and if they made any sugar at all, they would only have occasion to make what they wanted themselves; for commerce and exchange they certainly learned of the French.

History has not always been harmonious as to the location of Mackinac. The Indian word Michillimackinac signified "great turtle," and is supposed to have been originally applied to the island which somewhat resembles the turtle in shape; but in some way the word was not only used to designate the island, but the land on both sides of the strait, the waters of which also bore the same name.

The English trader, Henry, who spent years at that port, says the fort and the mission of St. Ignace, were both on the south side of the strait, while Father Marvest and Father Cadillac both say that those places were on the north side. Now I think both were right, for the fort was first on the north side, and remained there until 1714, when a palisaded fort and trading place were established on the main land of the southern peninsula, which monopolized most of the business of that locality, until its destruction in 1763.

In the early settlement the beaver skin was the unit of value; it was the propelling force that pushed the trader and courier into the wilderness, that kept the French and English at antagonism, that carried the priest with his portable altar and confessional paraphernalia to Indian villages and solitary wigwams; and so great had this trade become that in 1670 to 1680 the French export of skins at Canadian valuation was estimated at an average of 300,000 francs a year, and no doubt the European value was double or treble that.

The antagonisms between the English, with the Iroquois as allies, and the French supported by the Algonquin races, continually increased as the years went on. The English and French were good haters at home, but here in the wilderness of America, surrounded by savages, both parties partook of the nature of their surroundings, and were guilty of acts, done in the name of civilization, that are a disgrace to history. But fortunately it is a law that increasing ills finally reach a point where they cure themselves, they get so bad that they cannot be endured, and these troubles culminated on the plains of Abraham, near Quebec, in 1759. Two well equipped armies, two skillful generals, Montcalm and Wolf, met face to face to settle by force of arms the title to a continent, and both generals gave their lives to that settlement, a spec-

tacle for gods and men. The accumulated storm of 150 years broke upon that plain and it well becomes us, who enjoy the fruits of that settlement, to believe that an all wise hand controlled it for the best.

Though the storm was over, there were still clouds and mutterings all about the horizon.

The French army was gone, but the French settlers, traders, couriers and their Indian friends remained. Prominent among these Indians, was a chief of the Ottawas —Pontiac. He was reared near the Thames river, Canada, and so firm a friend of the French was he, that he could not forgive the English for their victory over them. In 1762 he called all the Algonquin tribes together, and by his eloquence succeeded in organizing them into the most extensive Indian campaign ever organized on the continent, called "Pontiac's Conspiracy," which was no less than a skillfully devised plan to capture by stratagem nine English forts simultaneously, in the following spring. Eight of those efforts he put under the direction of others, reserving to himself the detail of the reduction of Detroit.

The chief of the Ojibwas, Minavavana, had in charge the fort at Mackinac, and from a savage standpoint, he did his work well, leaving but few to tell the tale. He selected the 4th of June, the birthday of King George, which the fort would celebrate, as a favorable time; in this he judged equally well. On a plain adjoining the fort the Indians assembled and engaged in a game of ball, inviting the soldiers to witness it. A multitude of squaws wrapped in blankets, wandered about among the crowd or squatted against the palisades; the soldiers, in holiday fashion, stood in groups about the open gates watching the progress of the game, the players all athletic, agile figures nearly naked, with loose hair flying in the wind, at one moment crowded together struggling for the ball, at the next scattered again and running over the grounds like hounds in full cry. Suddenly from their midst the ball soared into the air and descended within the pickets of the fort. This was the signal for their tragic work. The Indians in a tumultuous throng rushed toward the open gate, each grasping as he passed a hatchet or other weapon, which the squaws had concealed beneath their blankets for the occasion. Never was surprise more complete. The little garrison was annihilated; says one writer, only one Englishman, a trader by the name of Henry, was left alive, and he was hidden by French friends; but Shelden in his "Early Michigan" records that, "Captain Etherington, Lieutenant Leslie and eleven men were held as prisoners and afterwards exchanged." The outcome of this was to end the occupation of that point of land on the Lower Peninsula known as Mackinac, and until the arrival of the locomotive in recent years, this point was much neglected, the fort being permanently located on the island in 1780.

Sault Ste Marie, now for convenience called the Soo, had been partially destroyed by fire and abandoned as a fortification the winter before the destruction of Mackinac, and Green Bay was evacuated immediately after. The Indians had destroyed the forts at the mouth of the St. Joseph river and at Sandusky, Miami and Presque Isle. In all the lake country only Detroit remained to hear from, and something of how Pontiac himself succeeded in his stratagem there, will be told in another way to conclude this article.

In the rotunda of the capitol of Illinois the State has placed a series of bas-reliefs in bronze, very conspicuous, as illustrative of their State history. The first of these is the figure of a French trader standing before two Indians, on the shoulder of one a bundle of furs, while the other extends his hand, from which dangles a beaver

skin toward the trader who in turn is holding out several strings of beads to the Indian, ready to trade (pennies for dollars); and the second of this series of bronzes represents an Indian woman with a child, a papoose, in her arms, standing before a French priest, who is in the act of placing his right hand upon the child's head in baptism, as in his left hand he holds the bowl of water blessed for that rite. I speak of these two scenes at Springfield because they would be just as fitting at Lansing as illustrative of our history; and I doubt not the time has now nearly come when Michigan will ornament her capitol with bronzes or paintings in memory of her early history. I have often thought in this connection that I would like to give directions for one pair of such pictures. They should represent a May day of 1763. The first should show a primitive fort of palisades—cedar poles planted in the ground and standing twenty-five feet in height with sharpened tops, marking out a nearly square piece of ground with block houses at each corner and over two gate-ways; the whole enclosure containing perhaps fifty log houses, covered with thatch or shakes, arranged so as to leave an open court or square for parade. In the foreground of this scene should be a noble river upon whose waters should float two small armed vessels, the Beaver and the Gladwin; the hour should be about nine o'clock in the morning; upon one side of the parade ground should be about 100 English soldiers, full armed, drawn up in line of battle ready for engagement; in front of them Major Gladwyn, their commander, who has just been saying to them: "Soldiers, you have been placed in line to do honor to the company we expect to receive today, Pontiac and his braves; should their visit be social and peaceable we shall receive them in a spirit as friendly as they come, but as we have reason to expect treachery and conspiracy, you are to be ready at command to deal blow for blow shou d it become necessary." By the way, this Major Gladwyn is the same who was with General Braddock at his great ambuscade and defeat by the Indians and French near Pittsburg eight years before, where also was Washington and others of revolutionary fame; he was baptized in the fire of that day and saved to confront as wily and savage a chieftain as ever the annals of our country produced. The companion picture should represent the same scene one hour later. Pontiac with his sixty well selected athletic warriors, each with his blanket closely wrapped about his body so as to conceal the gun, cut short for the purpose, and hid beneath it, each of whom has filed in and stands in line with his fellows where he can see between the buildings the line of English soldiers drawn up as for parade or engagement. Pontiac's keen eye has taken in the situation at a glance. He knows that his own cherished plan of surprise and slaughter has been revealed, that it has failed, and in spite of all an Indian's stoicism there is that surprise on his face that gives satisfaction to Major Gladwyn as he closely watches him. Pontiac gives himself time to collect his thoughts by proceeding with his peace harangue—by his protestation of friendship—by his proffer of belts of wampum; but he is very careful not to give the signal agreed upon with his men for the commencement of the slaughter, which was to be the reversing of one of these wampum belts as he held it in his hands before him while making the address.

The picture should represent this scene just at the moment when Pontiac's oratory finished, his false friendship promised, hatred gleaming from his eyes the while. Major Gladwyn, sword in hand, steps in front of him and with its point reveals the presence of the gun concealed beneath the blanket, and firmly asks: "Was this to show your friendship?" These two pictures should tell to future generations the bravery of our plucky Major Gladwyn, and lead them to read with interest the wonderful

story of the siege of Detroit. Much has been written as to how Major Gladwyn was informed of this conspiracy; the usually accepted story is that an Indian woman—a maiden perhaps—out of friendship for the Major—perhaps not a platonic friendship—revealed the plot; and as Pontiac had a woman severely whipped the next day, perhaps that was her offense; but there are others who think that treachery was first suspected on account of so many of the Indians getting their gun barrels cut down so that the stock and barrel both only measured two feet in length, and could be easily concealed beneath their blankets. The work occupied some time, as it was mainly done by the Indians themselves; but the procurement of files from the few blacksmith shops of that time and the slow work of filing off the barrels came to the notice of several white persons who suspected mischief.

I cannot resist suggesting one more picture for the rotunda of the Capitol, and its theme shall be taken from the same interesting source—"Pontiac's Conspiracy." After his failure to surprise the fort, he withdrew in apparent friendship, yet filled with a determination to be avenged. His Indian blood boiled with its intense desire for English scalps. Pretty Belle Isle was then plain Hog Island, and was being utilized by Major Gladwyn, for a grazing place for his herd of cattle, from which the fort was supplied with meat. What could be more fitting for the purpose—excellent pasture, unlimited water, no fences, no herding required; here one or two persons were in charge of the stock, and here did Pontiac strike his first blow, killing those in charge and taking possession of the herd as a part of his commissary department. And right here let me narrate, how a few weeks later when his supplies were low and he had no means of replenishing them, he exhibited his genius and skill. He was on good terms with the French farmers along the river on both sides; he kept his warriors, as much as possible, from foraging upon them, but his needs were sore; he must abandon the siege or have food. He went to these French farmers, told them his wants, told them he must take their produce and stock, and that within a reasonable time after the close of the siege he would pay for it, and *he*, unlettered savage as he was, issued promises to pay, on birch bark, a French clerk doing the writing, but each promise signed by Pontiac's own totem. These were the first greenbacks ever circulated in Michigan. But the strangest part of the whole history is this; the historian informs us that these promises were all paid, strictly paid. After months of failure to take the fort and destroy the English, Pontiac kept his promises to the French. But to return to the picture. It should be a night scene just after the seizure of the herd on Hog Island. Pontiac thought he could see a way to safely burn the two armed sloops which were riding at anchor near the river gate of the fort, and with the sagacity of a schooled general, he proceeded to fill the waters about the lower end of Hog Island with rafts formed with dry wood-bark and all combustible material at his command. As midnight approached these rafts were fired and released from their moorings with the hope that the current of the river would carry them down to the vessels so that they would be set on fire. Fancy the scene, as the rafts sail out on this mission of destruction, a lurid glare spreading over the river revealing dimly the forests upon its banks; in the gloom, the outline of the fort just revealed; on the island at the extreme right, an innumerable horde of half naked Indians dancing and yelling with fiendish glee about several brush fires—the bodies of the mutilated victims of the island lying near to support their enthusiasm. Read Milton's "Paradise Lost," or Dante's "Inferno," if you will, and tell me where can a scene be found more filled with the elements of Hades than this. No picture in the Capitol at Washington can furnish the lights and

shades that are possible in this. I would represent it just as some of the rafts have neared the locality of the sloops, spreading forth upon the air of night the black smoke of their fires; just visible by their gleaming light should be the dusky forms of soldiers with long poles keeping these fiery messengers away from the vessels, while an occasional flash of light should reveal a line of soldiery on the shore waiting and ready for any further developments of Pontiac's sagacity.

But I have certainly reached the bounds of time expected for this article, and will close with a little poem near seventy years old. It is descriptive of the many advantages claimed for our State, and was first published in a Detroit newspaper—The Gazette—in 1824.

"Know ye the land to the emigrant dear,
Where the wild flower is blooming one half of the year;
Where the dark-eyed chiefs of the native race,
Still meet in the council and pant in the chase;
Where armies have rallied, by day and by night,
To strike or repel, to surrender or fight?
Know ye the land of the billow and breeze,
That is poised, like an isle, 'mid fresh water seas,
Whose forests are ample, whose prairies are fine,
Whose soil is productive, whose climate benign?
Remote from extremes, neither torrid or cold,
'Tis the land of the sickle, the plow and the fold;
'Tis a region no eye ere forgets or mistakes,
'Tis the land for improvement, the land of the lakes.
Our streams are the clearest that nature supplies,
And Italy's beauties are marked in our skies,
And the isle-spotted lakes that encircle our plains
Are the largest and purest this planet contains."

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